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MAR. 5,
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MARCH 5, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 10

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

OUR MERCHANT MARINE SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Never in all the history of this country was there such a disgraceful situation as now exists in our merchant marine.

Every fair-minded citizen would like to see labor secure a square deal, but the high-handed attitude of some of its leaders in the shipping industry has dragged the American flag into oozy mud, knee-deep.

The situation was sufficiently scandalous before the President Hoover ran aground on the east coast of Formosa, when the conduct of the crew was said to be shocking beyond description.

Senator Royal S. Copeland, chairman of the Senate Joint Maritime Committee, loosened his wrath on this occasion in no uncertain manner. He maintains that we might as well give up the American merchant marine if crews cannot be controlled.

Both employers and employees have undoubtedly been guilty of unendurable conduct. The difficulties associated with attempting to make a profit seriously hampered employers, and this situation undoubtedly was reflected to a certain extent in their treatment of employees.

Our administration has been especially anxious to develop the merchant marine. Millions upon millions have been spent to promote the shipping industry carrying our flag; but some labor leaders apparently consider these jobs not unlike employment in a factory. They have apparently made similar regulations, and the discipline you find on foreign ships is entirely lacking on our own vessels.

And without rigid discipline it is impossible properly to control a ship. Orders must be obeyed. Passengers must be treated with consideration. A ship, after all, is just a big hotel, as far as the attitude of the members of the crew toward the passengers is concerned, and their conduct should be similar to that of hotel employees. Not only are stewards and other employees on many of our ships discourteous to passengers, but they often have been charged with drunkenness and refusal to follow orders. The drills necessary to save lives in emergencies are not conducted with the same regularity as they are on foreign vessels.

Ships flying the American flag are liable to be commandeered by the government in case of war, and at all times they should be fully prepared for such an emergency.

Every ship flying the American flag should be a part of the United States Navy. They should be under a modified form of the rules that control the men in our navy. And a strike on a ship should be identically the same form of treason as a strike on one of our naval vessels.

Under present conditions it is absolutely impossible for our ships to compete with foreign vessels. Our wages are not only far above those of foreign competitors, but the services rendered are said to be far below the standard set in foreign vessels.

Every man and woman employed in the merchant marine should be enlisted in the navy, and they should have the same patriotic spirit with which our bluejackets are inspired.

And there are numerous square-shouldered patriotic Americans who would gladly take over every job that can be made available in our merchant marine at any price, provided they could be a part of our navy.

In spite of the statement that we hear so often—that our patriotism has died out—there are millions of our citizens who still love this country and who are willing to make sacrifices, if need be, to give us a fighting chance in case of war, and furthermore to make it possible to carry passengers and merchandise at a profit to foreign shores.

There is only one way to save this deplorable situation . . . the remedy is as clear as the noonday sun . . . make our entire merchant marine a part of our navy. Hundreds of thousands of unemployed young men who are idly waiting for jobs would make almost any sacrifice to become a part of the American Navy.

Senator Copeland has made herculean efforts to find the solution to this grave problem.

Young men in this country who would like a job on the high seas, who have an honest clean record, and who are under twenty-five years of age, should write Senator Copeland, Washington, D. C., that he may have a record of the number of available workers for the jobs that will be open should the merchant marine be turned over to the navy, as suggested.

Do not expect a reply from the Senator. He will simply use your letter as a record, in case they are able to carry out the plan that has been proposed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Wake Up and LIVE

Today, these people are all leading Happier, more Active lives. Their stories of how they won *New Energy* and Better Health are important to you

Yvonne Bahry

"Not self-conscious about my skin any more . . ."

"The spring before I started in high school I was awfully worried about the way I looked. My skin was so sallow and muddy looking. And I had rough spots on my face.

"Mother has a beauty salon. She was telling one of her customers she wished she knew what to do for me. Her customer told her to get me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

"That was in June. By August I looked so much better and *felt* so much better I started in having really good times. With the help of Fleischmann's Yeast I got my skin looking fresh and clear again. Now, whenever I have the slightest suspicion of trouble, I go back to eating yeast.

"Eating yeast gave me lots more pep, too. I'm into all the school athletics there are."

YVONNE BAHRY

Mr. and Mrs. Cordell tickled with *new* chair

(left)

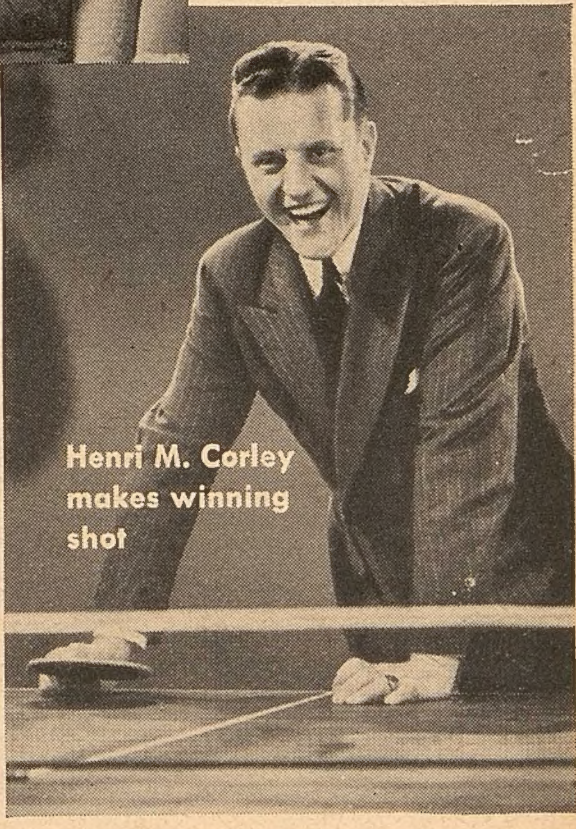
"Having the time of my life these days..."

"A few months ago, the firm I work for underwent a reorganization. Five nights a week I was bent over my desk in the accounting department until nearly midnight. The strain of it got me pretty much pulled down.

"A fellow in the office saw how I was feeling and suggested I eat Fleischmann's Yeast to pep me up.

"So I started in. At the end of 3 weeks I was definitely better. I've been eating yeast regularly for three months now. Believe me, it makes you feel fine. I'm having the time of my life these days helping my wife buy new furniture and fixing up our place."

WILLIAM H. CORDELL



Henri M. Corley makes winning shot

(right)

"Have the old pep back"

"Last summer I was pitching on a baseball team. Long about the fifth inning, I would get gas pains so badly it was all I could do to toss the ball to the plate. To make sure it wasn't my appendix, I went to a doctor. He said I was suffering from toxic poisoning caused by impaired elimination.

"I wanted to do some professional modeling, posing for photographs—but this trouble made me look so bad I couldn't get any jobs. Another model suggested I take Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I did. In a little over a week, I felt better and it wasn't long before I was regular again. From then on I began to get the old pep back. Now I'm in perfect health, and am getting some first rate jobs."

HENRI M. CORLEY

Charles Benjamin, Jr.

"Now—I'm getting along swell with the kids . . ."

"At a boys' boarding school up in the Adirondacks, I first began having pimples. They didn't make me feel so bad then, because we were stuck up on a mountain without any social life—not even movies. But last year I started going to a regular high school, with girls, dances, parties and everything. Believe me—that's when having a face full of pimples was tough.

"My mother read about Fleischmann's Yeast and got some for me. At first I didn't like its taste. But, taking it regularly, I got so I didn't mind eating it at all.

"During the third week my pimples began to fade. And say—in a few more days not a single pimple was left! Boy—did I feel great! I really began hitting it off swell at school. Now—I am having great times with the kids."

CHARLES BENJAMIN, JR.

IT is the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* in each cake, that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These microscopic yeast plants get busy at once helping to stimulate and increase the flow of gastric juices. Your entire system is kept cleaner, healthier and more active. Skin troubles begin to clear up—your bowels to become regular, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake of this fresh food is fortified with 4 vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, Nerve Vitamin, Bone Vitamin, Vitality Vitamin. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, plus your meals, give you *all* of these vitamins you need. Eat a cake about ½ hour before *each* meal.

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Deeper than the Sea

BY CORLEY McDARMENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

UNDER present conditions the United States cannot possibly have a merchant marine service. Intimidation and violence are rampant upon many American ships and water fronts. Officials admit this.

Bolshevism, which arose from the factory sit-down strikes early in 1937, quickly spread to our sea industry, where it now flourishes. Murder, mutiny, desertion, assault upon officers and passengers, and inciting foreign workers to riot are a few of the charges laid against the maritime labor unions affiliated with the C. I. O.

Following one notorious voyage in which nearly every offense known to the calendar of sea crimes was committed, Joseph P. Kennedy, then chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, declared it a "disgrace to American seamanship," and he sought to punish the offenders.

This greatly enraged the leader of the labor union that caused the trouble. "We've got to get that bird!" he said in a press report.

Kennedy was recently appointed ambassador to England, leaving Admiral E. S. Land, retired, acting chairman of the Maritime Commission. Kennedy's new job was a distinct promotion and a high honor; nevertheless, his relief from the Maritime Commission gave the union leaders the opportunity to boast: "Hah! I told you we'd get him. They are afraid of us in Washington, see?"

The merchant marine service has already cost $6,000,000,000 in subsidies. Within the next two years $256,000,000 is to be spent. Before he left, "Fighting Joe" Kennedy said: "This is the taxpayers' money, and until there is some assurance that the taxpayers are going to get something for it we are not anxious to spend it. Why spend all that money for new ships and operating differentials if we are not going to be able to sail those ships?"

That we may not be able to sail them is due to the unsavory reputation the labor unions have given our maritime service, both among first-rate seamen who hesitate to serve under prevailing conditions, and among the traveling public.

Our maritime violence started on the West Coast, and it was headed by a foreign labor agitator, who within three months managed to knock the United States out of nearly a billion dollars' worth of shipping business. This agitator has been made a high official in the C. I. O. In speeches he has often threatened the fall of the American government.

The sad and dangerous phase of our labor troubles lies in the fact that the unions, with their strong voting power, can get political aid no matter how much violence is involved. They receive help not only from their own elected representatives to Congress, but from others in high places.

WE ARE STRIKING FOR
I.S.U. Brothers! STRIKE DON'T BE CALLED A SCAB
DON'T BE A SCAB
WE ARE STRIKING FOR
WE ARE STRIKING FOR
DON'T BE A SCAB
WE ARE STRIKING FOR

While ships lay idle on the West Coast, strike sympathizers picketed in New York. Top: Joseph P. Kennedy, former chairman of the Maritime Commission.

Not long ago, Mr. J. B. Weaver, Director of Inspection, sent out notices that no ships would be allowed to sail unless all members of the crew held the regulation book showing honorable discharge from their last job, and other records of reliability, as required by law.

The spokesman of one of the big sea unions protested: "We have been double-crossed. No more than nine days ago we were personally assured by Secretary of Labor Perkins that no effort would be made to enforce the act to the full extent until after we had an opportunity to make our protests in hearings before Congress. When we heard about this order from Weaver, we communicated with Miss Perkins at once. She assured us she would talk to the President himself within the hour."

One of the strongest statements ever made against the maritime situation was made by Boake Carter in the last August Commentator. He said:

"A rough, tough minority of radicals, . . . under the guise of pretending to improve the seamen's lot, has made thousands of American citizens afraid to travel on the boats of their nation, to say nothing of playing into the hands of foreign interests that want to see America off the seven seas.

"The Madame Queen of the Department of Labor must first be removed from the merchant marine's labor picture. For the longer she gives soothing words of commiseration for Radical leaders Bridges, Curran, and Co., . . . the more useless it becomes to think of building new ships for America."

This spirit of Bolshevism, which has taken such a powerful hold upon our labor unions, especially the ones in the maritime industry, may become the opening wedge which will split the country into its second Civil War, or else create a condition which will force a *coup d'état*, as it did in Germany and Italy. Remember, Bolshevism has *never yet failed* to bring about one or the other.

Thus, our maritime disorders may be deeper than the sea.

THE END

What's wrong with our ships?—A candid look at a growing, menacing problem

SHE Woke Up SMILING

Beginning a lively, exciting novel of love and riches—The story of fate's amazing way with a captivating girl

BY ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

PART ONE—MAN TROUBLE

GAIL PERRIN never forgot it as long as she lived; that morning she had waked up smiling.

For a blurry moment she lay wondering why she was so happy. Central Park was green-gold beyond the window; under the Venetian blind the sun streamed into her smartly modernistic bedroom—September sun that still held the warmth of summer, but the breeze that ruffled her bright hair had the tang of fall. Why shouldn't she be happy? Perfect weather, perfect health; luxury that she earned and could appreciate after years of hardship; and the future opening out before her—publicity, prosperity, success.

In her living room the telephone tinkled. She heard an answering voice, the smooth precise diction of Rena, her colored maid.

"Hello. . . . I'm sorry, sir; Miss Perrin is still asleep. . . . No, she has a dancing lesson later this morning." Now, who—? Gail wondered lazily. Jasper Hawes knew she had a dancing lesson; she doubted if Ed Brewster would dare to call her up; and no other man—no other man— "I can't say when she might be free," Rena was saying. "But if you'd leave your name—"

Yawning, Gail got out of bed, went out to a living room fragrant with the aroma of coffee. Rena, through the shell-rimmed glasses that made her look like a schoolteacher—which she had been, before she deserted Alabama for Harlem—regarded her with a detached approval. . . . I wonder if she really likes me, Gail speculated, or only likes to look at me. . . .

"Who was that calling, Rena?"

"A Mr. Yates. He said he'd call again."

"Yates? Jimmy Yates?" Gail gasped. Rena's nod took some of the brightness out of the morning. Gail hadn't heard from him since he went to Hollywood, a year ago, to put himself over as a screen writer—and she wouldn't go with him because she was determined to put herself over in New York. But in those days she was a secretary at thirty dollars a week, hopelessly trying to save enough money for dancing lessons with Dilighine. Now—the lessons, the smart apartment might be hard to explain to Jimmy.

Other people, she suspected, disbelieved her explanation, and she didn't care; but Jimmy— She had almost gone with him; she had kissed him good-by with an emotion she had never felt before . . . and couldn't afford to feel again, with her present prospects. If only he'd believe her—

"Well—" she said uncertainly, "if he calls again, I'll probably be out. Tell him— No, never mind. . . . Anything else, Rena?"

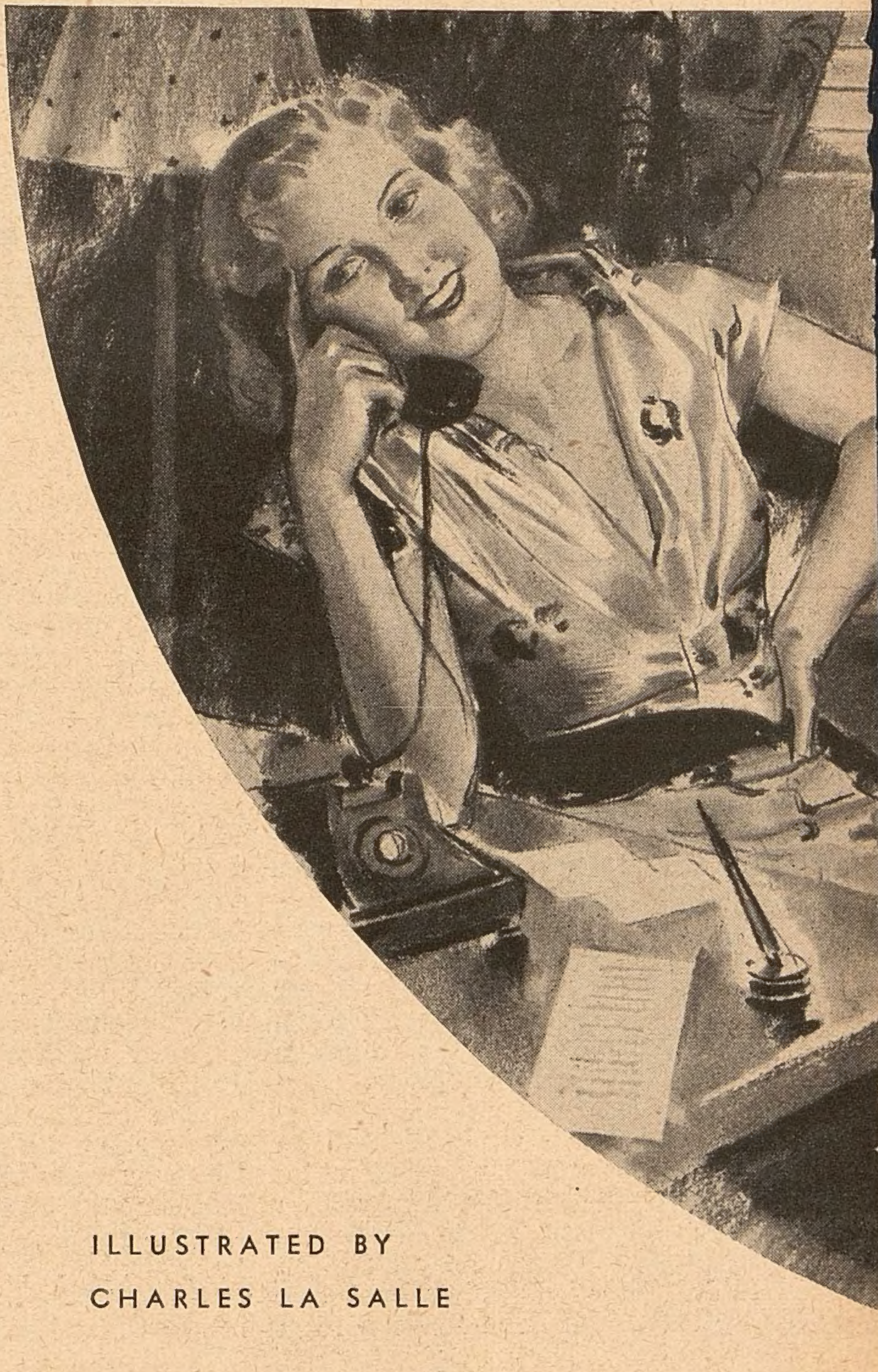
"Mr. Hawes telephoned. He said he'd drop in about three."

"But I was going to a matinee! Could you use the tickets, Rena?"

"I could—but you'd better," Rena advised her. "You don't want to let that man get to thinking he owns you."

Gail flushed.

"Owns me? Don't be silly! He hires me to do a job—"



ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

"And he keeps taking more and more of your time outside the job."

"Well, what of it? I like him. And if it will reassure you, Rena, he's never made a pass at me. After all, he's sixty-five—"

"An old man is still a man," said Rena. "In fact sometimes more so."

DR. SKIDMORE the diagnostician had finished his examination; now he sat studying the charts, the reports of his assistants, while Jasper Hawes fingered his watch chain and looked out at the apartment houses across Park Avenue. A clock struck eleven; he had been here an hour. Each hour of Skidmore's time was a pearl, and his patients paid Cartier prices for it. But Jasper Hawes could afford it; he was worth fifty million dollars.

Skidmore looked up at last, frowning. Hawes had demanded the truth; so did most patients, but not all of them could stand it. But Jasper Hawes had stood a good deal and only came out the tougher. A bald head, tanned and shiny, with close-clipped sandy hair about protruding ears; high cheekbones, beak nose, outthrust jaw; pale-blue eyes under faded sandy brows, a huge rangy body—Jasper Hawes in flannel shirt and corduroys, Stetson hat and laced boots would look like somebody. In the best clothes money could buy, he looked like a hick—but the sort of hick that pushed the frontier of the United States in a hundred years from the Potomac to the Pacific. He could take it, but a man who had known him for years hated to tell him.

"Well?" said Hawes. "What's the matter with me?"

"I never saw a case quite like it, Jasper. Almost everything is the matter with you."

The pale-blue eyes didn't waver.

"Well, I reckon it's about time," said Jasper Hawes. "Never was sick a day in my life; I might have known things would pile up on me. . . . How long will I last?"

Skidmore shrugged.

"It's a miracle you've lasted this long. As for the future— Your blood pressure is terrific, your heart and liver and kidneys are about as bad as they can be—and you complain of not feeling quite up to the mark! Man, what a constitution you must have had! Fifteen years of hard drinking have pretty well shot it to pieces, but—"

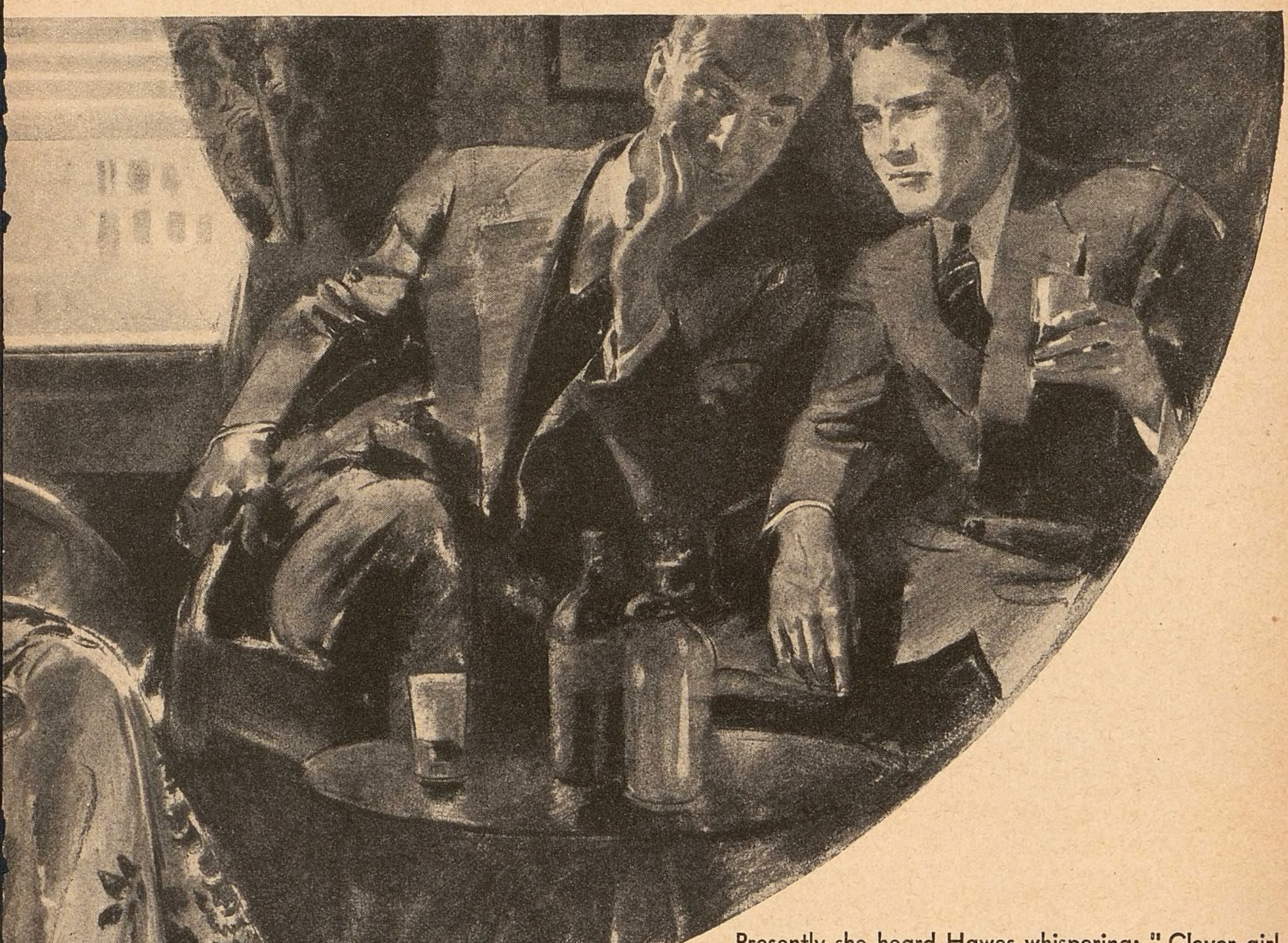
"I had fifty years of hard work before I ever had time to drink much," said Hawes dryly. "Maybe that helped. But this don't get us anywhere. What I want to know is how much longer I've got. Give me a guess."

"If you take care of yourself you may last a year or two—or longer. I wouldn't put anything past a man who keeps going the way you do, with all his vital organs in rags. But if you keep on drinking, dancing, staying up all night with your mob of parasites, you may go out at any moment. If you ever had a really severe shock—"

"I've had my shocks," said Jasper Hawes. "Good and bad. Nothing's left to happen to me. Take care of myself. Huhn! Tell that to a man of forty, with a wife and children. I'll go on living as I please."

"Why please to pretend that you're thirty when you're sixty-five?"

"Because I never had time to be thirty till I was past fifty. If you knew the way I lived most of my life—



Presently she heard Hawes whispering: "Clever girl, isn't she? She ever tell you how she got this job?"

working like the devil with nothing to show for it; always thinking I had something and always disappointed. I bet I've drilled more dry holes than any man in the oil business; Texas and Oklahoma are pock-marked with 'em. Luck, hah! It got to be a joke. I was forty before I brought in my first big well, got some money to go on. I was fifty—and I'd been working like blazes all my life—before I had my own oil company, worth millions. Then I said to myself, 'Right here's where I get everything I've missed, and get it quick.' So I came to New York—"

"Fifteen years ago? Before I knew you—but I heard about you."

"I bet you did. I went after everything—women, yachts, horses, more money. I made friends. For a year or so I thought I belonged. And then I woke up one morning and didn't have any oil company any more; my friends had it. I didn't have anything; my friends had taken me for a cleaning."

"But you came back, Jasper. You must have had something left."

"Yes—an education. I went to a banker who'd helped clean me out; he had a nose for money and he knew I could still make it. He grubstaked me, and doubled his money. I laid off the oil business that time—went into stocks; got out before the bust in '29, and got back at the low point in '32. So you see, Frank, everything's happened to me—good and bad. I'm going to live as I please, whether it's ten more years or ten more days. I like to drink and I like to dance, and I like to see slick good-looking young people workin' their heads off to amuse me—"

"But that's so childish, Jasper! You're really a big man—"

"I've had my bellyful of being a big man. Now I want a good time."

"How can a man like you have a good time with that crowd you run with? They amuse me once in a while, but you throw a party—and pay for it—almost every night. They flatter you, and call you chief—but only because you play Santa Claus. If you call spongers like that your friends—"

"I've had friends. The devil take them! These people need me."

"They certainly do. All but Brewster. He's an able fellow, but—"

Hawes grimaced; he had watched with dry amusement the endeavors of Mr. Brewster, factotum and yes-man, to build himself up as the crown prince of the Hawes organization. About time to put a stop to that.

BREWSTER'S a lightweight," he said casually. "He's useful, and he's made money trailing along with me; but he's got an office-boy's mind. I call him operating vice-president of my personal holding companies, but that don't mean anything. I could buy a hundred like Brewster."

"You could buy a million like the rest of your crowd," Skidmore told him. "Men who work for you, or want you to invest in their schemes; women who'll amuse you for their supper. Some of that crowd were fairly decent before they got used to letting you spend money on them, but you've pauperized them. It makes me sick, Jasper, to see you get a kick out of playing God to a lot of cheap people! You may think you need their youth and gaiety, but you don't. A man as big as you doesn't need anybody!"

"Oh, I don't, eh!" said Hawes morosely. And then, in quick recovery, "I need Marcum," he explained. "If I fired him I'd have to hire three men to do his work—a chauffeur, a valet, and a bodyguard. As for my party crowd, they're worth what they cost me. I'll live as I please—"

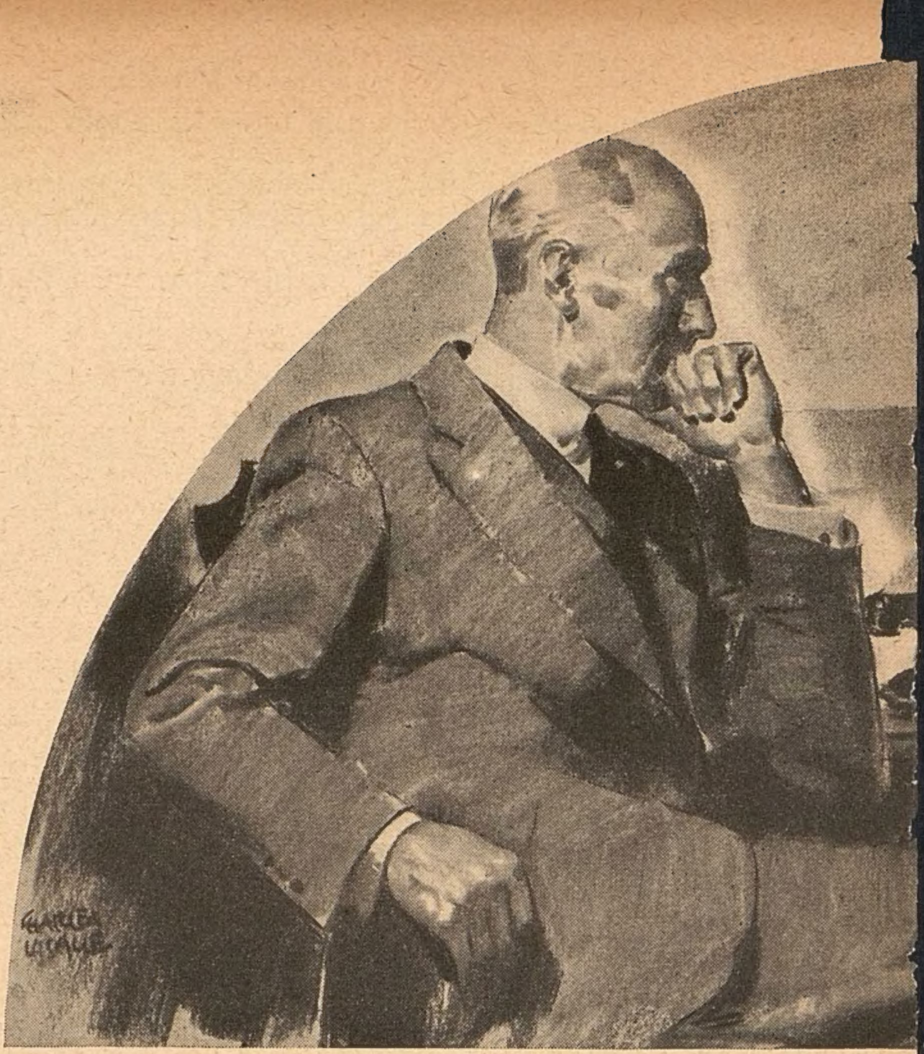
"Suit yourself," Skidmore agreed. "But I hope your will's in order."

At that Jasper Hawes got up, strode uneasily about the room.

"That makes it sound real," he confessed. "I never made a will."

"What? A man as rich as you?"

"For years I never had anything to make a will about. When I got it, I felt as if it would be bad luck to write down what I wanted done with it when I was dead. I've got no relatives—"



"What I want to know is how much

Skidmore laughed aloud. "No relatives? You may not know them, but when a rich man dies— Do you know how many distant cousins, or alleged cousins, turned up to contest that Wendel will a few years ago? Twenty-three hundred. And they weren't all phonies, either. Quite a number of them got a piece of the money. Leave yours to charity, as Miss Wendel did, and see what happens."

"Reckon you might be right," Hawes admitted after a pause. "Everybody since Adam and Eve has had some relatives. I better have Cramer draw me a will. . . . At that, I don't hardly know what to do with the money. What would you do, Frank, if you was in my fix?"

Skidmore shrugged. "I'm in a different fix. I've got a family. You never married."

"No, I never married," Jasper Hawes lied calmly. "But I'll be hanged if I want to give the money I've worked for to some hospital or university. I'd hate to give it to anybody who hasn't earned it, for that matter."

"Well, you'll have to. . . . Every man like you has done a lot of damage, intentional or unintentional, in his life. If there's anybody to whom you owe anything—morally, I mean—here's your chance to pay it off."

"There's nobody—" Hawes began and then, of course, he thought of Cantrill. "Nobody ever did anything for me without getting paid for it," he snapped. "For me or to me, either."

Skidmore shrugged. "All right. But better take care of your girl, if you haven't already. She's a nice creature; I'd hate to see her turned loose to forage."

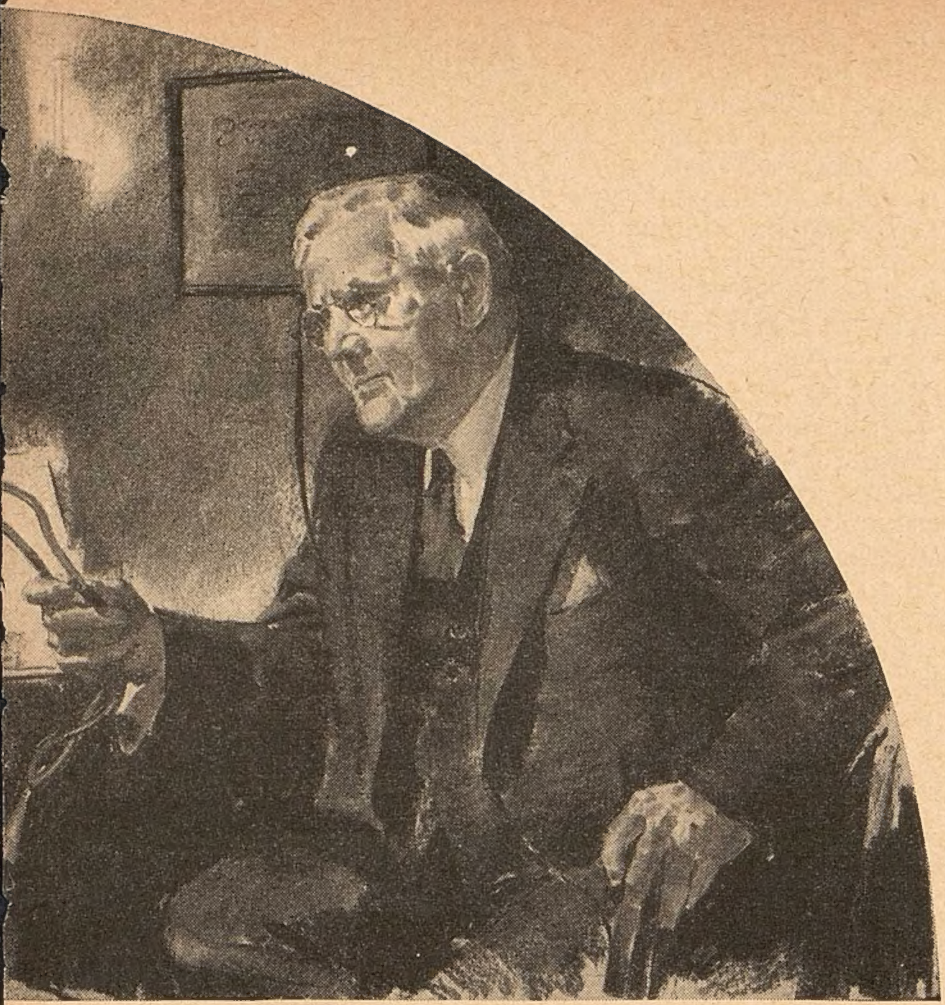
"If you mean Gail, she's not my girl! Only my social secretary."

"I know that's the pretense, Jasper, but nobody believes it."

"Well, it's true. I pay her a salary to run my parties for me." But he had known what people were likely to think of that arrangement, and hadn't cared—then. Gail hadn't cared either; she needed the money. But now—

"Call it what you like," said Skidmore, "but take care of her. You could have a lot of fun with your will—play God a little more usefully."

"I don't know much about God, Frank, but I think He likes 'em tough. People that are any good, He rubs their faces in bad luck to see if they can take it. As for havin'



got," said Hawes. "Give me a guess."

fun with my will, the trouble is I wouldn't be here to see it."

"The less fun you see from now on, Jasper, the longer you'll be here."

"That's a laugh! I'll throw a party tonight. Want to come?"

"If you'll promise to have your will drawn first," said Skidmore.

A HUGE dark-blue car waited at the curb. Behind the wheel sat a dour pale-eyed young man in uniform. He got out, opened the door—

"Mr. Cramer's office, Marcum," said Jasper Hawes. But as the car swung downtown his mind shied away from the problem of what to put into the will he hated to make at all. If only he had somebody of his own—

Then it came back, the complex of memories he had been trying to forget for twenty-five years. At thirty-nine he had felt old; then he met Nellie, and at forty he felt young. Overworked, still poor, he had faith—faith in God and his luck; in Cantrill, his partner; faith in his wife. While he was out at the well she had stayed in the town on the railroad, to bear his son. Cantrill had stayed there too, to forward supplies; and when Jasper Hawes galloped into town at last to see his son and tell Nellie they had brought in a gusher, Nellie had gone, taking the baby with her. Gone with Cantrill.

He couldn't hunt them; he had to stay with the well; but one thing he could do to Cantrill. Their partnership was verbal; a county-seat shyster helped Hawes get the whole property into his own name—the well that gave him his start. Cantrill, who had lost faith in Jasper Hawes' luck just too soon, might have passed up the woman if he had foreseen what she would cost him; for when he heard the news, months later, he shot himself.

By that time Jasper Hawes realized that a man of forty, preoccupied and overworked, must have been poor company for a girl of twenty. Now she was left alone with her son—his son. It was the hardest thing he ever did in his life, but he wrote and asked her to come back. And she wrote that she would never live with a man who got even for the loss of his wife by stealing the other man's money. Her father had been one of the old-timers; she didn't realize that men fought with other weapons now—that taking a man's money was the worst thing you could do to him. . . . But all that was past and gone; she had been dead for years, and the boy too—the son he had never seen; Jasper Hawes had nobody of his own.

He leaned forward, put his lips to the speaking tube. "Marcum! Changed my mind—I'll see Cramer later. Drive me down to the Hawes Building and I'll see what the market's doing."

THE fiftieth floor of the Hawes Building—the top floor but for the penthouse—was all a single suite of offices; the doors beyond the receptionist's desk, where you got out of the elevator, bore the names of a dozen corporations, but they were all aliases for Jasper Hawes—a few of his employees holding just enough stock to qualify as directors. But it wasn't often of late that Jasper Hawes himself was seen here. When he came in this time, Miss Beeding, his thin gray-haired secretary, was surprised.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Hawes. I wasn't expecting you today; I turned everything over to Mr. Brewster. He's been trying to get in touch with you—"

"All right; tell him I'm here. And then call up Cramer and ask him if he can see me at half past four. Tell him it's important."

He went on into his own office—paneled walls hung with English prints, a deep rug, a bowl of flowers on the huge bare desk, armchairs, a fireplace. In that setting Jasper Hawes—huge, rangy, tanned—looked as out of place as a buffalo, and knew it. . . . Where do I look in place? he wondered. Where was I, ever? Curse Skidmore for starting me to remembering! . . .

A deferential tap at the door, and Mr. Edwin Brewster came in. He was as bald as Hawes but far slighter; he had the shrewd, cautious, pallid face of the office man; his rimless glasses clung precariously to a thin nose between close-set eyes.

"Good morning, chief. I suppose you know the market's dropping again. That's the third decline this week. I think the technical readjustment's about completed, and with business prospects good, this looks like a good time to buy. Not being able to get hold of you, I put in a lot of buying orders on my own responsibility—" He paused for approval. . . . He's probably right, thought Hawes, but it's time he was taken down a peg. . . .

"Buy now?" he snapped. "Are you crazy? Whatever's shoving this market down—politics, war scares—isn't going to be cured overnight. We can buy cheaper next week or week after. The trouble with you, Brewster, is that you've always kept your nose in details and can't see the picture. All our corporations make up quite a block of power. If we buy now we might stop the decline, in this thin market; but if we sell now we'll shove it down farther. Either way we win; so we'll sell."

"Yes, sir," said Brewster meekly. (I wonder what that old fish ever thinks? Hawes reflected. He'd never have the guts to tell me.) "I had a luncheon engagement uptown; but I'll call it off, countermand the buying orders—"

"Don't bother." Hawes pushed a button; and, as Miss Beeding appeared, "Mr. Brewster's got a date," he told her, "so I'll take charge. Call up all the brokers he called this morning. I'll talk to them myself."

"Yes, Mr. Hawes. . . . I got Mr. Cramer; he'll see you at half past four."

Shriveled, elderly, she stood behind the bald and pallid Brewster; Jasper Hawes had more bulk than both of them and twice as much vitality. . . . Queer, he mused, that I'm the one that has to make a will. . . .

"All right. Run along, Brewster."

Silent, deferential, Mr. Brewster bowed himself out; but as he left the office his pallid face turned red with impotent rage. From a booth telephone in the lobby he called off his luncheon engagement; but he got into his waiting car and drove uptown nonetheless—to Fifth Avenue, and then into Fifty-seventh Street. His talent was for detail; and a detail he remembered was that today Gail had a dancing lesson, which ended at half past twelve.

SHE ran down the stairs from Dilighine's studio, her heart singing. At last! Dilighine was a teacher notoriously hard to please, but today he had called her an artiste, he had conceded that she was ready for her debut. . . . A debut would cost money, and she hadn't been able to save much; Jasper Hawes' hostess had to dress well. But Hawes would lend her the money; she could pay him back from the money she would be making soon. And so at last she was to reap the reward of all the work and all the hardship—for though there hadn't been much hardship lately, there had been plenty when she first came to New York, an orphan just out of high school, with no money—nothing but a training in stenography and an ambition to dance.

Hardship, hard work, sacrifices that she didn't like to think about—but now she had got what she wanted at last. . . . As she came out on the sidewalk, her golden hair and brown tweed suit bright in the sunshine, somebody hailed her from the curb. Ed Brewster. She had never liked him much, but just now she was so happy that she liked everybody. As he came up to her, she gave him both her hands.

"Hello!" she said, smiling. "What are you doing so far uptown?"

"Waiting to take you to lunch." She withdrew her hands; he hadn't asked her to lunch for months, and she didn't like his assurance.

"Sorry," she said. "I told my maid I'd lunch at home."

"Call her up and tell her you're lunching out instead." He saw she wouldn't. "Oh, very well," he agreed. "But my car's here; let me take you home." She got in; he followed her, drew up the glass that shut them off from the chauffeur. "I might have known," he said, "that it's a condition of your job that you can't have dates with any man but Jasper Hawes."

"It is not! You know I'm only a social secretary!"

He shrugged. "Do you have dates with other men?"

"Well—no," she admitted. "But I hardly know anybody well enough for dates—except the men in his crowd, and they don't dare ask me." He grinned. "Not even you!" she accused him. "When I was your secretary you used to take me to the chief's parties, but as soon as I went to work for him you stopped calling me up. Not that I wanted you to call me up, but I despise you for being afraid!"

The car swept around a corner into Central Park West.

WELL, what's the use?" he growled. "I was fool enough to introduce you to my boss, you went on his pay roll, and that was my exit cue. The chief is exclusive about his women."

"I'm not his women! Just because you tried to make me and didn't get away with it, you needn't think—"

"I don't—now," he conceded. "I believe you've been smart enough to hold him off. An old man crazy about a young girl will take a lot sometimes. But don't be too smart. You needn't think he'll ever marry you."

"Marry me?" she gasped. "But I don't want—and he doesn't want—"

"Oh, doesn't he!—and some day you won't be able to stall him off any longer. So you'd better start thinking, Gail."

"About you, I presume? I did my thinking on that topic a year ago." The car stopped before her apartment house. "Thanks for bringing me home," she said, and started to get out. He held the door shut.

"Sit down and listen to me!" he said with smothered fury. "Do you know what we are, you and I? Only gadgets attached to Jasper Hawes—and I'm sick of it! What I've done for him—and what I've had to take from him! I started as a clerk in his office fifteen years ago, and he can never forget it. He calls me operating vice-president, but he treats me like a clerk still—and he can make me feel like a clerk, when he tries. I'm sick of it—sick of it! I've done pretty well; I'm worth a couple of million outside my qualifying stock in his companies; I run his business for him most of the time—but he thinks I'm just a rabbit. So do you; and I *have* been a rabbit!" Tears of rage blurred his rimless glasses, oozed from his close-set eyes. "But not any more," he said. "I'm tired of being a gadget attached to Jasper Hawes. And you'd better be," he told her grimly. "I'm a gadget he can't do without, and you're not. He'll never marry you. So you'd better start thinking—about yourself and where in time you think you're going." He let go of the door handle. "All right—go home and eat your lunch. I'll call you up after you've had time to do some thinking."

From the sidewalk she looked back at him—startled, almost frightened. This wasn't a rabbit; it was a man—a man who hated Jasper Hawes and wanted Gail Perrin, so much that he thought even the chief wanted her too.

But what he wanted, what he believed, didn't matter to a girl whom Dilighine had called an artiste, a girl who knew at last where she was going.

THE clock on her dressing table said ten to three as Gail studied herself in the triple mirror, rubbed a little rouge off her lips, sprayed herself with the scent Jasper Hawes liked best. Now she was ready for him in so far as you could ever be ready for a man who might want to take you for a hundred-mile drive, might want you to go riding with him in the park, or might simply want to sit and talk. But he'd certainly expect her to be cheerful—he had no use for people who weren't cheerful; and he'd expect her to look her best. And that was easy today, now that Dilighine said she was ready at last. She felt her best—body and spirit trained to a fine keen edge, ready for something to happen. Her soft fluff of hair glowed like molten gold, she tingled with health, her deep blue eyes were bright with assurance and content. The doorbell rang.

She answered it—Rena had the afternoon off—and stood staring at Jimmy Yates. The same brown eyes that had looked back at her from the Pullman platform a year ago; the mouth that had kissed her good-by. . . . She had forgotten how boyish he looked; the men she knew now were so much older. But if he kissed her, she realized, if he kissed her—

He didn't kiss her; he looked at her tea gown—and she knew he knew how much it had cost. He walked past her, stared about her smart living room. Not the same Jimmy; his eyes were hard, skeptical, wise. Too wise.

"Sorry to surprise you," he said. "But your maid didn't seem to know when you'd be in, so I came when I could. Well?" That wasn't a question, it was an indictment. "What about it, Gail? How come the gilded cage?"

"Don't be nasty, Jimmy! You know me better than that!"

"I thought I did, last year. But I guess I was a good deal of a kid then," he admitted. "I know more about what's going on now. . . . When I saw your address in the phone book I thought you'd put yourself over. So I went to the drama editor—I'm back on the paper—and asked him what show you were in. And he said you weren't in any; that old Jasper Hawes was trotting you around on a leash." (So it was gossip in newspaper offices!)

"Oh, he did, did he? And what did you say?" she demanded fiercely.

"I said, 'That so?' . . . What else could I say? How did I know?"

"You ought to know, Jimmy! You, at least!"

"Because you said you were in love with me last year? You wouldn't marry me; you were going to put yourself over as a dancer. I guess it's easier to do that with fifty millions in back of you, pushing. . . . And if it's not true, where did you get the platinum setting?"

"I work for Mr. Hawes, organizing his parties. He loves parties and he pays me two hundred a week to run them for him."

"Just for that? Look here, Gail! Two hundred's a lot of money."

"It's nothing to him. But it pays for my lessons with Dilighine—"

"Dilighine, eh? Still out for the art stuff. Why couldn't you have gone back to the chorus and worked yourself up? Too slow, I suppose. . . . Oh, I'd like to believe you, Gail; but a set-up like this—"

"It's true, Jimmy. He isn't interested in me that way."

"If he isn't interested in you that way when you look this way, he's crazy."

Jimmy's glance fell on the taboret, the cocktail shaker, two glasses—only two. "So you expected him," he said, "instead of me?"

"Yes." . . . And he'd be here any moment; she'd have to get Jimmy out. . . . No, she wouldn't; this was her apartment, where she could entertain any of her friends. . . . "I want you to stay and meet him, Jimmy."

"You're right I'm going to stay and meet him!" His black bitterness reassured her. This wasn't just envy and hurt pride; he cared!

"Jimmy dear, I know how you feel. When you're in love you want to think 'we'—this person and I against the world. But somehow you can't help thinking 'I,' the way you did beforehand. You don't know whether a girl's your partner who shares everything with you, or just somebody out to get as much as she can. . . . And a girl doesn't know either. That's why I— Why didn't you write to me?" she finished in a blaze of resentment.

"Nothing to write but bad news. I lost my job in six weeks; those picture outfits are a crazy lot. Couldn't tell you that, could I?"

"Of course you could, if you were thinking 'we.' I waited and waited—"

"Well, I hated to let you know I was licked. I hung around doing odd jobs till I had money enough and sense enough to come back. I go to work tomorrow. But I had to find out about you first."

"Well, you've found out." But his eyes told her he was still unconvinced. "And I—I've found out something too," she said shakily. "What I felt about you last year—I never felt that way about anybody else. I—I thought it was real. It was, Jimmy, for me." That was close to a sob.

"But not real enough for you to marry me," he reminded her. "You wanted to be a dancer."

"Not real enough for you to think 'we'—let me share your troubles. . . . I don't care—it was real then—" His arms were around her; he was kissing her—and she responded; she felt as she had felt a year ago. . . .

"I don't care what you've done!" he groaned. "Will you marry me—today? I'm only getting a hundred a week, but I want you—I want you—"

"But you can't believe me," she said. "You can't think 'we.'"

"I'm trying to believe you—" he began. And then the doorbell rang.

"There he is!" she whispered desperately. "Let me go, Jimmy!" She wrenched herself away.

On the way to the door she tried to smooth her rumpled hair, hoped her eyes weren't red—

Jasper Hawes' bald head glistened in the hallway; his pale-blue eyes were impassive. Stepping in, he kissed her casually, as any rich old man might kiss any beautiful girl, and usually does. Jimmy couldn't see them in the foyer, but he must have heard that. Conscious of her dishevelment, she brought Hawes in, stammered an introduction. Jimmy mumbled something. . . . We certainly act guilty, she thought in despair.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Yates," said Hawes, completely at ease. "How about a drink, Gail?" She went to get another glass, glad of the excuse to evade his eyes—eyes that looked at her as if he owned her, that looked at Jimmy as if he were a pickpocket caught in the act.

And this was the day she had waked up smiling!

JASPER HAWES took three drinks while they were taking one; then—

"Party tonight, Gail," he announced. She felt like telling him to get it up himself; she was through, if he thought he owned her. But perhaps, if Jimmy saw how she earned her salary— "At the penthouse, after the theater," Hawes went on. "The usual crowd—and anybody else you want, of course." A notice, if an awkward one, that she might ask Jimmy.

"You'll come, won't you, Jimmy? At the Hawes Building, downtown."

"Thanks," he said frigidly. "Be glad to."

ELMER DAVIS

is a brilliant star in the Hoosier school of writers. Following an Indiana education, he was sent to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. Surviving this honor, he plunged into the maelstrom of newspaper life, where he distinguished himself. Many of his novels and short stories have appeared in Liberty. Married, he has two children.

He might have been more gracious, she thought irritably. He didn't feel gracious—but neither did Hawes, and he was trying to be it. Really, Jimmy was rather young. . . . And he evidently meant to outstay Hawes. Where had it gone, that longing that had blazed up when he kissed her? Then, for an instant, Jimmy had been the only man in the world; now he was only a sulky, ungracious boy—in the way. . . . She picked up the telephone.

"Regent 9-2361. . . . Mrs. Ronald? . . . Oh, hello, Gwen. Gail speaking. Party tonight, at the penthouse. . . . Right." She waited a moment; then, "Atwater 5-4644. . . . Mrs. Reick, please. Hello, Doris. Party tonight, downtown. Can we count on you and Billy?"

And so on through number after number, dozens of them. Half the people she called were out; she had to hunt them at other numbers recalled from memory, without an instant's hesitation—hairdressers, beauty parlors, cafés. And after the guests, caterers, florists, an orchestra. She hoped Jimmy appreciated this. . . . Presently she heard Hawes whispering:

"Clever girl, isn't she? She ever tell you how she got this job?" Jimmy shook his head. "She was secretary to a fellow named Ed Brewster in my office," said Hawes. "One day he didn't come back from lunch; a car had hit him. Hadn't hurt him much, but for hours we didn't know what had happened. But when I went into his office, here was Gail running the routine of his job as well as he ever did. I thought a talent like that was wasted in the office. Brewster had brought her to some of my parties, and she mixed all right with the crowd; so I hired her to run them for me."

She went on telephoning, in black despair. Hawes was clumsily trying to dissolve Jimmy's suspicions; but she knew that the one thing that would stick in Jimmy's memory was her dates with Brewster—whose persistent hopeless pursuit of his secretary had been a joke between her and Jimmy last year. Couldn't he understand that she had to do something to forget the way she felt whenever she looked at the table in the roominghouse hallway and saw no letter from Hollywood? . . . At last she turned away from the telephone.

"Well, chief, it's all arranged." She looked at Jimmy—still there, immovable. "We'll be seeing you tonight then, Jimmy. So glad you dropped in."

He deserved that slap in the face, the way he was behaving. . . . He rose, nodded to Hawes with cold courtesy. She walked to the foyer with him, held out her hand; he looked at it and left it in mid-air.

"Brewster too?" he said softly. "You didn't let yourself get lonesome, did you, after I went away?"

"What did you expect me to do when you didn't write? For that matter, I don't suppose you spent all your spare time at church in Hollywood."

"Well—I'll look in on your party," he said. "But after this I'll be working nights, so don't feel that you have to invite me any more."

He was trying to be haughty, and only succeeding in being young. Her taste in men had changed since she'd known Jasper Hawes. And yet—when Jimmy kissed her— But never mind that. Now for the man who seemed to think he owned her; she'd resign her job here and now. She came back to the living room, simmering.

"Well?" said Hawes with sour amusement. "Going to marry that fellow?"

"No! Whatever made you think so?"

"You're blushing like a three-alarm fire."

"Well, I'm not! Let's talk about something else."

"All right," said Jasper Hawes. "How'd you like to marry me?"

What will be Gail's answer? Will she give up her dancing career and other dreams of youth to marry an old man? Can fifty million dollars tempt her? Hers is the most momentous decision of her life, and it is made in the next issue of Liberty. You mustn't miss your copy!

ANOTHER Plan of Life FOR THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

THE Duke and Duchess of Windsor are beginning to realize that life is something more than a bowl of cherries. In fact, I'm pretty reliably informed they're both beginning to worry considerably about their future. And one wonders, of course, why they haven't spent more time considering it before.

It's high time that they came to their senses, and realized the seriousness of their situation. It's time they set out on a responsible career, devoted to social improvements and public service, before their well-wishers and admirers get the impression that maybe Prime Minister Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury weren't so wrong after all!

At the risk of being classed as a meddlemonger, let me have my say and then "forever hold my peace." I refuse to set out a list of rules that ought to be followed; but if my opinion were asked, this is what I'd say:

"Get out of the limelight as soon as possible. Shun the fashionable society resorts and the people who frequent them. Find a quiet, lovely spot in which to live and love and work and study. Forsake the night spots with their glitter and games and gin. Travel wherever you want to once or twice a year. Surround yourselves with interesting, worth-while people who are actually doing something to make the world a better place to live in. Get down to earth, and make your peace with man and God; and then go to it."

For a long time these two have been in the limelight. But the world is beginning to grow a little tired of hearing about them. Upon his abdication for "the woman I love," Edward gave his assurances that he intended to live the life of a "private citizen." Yet at every turn of the road he has belied this first impression. Only recently, in Paris, instead of walking into the church of his choice, as any private citizen might, he became infuriated when the clergyman of whom he had "asked permission" to attend rebuffed him.

Since childhood Edward has been known as a spoiled youngster with a certain sense of his own importance. This was all right, in a way, when he stomped about the world as the "first salesman of the Empire," but it is entirely out of place in his present role. You can't ride two horses at the same time; and when you are an ex-king you join an ever-increasing fraternity in Europe, which holds out few prizes, save for those ex-monarchs who with a divine purpose toil on for their downtrodden masses.

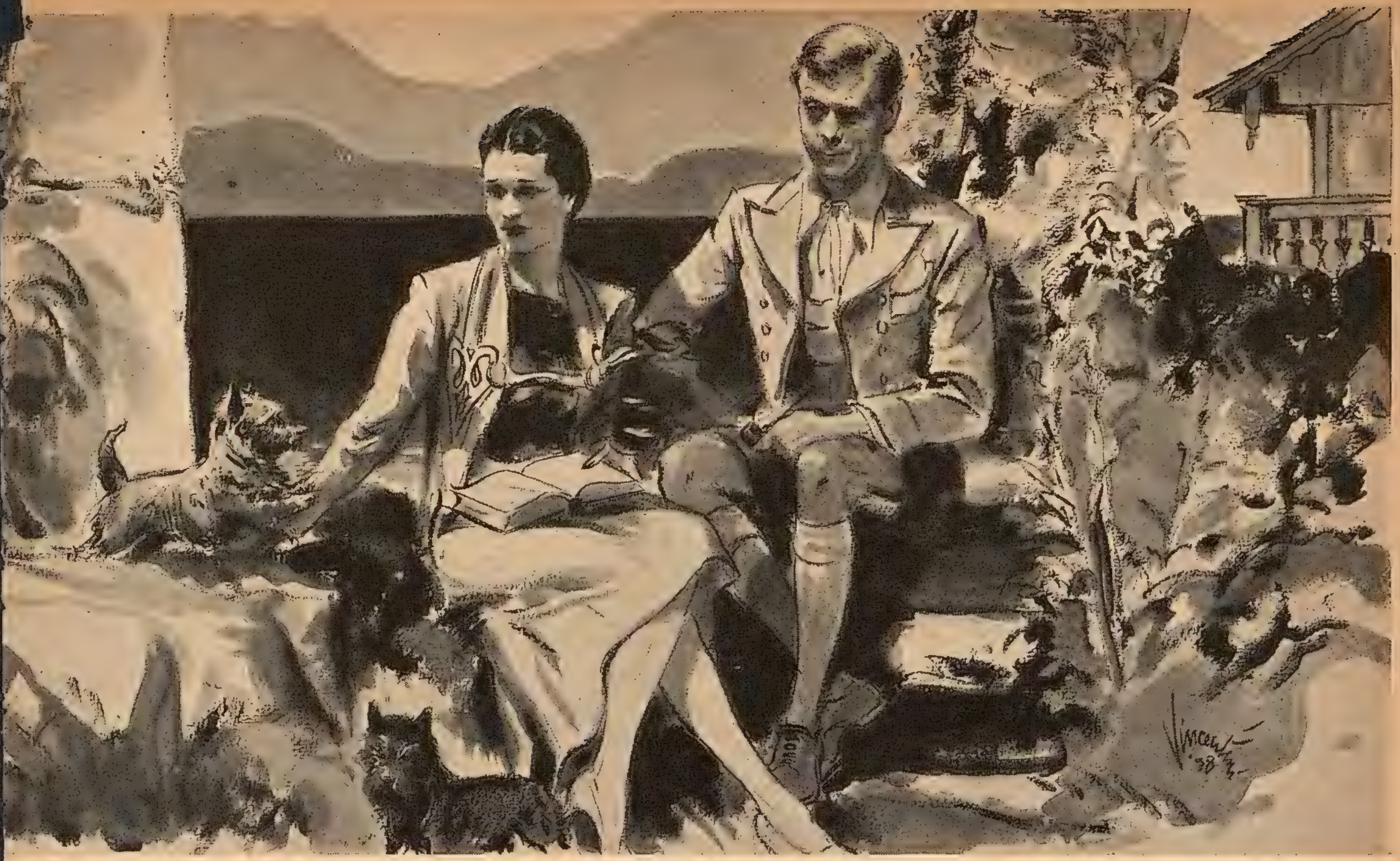
Last May, in the library of the Château de Cande at Monts, I asked the Duke of Windsor if he would be willing to spend the rest of his life in the same niche into which many of Europe's former kings found themselves. He denied this, claiming that he had a mission in life far greater than that of King of England. The world was to remember him as a prince of peace! To accomplish this he had a plan for bettering housing and living conditions throughout the earth. But his first ambassador for such a plan was a gentleman discredited by labor who couldn't get to first base. You know the rest of the Bedeaux story as well as I do. Reading it, one felt that Windsor was either bereft of intelligence or just simply didn't care. It lodged with the friendly section of the world a grave doubt.

Since then the Windsors have batted about from pillar to post, seemingly without objective, crushed for the moment by their own folly. And down to the fashionable Riviera they wandered, to fool around with its playboys and -girls and to try to forget affronts.

Why didn't they search about for a comfy little hide-out in some less limelighted section of Europe, such as Switzerland or Austria or Czechoslovakia? Seek seclusion with a sturdy little group of retainers who could assure that they would not be disturbed? Develop their individual hobbies? Have plenty of time for reflection and meditation on what they want from life—plenty of time for exercise, plenty of time for simple fun?

Why don't they make an effort to find such a place? Soon they'd find themselves surrounded by charming people. If they wished to ride to hounds or go out for a shoot, they could do so without the clicking of cameras and the scribbling of reporters.

From one to whom, on the eve of their wedding, they told their hopes and dream



Why didn't they search for some section of Europe far from the limelight, where they could live in seclusion?

In between they could drop in on some of their less fortunate neighbors and listen to their stories. Edward could burn the midnight oil studying reports and correspondence that would be coming in to him from all parts of the earth from the downtrodden of every nation who had faith in him and his ability to help them keep peace.

When they felt the urge to roam they'd appreciate their fun so much, much more. Then they could visit certain sections of the earth which Edward particularly wanted to study at first hand. And, instead of sending notice in advance of their proposed trip, they'd simply up and go. Just think of the reception they'd receive if they happened to turn up in Manhattan, after some years of study and research, without the fanfare they seem to expect—and don't get now!

Or if, on the other hand, Edward is sick of it all—the cheapness, the tawdriness, the shallowness of life as he has found it since he renounced his throne—why then doesn't he make his peace with his family and return to his native land? This might be embarrassing? Maybe. And yet, he has a right to do it; or to go to one of its colonies if that would suit him better.

Once he'd entered without a lot of advance publicity and notoriety, he could again find a quiet unpretentious place in which to live the life of a country gentleman, which has been his heritage since time immemorable. With " the woman I love " at his side, he could settle down deep into the life of the countryside, with time out now and then to travel far and wide.

Don't ever tell me he'd not gather to his side the good and the great, the best and bonniest in all the far-flung empire. At his door would arrive those who wished advice and those who could freely give it. To his hearthrug would come the most important leaders in the Empire. And when the moment arrived he'd be lifted high above their heads and " stood " for Parliament. Elected by a great majority, for he'd never be run otherwise, he'd begin that long journey I've so often predicted to 10 Downing Street, for a career as Prime Minister that would be noteworthy and helpful to his distinguished brother and a blessing to his people.

Wallie should also realize her own responsibility and make up her mind, once and for all, how she will respond to it. Edward had given every indication, before he abdicated, of being a good, perhaps a great king. Maybe the days are past when any king can actually do much for his own people; nevertheless Edward was on the way to proving himself something more than simply a storybook king. And because of her this man who might have done some good for a great many people is no longer officially able to do so.

Does this mean that the good he might have accomplished is to be forever lost? This decision is up to her. Surely the woman for whom he gave up his throne can influence her husband. She must realize that her position of Duchess of Windsor not only top-notches her socially but also increases her responsibility to the world.

If her background and training have not particularly equipped her for this task, she must do her utmost to remedy the lack. She must know—does know better than any one else—what quality in herself the Duke finds most essential to his peace and happiness, and surround him with whatever is necessary to his well-being. She must give him daily help and encouragement. She must forget the gay life she lived and loved so well, and turn her hand and her head to the most serious job that ever faced any woman. She must remain gay and attractive, fascinating, fun-loving, and caressing, so that her man may continue to abdicate from every temptation for the woman he still loves with all his heart and soul.

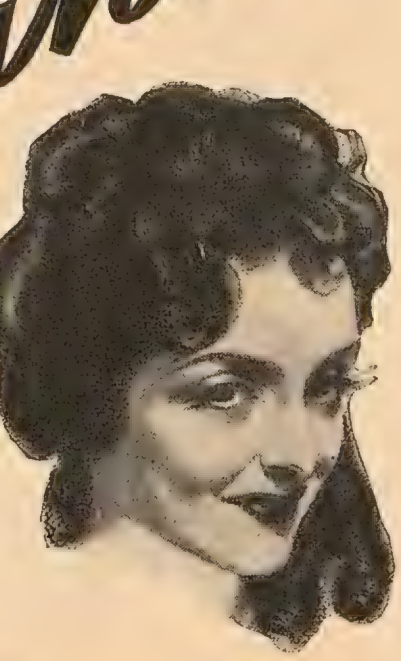
For only when Edward has fulfilled entirely his promise of help to an ailing world, as a private individual, will her responsibility to the world from which she snatched a king be ended. Now, as never before, she is at the helm of Edward's ship of fate. Will she steer a clear straight course through troubled seas to a safe harbor where he may rest, or will she let the rudder go, and with it the hopes and prayers of mankind?

THE END

he future . . . A frank and thought-provoking picture of what that future might be

Casanova's Women:

LINA LOVES NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL



In which our hero tests his wit and learns about a lady—A sly, sparkling chronicle of roguery that went awry

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

AT the end of the September day, as his coach rolled into Vienna, Casanova was aware of two facts in nature: his hunger and his lack of cash. Enough in his purse, after the driver was paid, to buy a meal or two, but nothing to lodge him as he was accustomed.

He rapped on the glass. "To the Red Crab."

All the Italians in Vienna ate at the Red Crab.

But when Casanova ordered the driver to set down the luggage, the man protested. "This is a restaurant. If the gentleman would permit me to take the bags to his apartment—"

The gentleman would permit no such thing. Ah, well, the gentleman gave a miraculous tip. Nothing would please the driver more than to pile up the luggage inside the entrance, where the porter could watch it.

Casanova entered the dining room with his hat under his arm and his sword at his side. Most of the diners looked up and were impressed by his height, by his dark face, by his large and beautiful eyes. Over in the corner, where a man and woman were deep in conversation, the impression seemed less favorable. The woman stared idly, the man gave one sharp glance and turned back to his talk, as though the interruption hadn't been worth while.

But Casanova had his attention just then on a thin and melancholy figure across the room, dining alone.

"Signor, will you invite me to dine at your table?"

Startled but courteous, the man motioned to the chair opposite.

"Unless I mistake," said Casanova, beckoning to a waiter, "you are, like myself, a child of Italy."

The man bowed as the waiter came up.

"What would you advise?" continued Casanova.

The man, who had just finished a bowl of soup, looked troubled. "I should not care to impose my taste," said he. "I follow a simple diet."

"Very wise. I will imitate you. Bring me a bowl of the same soup, waiter, and a pâté, and a mixed salad with plenty of oil—a little bread and cheese—your inimitable coffee—and a bottle of good wine."

He glanced cheerfully across the table.

"I find that a diet of soup—"

"Oh, but you must join me," said Casanova, too familiar with the adventurous life not to see what was amiss. "Waiter, two portions of everything except the soup and the wine."

"I never eat much," protested his companion.

"For my sake, then, do better tonight. I am not sure you told me your name."

"I didn't," said the man. "I am Antonio Campioni."

"The famous dancer?"

"I dance."

"At the opera, I suppose," said Casanova, feeling his way.

"Three nights a week," said Campioni. "At other times— Signor, I am as ignorant of your name as you were of mine!"

"Casanova—Giacomo Casanova."

"Ah, yes—at other times, Signor Casanova, I frequent the gaming tables, and so avoid the temptations which might come with wealth."

"Here's the food," said Casanova. "Go right on with your pâté. I'll stop talking and catch up."

Without further urging the dancer cleared his dish—cleared, scraped, and polished. Two hungry bankrupts at the same board!

"Signor Campioni, I read your history. Four nights a week you lose at faro."

"Roulette," corrected the dancer.

Casanova raised his eyebrows in pity. "You would lose, of course, at roulette. Why not try faro?"

"Wouldn't I lose there also?"

"Not if you were the bank."

Campioni stared. "Do you mean cheating?"

"I refer," said Casanova, "to a certain advantage of position. Little as I know about card play, I prosper when I hold the bank."

His modesty created no astonishment. Antonio Campioni had not recognized his dinner companion.

"I have decided to gamble no more," he said. "I have lost my courage."

"Force yourself to play before it is too late," said Casanova, "or you'll never be able to take it up again."

A small orchestra had been tuning up at the end of the dining room, and from the instruments now issued an abandoned kind of music which Casanova found irritating.

The man and woman across the room were deep in argument. He leaned over the table, to be more persuasive. She was drawn back in her chair, unconvinced.

Casanova recovered cheerfulness. "I understand perfectly. Since you have lost your courage, you are conserving your gold. To that end you will live on soup. The liquid diet diminishes what heart remains."

"I have only five gold pieces left, and should I spend them all before the first of the month—"

Casanova nodded. "You have lost your courage."

This harping on his courage annoyed the dancer. "I suspect, Signor Casanova, you are unacquainted with adversity. Good fortune is written all over you."

"Signor Campioni, if I seem to enjoy good fortune, it is because I cling to the courage which you have thrown away."

"You can't mean you have no money!" exclaimed the dancer, perturbed. The dinner remained to be paid for.

"I have been unfortunate in love."

"Oh, that!"

"Precisely that," said Casanova. "Recently, in Paris, I bestowed my affections on a remarkable woman whose first name was Céleste. I may identify her so far without indiscretion."

"Was she rich?"

"Her virtues were of the mind and heart. Chiefly of the heart. She preferred a young scapegrace whose designs upon her wealth a smarter woman would perceive. Raymond de Labellay, known at the gambling tables."

The man and woman across the room were still arguing, but it was her turn now. You might think she was telling the gentleman he was a fool.

"Did he marry her?" asked Campioni.

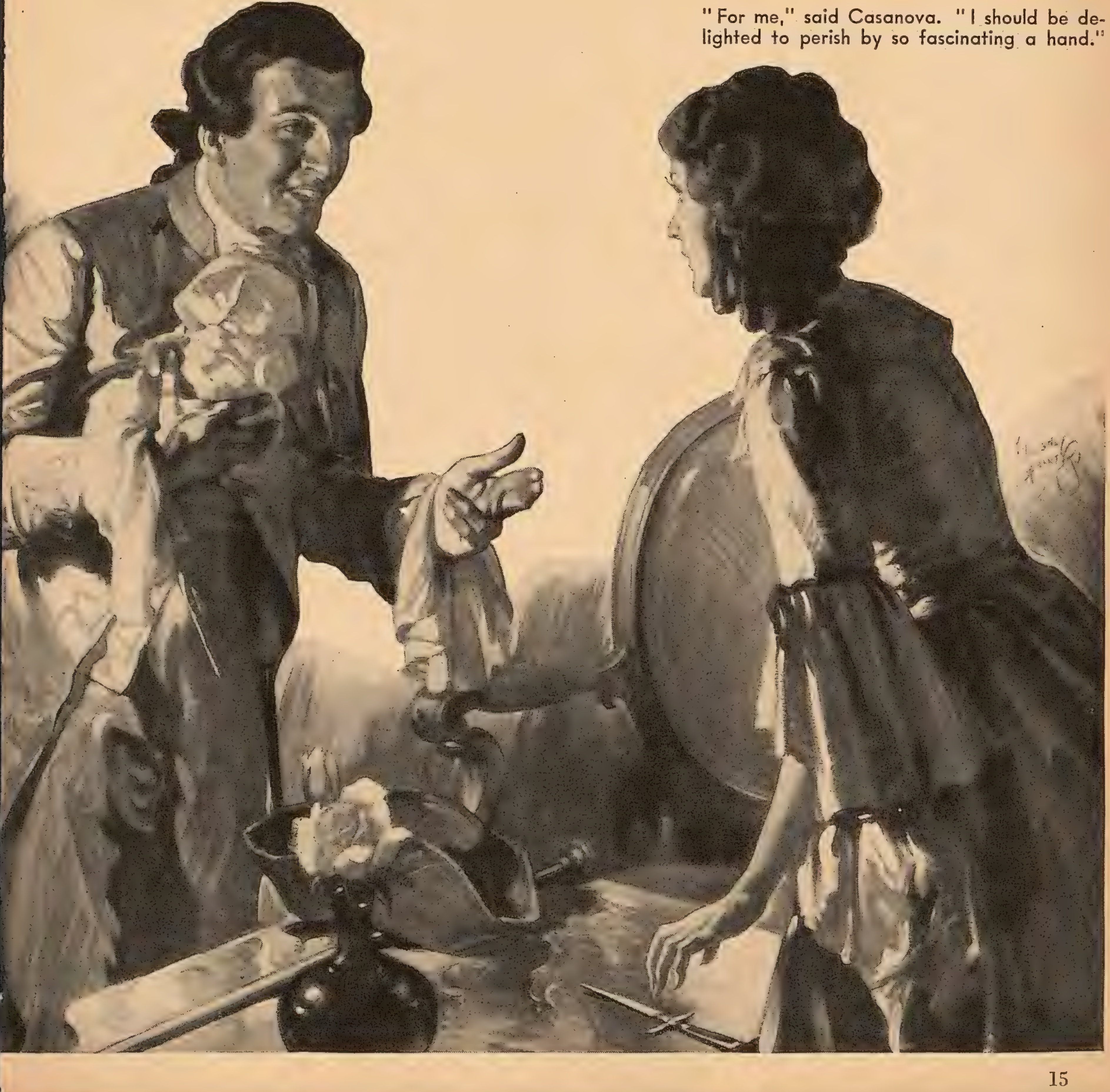
"I didn't wait for the ceremony. His behavior was callous. To better his own prospects he deserted a charming gypsy, a member of the Paris opera."

Signor Campioni shook his head. "A gypsy is not easy to desert. What was she like?"

"We never met," said Casanova. "I called at the theater to offer my consolations, thinking she might be lonely, but she was in temporary retirement, trying to commit suicide."

"A sad story," said the dancer; "unfortunately not new. Did she recover?"

"I know no more than I've told," replied Casanova.



"For me," said Casanova. "I should be delighted to perish by so fascinating a hand."

"Well, if she did, my sympathy goes to the lady— Did you say she was called Céleste?"

For a moment they listened to the rhythmic spasms of the orchestra.

"In your former way of life," asked Casanova, "where did you do your gambling?"

"Here—upstairs—there are several rooms."

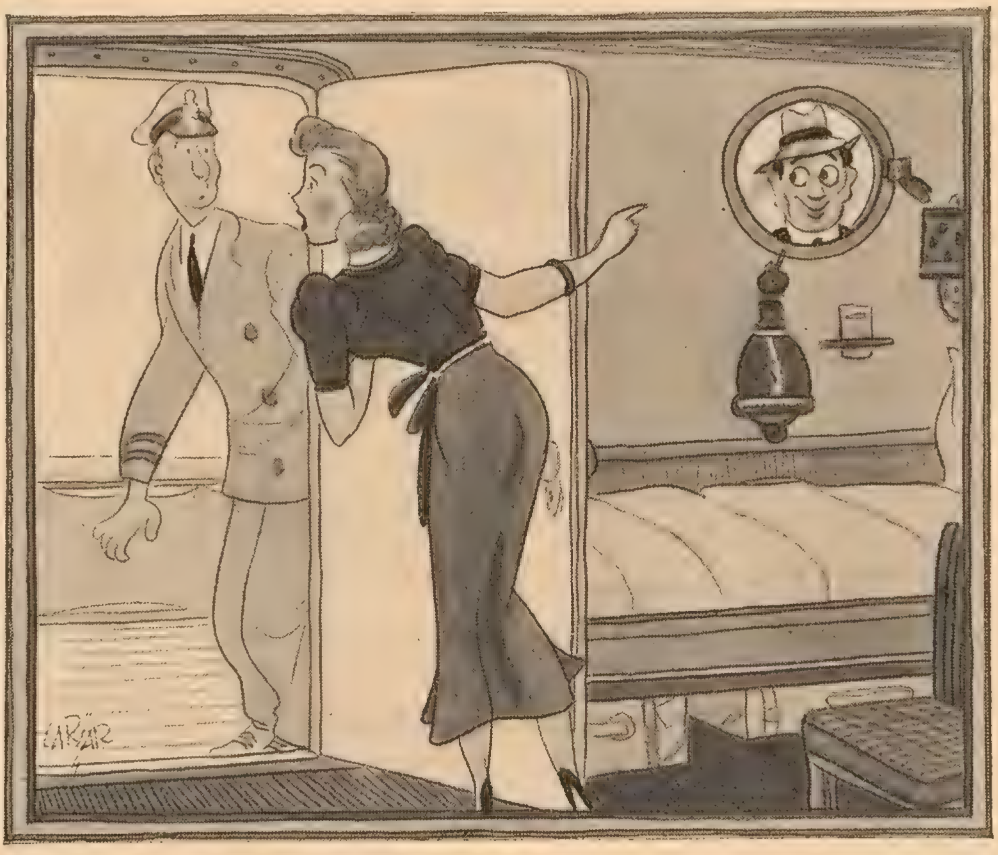
"Have they a faro layout?"

"I suppose so."

"Your present resources," continued Casanova thoughtfully, "are five gold pieces."

Signor Campioni bristled. "I cannot risk them."

"Certainly no more than three," said Casanova. "I will contribute another three so that our stake may be equal. We will organize a bank at faro."



"Steward! That picture just moved!"

"Impossible, Signor Casanova! I know nothing of the game."

"I never lose. You will be, as it were, my guest for the evening."

Casanova beckoned the waiter, asked for the bill, and took out his purse, which contained no more than four golden coins. One he gave to the waiter, and counted the change carefully.

"Your part," he continued, "will be to gather the players. You must know them all."

He rose with a satisfied air. "You will lose nothing. At the worst, I will restore what you ventured. You have my word of honor."

Twenty minutes later he had arranged the cards so they would be drawn in the order he preferred, and at the end of the table, in the little room upstairs, he stood greeting the two or three incurables in whose ear the timid Campioni had whispered.

"Well, gentlemen, shall we begin?"

Through the door came the dancer's last victims, the man and woman who had dined on the other side of the restaurant. At sight of Casanova the man smiled.

Casanova, strongest in danger, returned the smile.

"Good evening, Monsieur de Labellay. Good evening, mademoiselle. Will you join us?"

"I play for both," said de Labellay, drawing a chair up to the table. "Mademoiselle will bring me luck."

He was as Casanova had seen him in Paris, well groomed, self-possessed, oval-faced, good-natured, with a touch of impudence. The gypsy, now standing behind his chair, was even better off the stage than on. You felt the nervous flame in her black eyes, the passionate will, too large for so slender a body. Casanova shuffled the cards with that famous sleight of hand which was the living image of good faith, and restored them to the box, face up.

"Make your bets, gentlemen."

Monsieur de Labellay put down ten gold pieces on the layout, next to the five. The other wagers were small.

Casanova's fingers lingered on the top card, which doesn't count because the players may have seen it. Fate is in the next two. If the second from the top shows the number you bet on, you lose. If the third card shows it, you win.

"Come on—draw!" cried Monsieur de Labellay.

Casanova lifted the top card, revealing the loser underneath. It was the five of hearts. Monsieur de Labellay breathed deep. An insignificant player beside him won on the third card, but the bank was ahead nine gold pieces for the turn. Monsieur de Labellay doubled his bet and, less loudly, invited Casanova to draw again.

The gypsy kept her black eyes on Casanova's hands. He gave her a defiant stare, and she returned the challenge, and Monsieur de Labellay lost again.

Five minutes later the bank contained, as nearly as Casanova could do the adding in his head, a hundred and thirty-six gold pieces, which, divided by two, would be sixty-eight, and if he subtracted his original investment, his clear profit would be sixty-five. Antonio Campioni, who had nothing to do but add and subtract, wore his first smile in weeks.

"Make your bets, gentlemen."

Monsieur de Labellay pushed back his chair. "The cards are not honest!" he cried. "I have been robbed!"

Casanova showed his amazement. "Do you imply that I cheated you?"

"You are a thief, sir!" screamed his victim. "I pull your nose."

The gypsy laid a hand on his arm to quiet him. Casanova gathered up the cards, and bowed to the men around the table. "The game ends, gentlemen. Monsieur de Labellay and I must have a word with each other."

"We must indeed!" Monsieur de Labellay had his right hand on his sword. But the gypsy placed herself in the chair he had abandoned.

"If you all go," she complained, "I can't play! Will Monsieur Casanova refuse me a game?"

"He'll take your money from you, Lina," cautioned Monsieur de Labellay. "Besides," he added as an afterthought, "I am impatient."

"If your blood can't stay up till I lose a little money," said the gypsy, "you're less angry than you seem. Shuffle the cards, Monsieur Casanova."

There she was, beautiful and confident, putting herself, as it were, in his hands. This was his lucky night. From now on he would be generous. Monsieur de Labellay would get a wound in the arm or shoulder. After that—Casanova would decide at leisure whether it was Céleste he yearned for or Lina.

The cards, for the first time well shuffled, lay in the box, face up. The gypsy placed twenty gold pieces on the knave.

"My dear Lina!" exclaimed Monsieur de Labellay.

"It's my whole fortune, I know," she said.

The top card was lifted. "Ah!" exclaimed the onlookers.

"If you all would withdraw your heads," said the gypsy, "I could see my fate."

They stepped back. The second card was the king.

"I'm really quite nervous," said the gypsy.

"If mademoiselle prefers," interposed Campioni, "we might agree to stop the game now."

"Never! I never give up. Show me the next card."

Casanova's hand almost shook as he turned it up. It was a six. Lina collapsed in her chair. "Does that mean I have neither lost nor won?"

"Mademoiselle," said Casanova, "I believe you know this game as well as I. Do you care to change your bet?"

"If I could, I'd double it! Raymond, will you lend me twenty?"

Monsieur de Labellay's anger increased with mortification. "He's robbed me of every sou!"

"If mademoiselle will permit," said Casanova, "I personally will provide what she needs."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Monsieur de Labellay. Campioni, from the terror on his face, shared the sentiment.

The gypsy looked up with a smile. “Monsieur Casanova, I enjoy losing my own. Let’s have the next turn.”

She leaned over the box. It is sad to be suspected when you are playing fair. It was almost a pleasure, a kind of justification, when the third card showed the knave and Lina took the twenty pieces from him.

It continued to be a pleasure, flavored with exaltation, to hand over on each succeeding turn all that he had won from Monsieur de Labellay. Campioni, in a lapse of self-control, pulled his sleeve, but he himself remained calm.

“Mademoiselle Lina, I have the honor to inform you that the bank is broken.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the bystanders in unmeasured delight.

The gypsy gathered up her winnings and rose from the table. “This has been a perfect evening.”

Campioni thought otherwise. He registered his emotions in a slap on Casanova’s cheek. “You gave me your word of honor! Thief! Liar! Defend yourself!”

“Pardon, monsieur,” said de Labellay, “I come first.”

Casanova turned to Campioni. “A little patience! A little patience! I keep my word.”

“But you have no more money!”

“I shall get it.”

The bystanders drew closer. Casanova knew he hadn’t a friend in the room. De Labellay, heartened by public sympathy, grew bolder by the minute.

“When I have treated Monsieur Casanova as he deserves,” he said, “I shall claim the privilege of settling his small debts. It will give me a special satisfaction.”

“You mean,” said Lina, “when *I* have treated him as he deserves.”

“You?”

“He’s a rascal,” said the gypsy, “and if I had the privilege of friendship, like that gentleman yonder, I would strike him. As it is, I challenge Monsieur Casanova to a few words with me alone.”

“Lina, I cannot permit it.”

“Permit?” The gypsy raised her eyebrows. “Monsieur Casanova, will you escort me to my room?”

The bystanders did not approve. Neither did Campioni.

“A plot!” he gasped.

“You can watch my luggage for me,” said Casanova. “Should I not return, it’s yours. Monsieur de Labellay, follow at a discreet distance and wait outside.”

“Impossible!” shouted de Labellay, knowing no other word; but the gypsy had her way, not for the first time.

In the room, a very proper room, with a table, a chair, and a double bed, the gypsy was smiling at Casanova. Had de Labellay seen the venom in that smile, he would have cast off jealousy.

“Your attitude, Mademoiselle Lina,” Casanova was saying, “is beyond my comprehension. We have never met before.”

“Was that your fault?”

He looked at her, and his eyes would have fallen had he not exerted his will.

“The theater told me of your visit. Didn’t I know why you came? Céleste discarded you, Monsieur de Labellay deserted me, and it occurred to your sensitive nature that I might be better than nothing.”

From the shoulder of her gown the gypsy drew a sharp knife and laid it on the table. “I couldn’t make up my mind whether it was for Monsieur de Labellay or for you.”

“For me,” said Casanova. “I should be delighted to perish by so fascinating a hand.”

She laughed. “Save your compliments.” Then her face clouded with sudden worry. “I wish you not to fight Monsieur de Labellay. You are a better swordsman—he would fall.”

“And would that grieve you?”

She nodded. “Deeply.”

On the door of the room there was a metallic thumping. The sound suggested a sword hilt.

“Who’s there?” called the gypsy.

“Me!” answered Monsieur de Labellay.

“All in good time, Raymond. Be patient!”

“After the excitement of the eveni
Casanova, “would mademoiselle care to s

The gypsy took the side of the bed anc
to the single chair, but he preferred to s

“May I defend myself, Mademoiselle Lin
sary, as I supposed, was not you but Monsi
lay. He took Céleste from me by a double
her and to you. He asked her to be his wife
you he loved.”

He could see she was not offended.

“When I called upon you at the theat
Casanova, “my purpose—”

The gypsy rose from the bed and came wh
look into his eyes. He found it very dist
looking into hers.

“Your purpose, Monsieur Casanova—what
really?”

“Mademoiselle Lina, I hoped to be very devastating. It wasn’t love, since I had seen you only on the stage; but, suffering from defeated vanity, I sought revenge on your sex. Had I found you at that moment, I should have been ruthless—if possible, irresistible.”

She stepped back, once more not displeased. He took the dagger from the table and held it out.

“You should keep this near you. You might want it.”

She paused until he had laid the knife down again.

“We were dining at the Red Crab,” she said, “when you came in. He told me who you were. He wished to challenge you on the spot.”

Casanova stared.

“For some time we argued,” continued the gypsy. “When we had worn each other out, you were gone.”

“But why?” asked Casanova.

“I believe you told Céleste something about me. I imagined I had recaptured him, but then I found she had sent him away. You can see why I don’t like you.”

“Nothing could be more obvious,” said Casanova. “But why do you like *him?*”

The gypsy’s smile had melancholy in it. “I love him! It’s a disease. Like *all* love, perhaps. He is not kind, he is unmanly, he is faithless, but I love him.”

The loud summons sounded again on the door.

“Come in!” said the gypsy.

The purple face of Monsieur de Labellay entered, and the rest of him followed. “I’ve had enough!” he cried. “My patience is at an end. Defend yourself, Monsieur Casanova! I will tell the police I came upon you in this bedroom, with my—with my—”

“Shut the door, Raymond,” said the gypsy quietly. “There will be no duel. Monsieur Casanova tried to cheat me before he cheated you. You will now witness my revenge.” She took out her purse.

“Did that man, the one who hopes to kill you next, invest in your bank?”

“I shall repay him, mademoiselle.”

“How much was it?”

“That is between him and me.”

“You surrendered. Have the grace to be humiliated! What did he put in?”

“Three gold pieces.”

She counted them out on the table. “And you, doubtless, supplied an equal amount.” She counted out another three.

“And your luggage,” she continued. “The porter will need a bribe.” She put down another gold piece.

“Monsieur Casanova, you are contemptible, I despise you, and you may go.”

He did not stir. “Mademoiselle, my admiration for you is, if possible, increased. I congratulate Monsieur de Labellay upon his good fortune. I confess, as one gentleman to another, that I would gladly supplant him in your esteem, which of course I should deserve as little as he.” He picked up three gold pieces. “These I accept as a loan. Campioni is poor.”

Her eyes met his.

“And what will *you* live on?” she asked.

“On the hope that we shall meet again.”

As he closed the door behind him, he noticed that Monsieur de Labellay’s temper was bad.

THE END

“I HIT THE NEXT ONE

y

RLES
RINGER

ng champion and
most valuable player,"
American League, 1937

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Gehringer: " The breaks came my way."

CONGRATULATIONS, Joe! You surely gave the boys something to shoot at when you carried off the National League batting honors in 1937. Honestly, Joe, I marvel at any one hanging up such a hitting record against the Hubbells, Mungos, Meltons, Lees, Grissoms, Blantons and the like day in and day out over a full league schedule.

Incidentally, what do you think you'll do this year? And what about that new ball? How is that going to affect the batting averages, Joe?

I'll give you my ideas later, but in the meantime let me answer that question, " Does a left-handed batter have an advantage? "

And I'll answer with a quick yes. We've all heard the old answer, " A left-handed batter has a one-step advantage getting down to first base." But that doesn't cover it all.

There is also that psychological effect he sets up against the defense man. For some reason it seems natural for an infielder to speed up his play when attempting to throw out a left-handed batter. And, believe me, hurrying a defense man often leads to a misplay.

However, as I see it, batting, no matter whether right- or left-handed, is a matter of getting the breaks. You just have to get them if you're going to come out on top. Last year they came my way and I won the league title.

I don't say that everything about the game is sheer chance, for a fellow really must have some natural ability to get up in the first place. And, by the way, natural ability is nearly the perfect answer to that favorite fan question, " What is the correct batting stance? "

If there is such a thing as a correct position at the plate, it has yet to be proven. Take the case of Babe Ruth. Babe was a natural all-around player, but the thing that seemed most natural to him was batting. Every fan will remember how he turned his back, peeked over his right shoulder at the pitcher, and then brought bat and body around in perfect batting rhythm. Only the Great King of Swat could bat from that position.

And say, if our baseball coach at Michigan ever saw a young player pull his foot back and step in the bucket, as Al Simmons does, he'd run him off the practice diamond. Still, Al is one of the most feared batters today.

Lou Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx both get their power through tremendous arm and wrist action. However, both use a graceful body turn and are past masters at the art of perfect timing. Heinie Manush, though large of frame, uses a decided wrist snap. And Heinie has belted many a long one. Let any of those great hitters try to change to another style and it's a safe bet that not one of them would bat an even .200 for the year.

Joe DiMaggio exemplifies another batting angle. Joe probably waits longer to take his cut and then swings faster than any man in the league today. The late swing allows him an additional fraction of a second to wait out the break of the ball, and it gives him a lot of his power. Another point about the great Yankee player is his deep stance in the batter's box. This enables him to step forward on the pitch and at the same time away from an inside ball or into one on the outside.

There have been a thousand and one batting styles, going back through the champions Luke Appling, Buddy Myer, Harry Heilmann, George Sisler, and Ty Cobb, each with a style or habit at the plate all his own.

As for myself, I've always attempted to conserve energy by using the minimum of effort with little or no preliminary motion. In this way I figure to come around with an even, smooth swing to meet the ball at the peak of driving power.

Then comes that question, " Do batters attempt to outguess the pitchers? "

I think the most big-league batters are guess hitters unintentionally. Time and again the batter will try to guess what the pitcher is going to throw and get set for it. I do a lot of guess hitting myself and really have found the balls I hit the hardest are those I guess correctly. On the other hand, trying to outguess the pitcher leads to hitting at bad balls, and that usually means disaster.

Another query is, " Is one pitcher harder to hit than another? "

I think the easiest way to answer that question is " If I'm hitting, all pitchers seem easy; and if I'm in a slump, they're all tough." However, in general, southpaws are more puzzling to me, for I see less of them than I do the right-handers.

There are so many things that enter into the batting business that it's hard to tell which is the important thing and which is not. Why, even the park you're playing in has its effect!

Take my case. Batting in the League Park at Cleveland has always seemed pie to me, whereas Fenway Park in Boston has always proved troublesome. I can't tell you why I like the Indians' park, but I can tell you about the Red Sox field. Fenway has a long right-field foul line and there is always a stiff breeze blowing in from the right. And that raises the very devil with my left-handed drives. At least, that's what I think.

Here are my answers to those three questions I asked earlier. I sincerely hope that Lady Luck stays by my side throughout the 1938 campaign and hands me my share of the breaks. I just have a hunch I'll need them. As for the new ball, I don't believe it will work to the batters' disadvantage, though the general effect may be a slight lowering of averages.

Good luck to you, Joe, in 1938, and let's hope that we meet in October for another World Series.

Something new in things to read about sport! America's leading baseball slug

"SO DO I"

By

JOE MEDWICK

Batting champion and "most valuable player," National League, 1937

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THANKS, Charlie, for the congratulations and the good wishes. Now let me hand them right back to you. Any one winning the batting championship in the American League, beating out such sluggers as Gehrig, Greenberg, Foxx, and DiMaggio, merits all the honors. And especially when, day in and day out, you bat against some pretty fair country pitching yourself.

Let me jump right in here and add my thoughts on the idea of trying to outguess the pitcher. I agree with you on the unintentional part; still, there are other times when a batter deliberately attempts the guessing game. And I mean when he is in a batting slump. Let a batter fall into a hitless streak and he will try anything—change his swing, alter his position at the plate; but always, at some time or other, he tries to outsmart the pitcher. However, ninety-nine times out of one hundred he is no better off for his endeavor at strategy.

You say that guessing often causes a batter to hit at bad balls. Right. But here's a funny thing. I hit those bad balls just as solidly as I do any type of pitch.

I've never been really particularly interested in the theories of how to bat. My ideas about it are all very simple. See a ball and swing your bat. I do agree you must necessarily get a break here and there.

To me, the only correct position at the plate is the natural one—where a batter feels free and easy and comfortably balanced. You mention Babe Ruth and Al Simmons as examples of individual styles. The National League has oddities too. How about Mel Ott of the Giants and his trick of lifting his foot in the air before his swing? Or Pepper Martin, who sets up air pockets around the home plate every time he comes through with his tremendously powerful swing? Then, who can forget "Rajah" Hornsby's stance, deep back in the box? With his own style of stride forward and reach he did a great job. And then the opposite little "Big Poison" Paul Waner and his dynamite full-snap swing. By the way, I think that Paul could be called the perfect batting stylist, with his faultless timing plus his smooth rhythmic potent swing.

Some of the older players tell me there was a player by the name of Heinie Groh who topped them all with a strange batting position. Using what they called a bottle bat, he stood with his feet together, held the bat upright in front of him and directly faced the pitcher. On the pitch he'd turn, shoulder the bat, step out, and swing. The records show he did a good job with all those twists and turns.

I stand farther back in the batter's box than most players, which allows me to step up and in or away from the plate. I've always used a full swing, with lots of wrist action. Holding the bat far down on the handle has enabled me to get good distance in my hitting.

Trying to explain the proper time to hit the ball is a difficult task. The way I would cover it would be to say, "I try to hit the ball at the break." There's where a good pair of eyes comes in handy. When I come to think of it, I guess the most important item in a batter's make-up is a pair of good eyes. That ball travels pretty fast from the pitcher's box to the plate. And your eyes have to be nearly sharp enough to count the stitches as it sails up.

If one pitcher gives me more trouble than another, it's usually not one of the recognized stars. That may sound strange, but it seems to me I have better luck against the top ranking pitchers than I do against the other boys. I can't explain why, for I'm sure I try equally as hard against one as another. It may be that I'm more concerned facing the ace men, whereas I relax when I discount a pitcher's ability. If that's it, I do it unintentionally.

If I were asked which park I favored for batting, I'd say the Philadelphia Phillies' field as the park I like, and the Reds' field in Cincinnati as the one toughest for me. Maybe it's because I have my best luck in the Quaker City and the poorest at Crosley Field.

I never walk on the field at Philadelphia that I don't sneak a quick glance at that short right field with the high metal fence. If you hit that, it's good for all you can get. It makes a great target for me. And incidentally it brings up the nickname Manager Jimmy Wilson hung on me. He tagged me a "sarcastic hitter," claiming I looked in one direction and then hit in another.

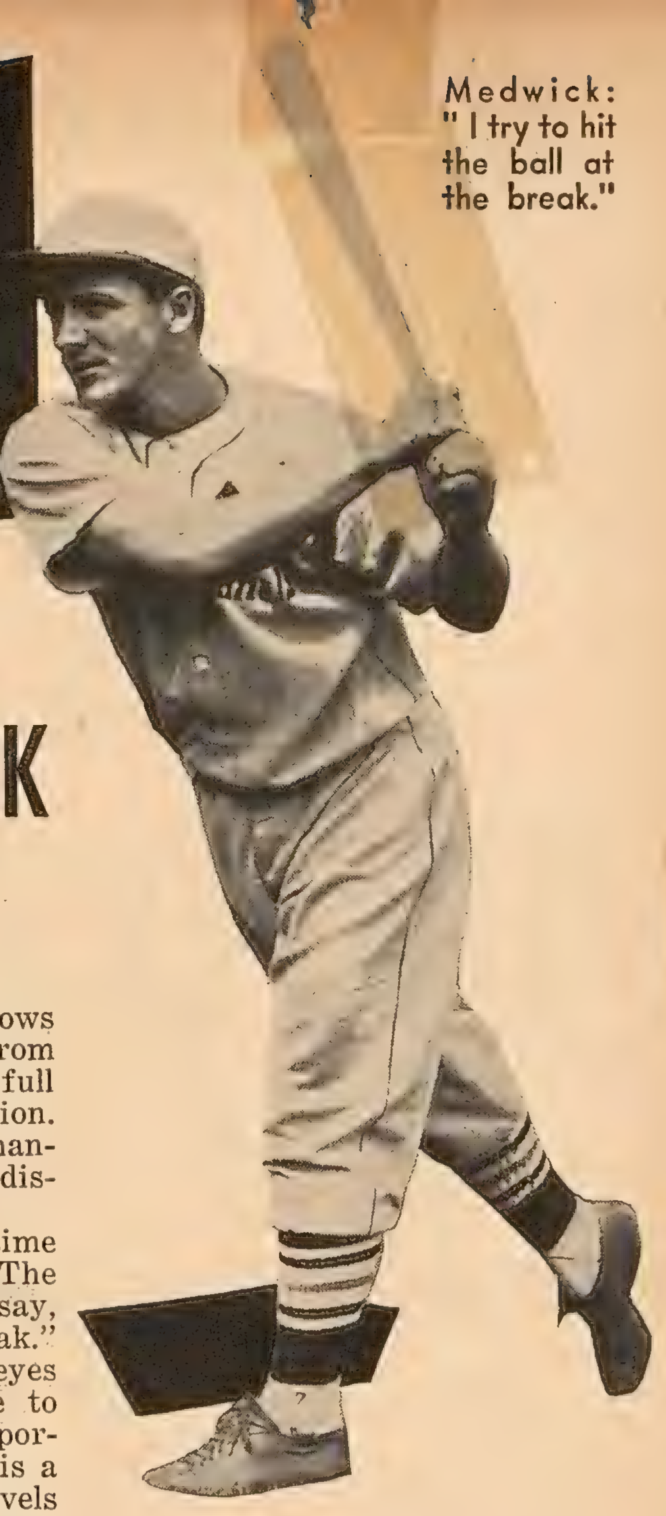
I guess I pick Cincinnati as my jinx park, due to the fact that last year it was the only park where I failed to hit a home run. However, I understand some changes have been made and this year the home plate will be some twenty feet nearer the fences. I'm not a bit mad about that, for I missed a couple of round-trippers last year by a small margin.

About this year, Charlie. I hope to be in there every day and will do my best to keep my team in the running. Naturally, I hope I get the breaks, for, like anybody else, I'm ambitious to get into that topmost batting class with the great stars of the game.

I can't tell you a thing about that new ball other than we will all know before the season is many days old what it is all about.

Stay in there, Charlie, and keep swinging, and may your base hits all be big ones. The best of luck to you in 1938.

THE END



Medwick: "I try to hit the ball at the break."

you a close-up of all there is to know about the art of socking the old apple

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ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2

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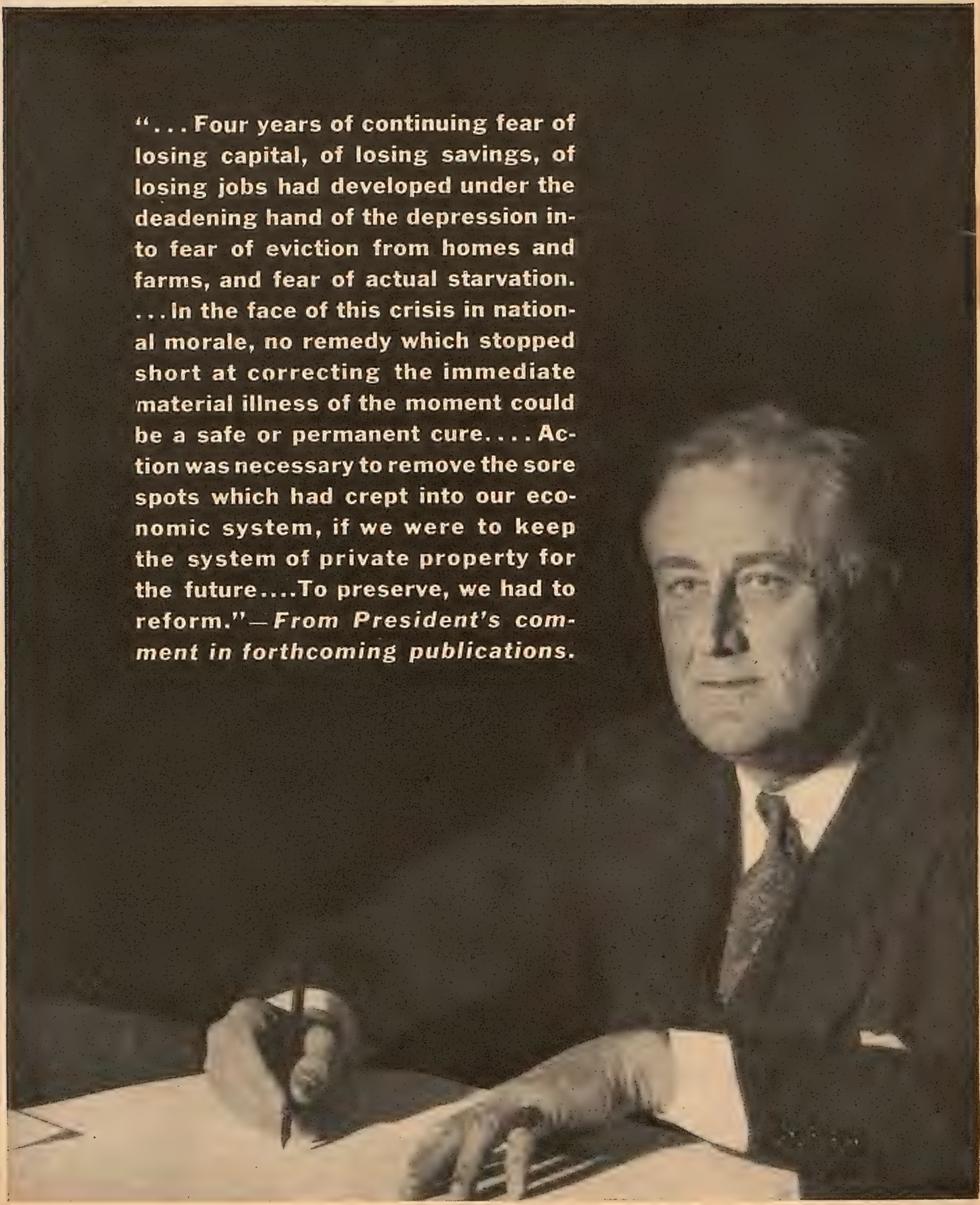


"... Four years of continuing fear of losing capital, of losing savings, of losing jobs had developed under the deadening hand of the depression into fear of eviction from homes and farms, and fear of actual starvation. ... In the face of this crisis in national morale, no remedy which stopped short at correcting the immediate material illness of the moment could be a safe or permanent cure. ... Action was necessary to remove the sore spots which had crept into our economic system, if we were to keep the system of private property for the future.... To preserve, we had to reform."—*From President's comment in forthcoming publications.*

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

ELIZABETH of Austria was probably the first high-society lady to smoke cigarettes in public. That was around seventy-five years ago. . . . Every year now, according to fire-insurance tally, about seven thousand people burn to death in this country as a result of smoking in bed. . . . It is believed the great Elizabeth of England sometimes smoked a pipe. . . . Cigarette smoke won't yellow your fingers if you hold the lighted end up instead of down. . . . Christopher Columbus never smoked, but he chewed tobacco just once, and didn't like it. . . . The last inch of your cigarette is twice as bad for you as the other inch and three quarters. . . .

I learned all this from a talk with Rose Marie Bourdillon, who lectures far and wide on the history and etiquette of smoking. Born in Italy, raised and educated here, she has inherited a certain right to be an authority on the subject of smoke. One of her Italian Renaissance ancestors, the poet Casella, was immortalized as a character in Dante's Inferno!

Acting as a sort of ambassadrix at large for one of the big tobacco companies, she gives us good straight criticism about our feminine smoking habits. "Women in general," she told me, "need to mind their smoking manners. As a rule we don't smoke as politely as men do. At the table we rudely blow our smoke in other people's faces. Most women ignore any 'No Smoking' sign until tapped on the shoulder and ordered to stop. In crowded department stores we strew the floor with cigarette butts and drop hot ashes on the merchandise."

We should thank Rose Marie Bourdillon for these timely reminders. And we *certainly* ought to reform!

☆ Heard an interesting little confession the other day from a wealthy and fashionable young married woman who has no children of her own. The five-year-old daughter of a friend of hers was left in her charge one afternoon. She took the little girl downtown with her, first on a shopping excursion, then to a tearoom.

"*Everybody* paid more attention to me," the young woman said, "because I had that kid along. The salesgirls in the shops and the waitress in the tearoom—they all knew me, but none of them had ever before been as friendly and intimate as they were when they saw me with that kid. It was quite an experience."

And it's quite an idea. If you are a childless lady, try borrowing a friend's child for a day.

☆ Roman officials were worried, recently, by a globe-trotting matron from a Western state who wanted to call on Mr. Mussilino. It wasn't Mr. Mussolini she wanted. No indeed! It was Mr. *Mussilino*.

Her trouble was this: She came from a small town where the only Italian resident, the local fruit dealer, is a Latin named Mussilino. And before she went abroad, on her first trip to Europe, her home-town Mussilino had convinced her that a relation of his was the boss of Italy. So, upon reaching Rome, she demanded to meet her fruit dealer's influential relative—and she wouldn't take *Mussolini* for an answer.

Rose Marie Bourdillon

☆ We all know how magically a visit to a beauty parlor can restore self-confidence in us when we feel low. Yet few of us give thought to the many women whose financial situation never allows them the luxury of a beauty-parlor pick-me-up. . . . But I want to tell you about one group of women who *have* thought of this. They are connected with the Goddard Neighborhood Center in New York City. And they have organized a free beauty clinic for women too poor to pay. The project is managed by Nancy Hatch, who for years has conducted a successful beauty institute. The cost of the free treatments—permanent wave, facial, and some advice as to reducing exercises—amounts to about $2.50 per applicant. Most of the *cases* are working-girls whose appearance hinders their chance of getting better jobs. And *forgotten mothers*, exhausted by poverty and childbearing—without honor in their own families because they have grown old and ugly before their time. . . . It occurs to me that some of us who are more fortunate might be glad to contribute a dime or two toward this charity with which we can sympathize so understandingly. How about starting a fund to be collected through all our beauty parlors? Of course the idea would require expert investigation, but it seems to me to be a splendid project fundamentally.

☆ Odor of violets is beloved by most men after the age of fifty. I know a thoughtful wife who walks through her home every afternoon, half an hour before her husband comes home from work, gently scenting the rooms with delicate violet perfume from an atomizer. She does it so sparingly that her husband never realizes what he's smelling. He just sniffs—and thinks his home smells nice.

☆ To *fireside travelers* I recommend Freya Stark's delightful new book, Baghdad Sketches. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Company.)

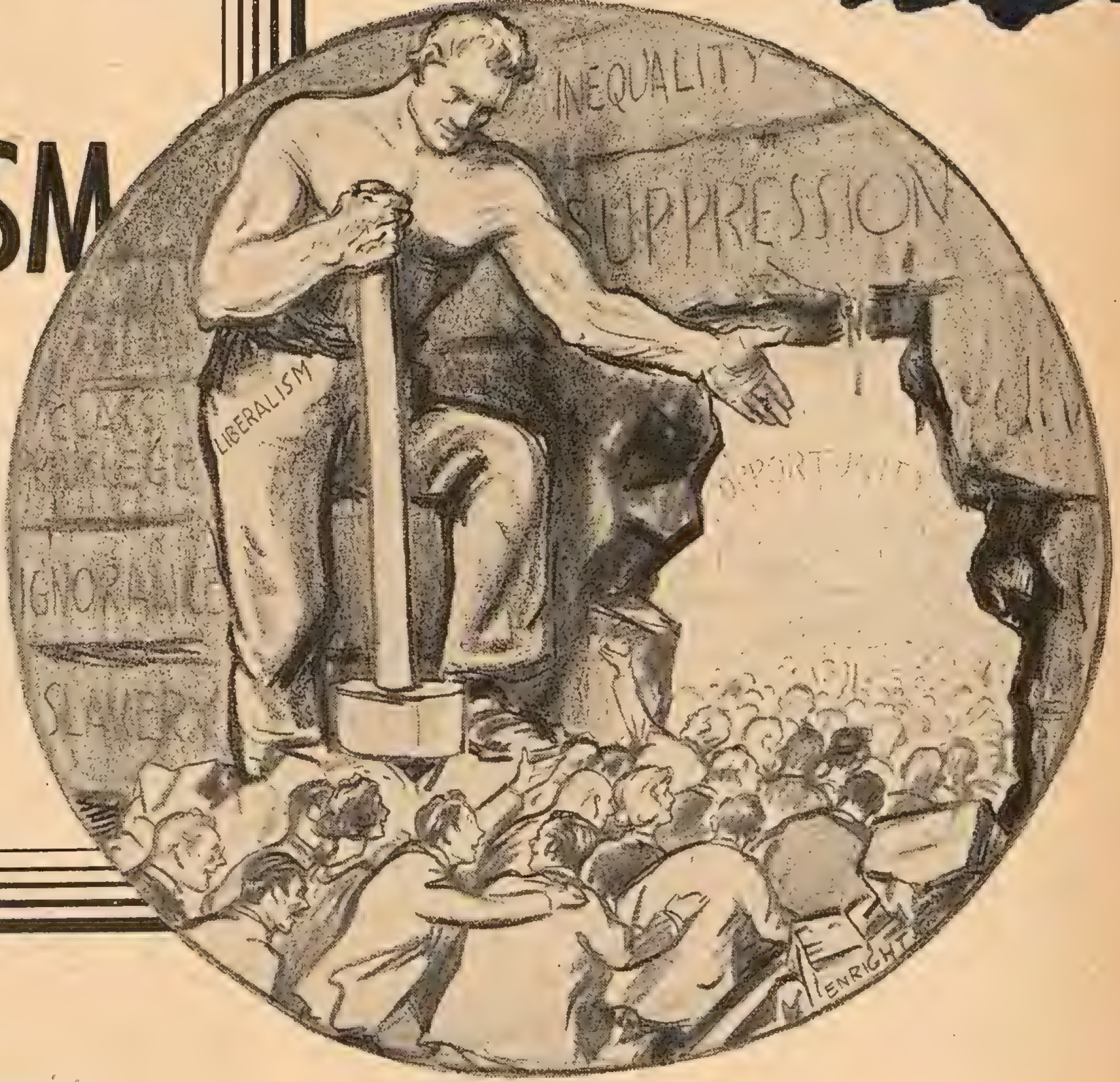
☆ A ship's steward from Liverpool gave me this recipe, so I call it *Liverpool Liver*. It makes a good hearty winter meal. . . . Dip medium thin slices calves' liver 3 minutes in boiling water. Drain and dry. In a buttered baking dish arrange layer thinly sliced raw potatoes. Dot with bacon fat and a few half slices bacon. More potato slices next, then a layer of liver. On the liver spread thin slices onion. Repeat until dish is full. Top layer must be potato. Salt and pepper each layer as you go, and add a little water. Bake in slow oven about 1 hour with dish covered. Uncover and brown nicely.

☆ Another line from the Talmud: *It is not good to pray for cream—and live always on skimmed milk.* . . . A wise line. To live satisfactorily we must make some of our dreams come true by the fulfillment of some of our ambitions.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM

BY H.

In today's world what hope remains for the ways of democracy? A famous historian ponders the problem



READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT is Liberalism I am writing about and not Liberal parties, which come and go in Europe, change like Proteus, and are every color under the sun. Liberalism is a very definite frame of mind. It has been out of credit recently, but nowadays the hope seems to be spreading that it may be coming back to its own—whatever its own may be.

By Liberalism I mean in particular that way of thinking in western Europe and America which gave us the Constitution of the United States and modern democracy generally. I prefer the word "liberalism," which is a frame of mind, to "democracy," which is the very ambiguous name of a variety of quasi-representative political methods.

Is Liberalism indeed coming back?

I suggest we inquire what Liberalism really is, in essence and effect, and then consider what are its possibilities as a continuing directive force in political life. Is it just conceivable that in ten or twenty years the governments of this planet will be mostly liberal—as we shall define liberal? The children of today may after all grow up in a liberal atmosphere. It may be that Liberalism is not played out, although all sorts of clever people have been telling us as much lately. To die down is not to die out. Liberalism may be dying to rise again like the phoenix.

Now, first let us make it clear what Liberalism is not. It is not a compromise, a patch-up, between what we call Rightism and Leftism. It is not just the middle way. Rightism—to use the most general terms—is the assertion of disciplines and the exercise of privileges, based on conceptions of mass inferiority. Leftism is the practical reciprocal of this, the doctrine of the class war. But Liberalism partakes of neither of these things. It is not a threadbare fabric of Tory blue and Whig buff mended with slightly faded red. It is a definite thing in itself, flatly antagonistic to both these schools of pretension and dogma which tear at us today. It is a doctrine of mental, social, and political behavior, distinct and complete in itself. And it is named after Liberty, which neither Left nor Right respects.

Every system of ideas that plays a real and moving part in the world is bound to get bent, dinted, and distorted in the process, to have things stuck to it, to corrode and lose its color, but nevertheless it is still quite possible to state the broad distinctive principles of Liberalism and to trace its emergence and the phases of its later frustration quite plainly.

From time to time in human history there have been periods to which the adjective "liberal" might be applied, periods when the refinement of living and thinking flourished, when prosperous people, at least, went about and talked freely, and the expression the "liberal arts" was understood to mean those arts that were becoming to a free and independent gentleman. But the real onset of the word in a social and political sense in the English-speaking world followed the Napoleonic Wars and had the clearest reference to that most fertilizing enterprise, the French Encyclopedia and its contribution to the confused but mainly radical ideology of the French Revolution. But also it owed a considerable debt to the writings of Adam Smith and to the efforts of the American War of Independence to explain itself. Moreover it derived contributions from that complex of sympathetic mental movements and repercussions which one calls the Spirit of the Times.

Liberalism emerged from these diverse but convergent origins as an assertion of the essential dignity of the normal man. It claimed the maximum of liberty for him. It simplified down to that. It set its face against all the

I GIVE UP... TELL ME
WHEN IT'S A LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROP, WITH THE ADDED ALKALINE FACTOR
O.K. BUT WHAT DOES AN ALKALINE FACTOR DO?
DRUGS
DRUGS
IT HELPS YOU TO COUNTERACT AN ACID CONDITION, BUILD UP ALKALINE RESERVE, AND RESIST COLDS.
THAT SOUNDS GOOD—I'LL SAY "LUDEN'S" RIGHT NOW!
DRUGS
LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S 5¢
5¢

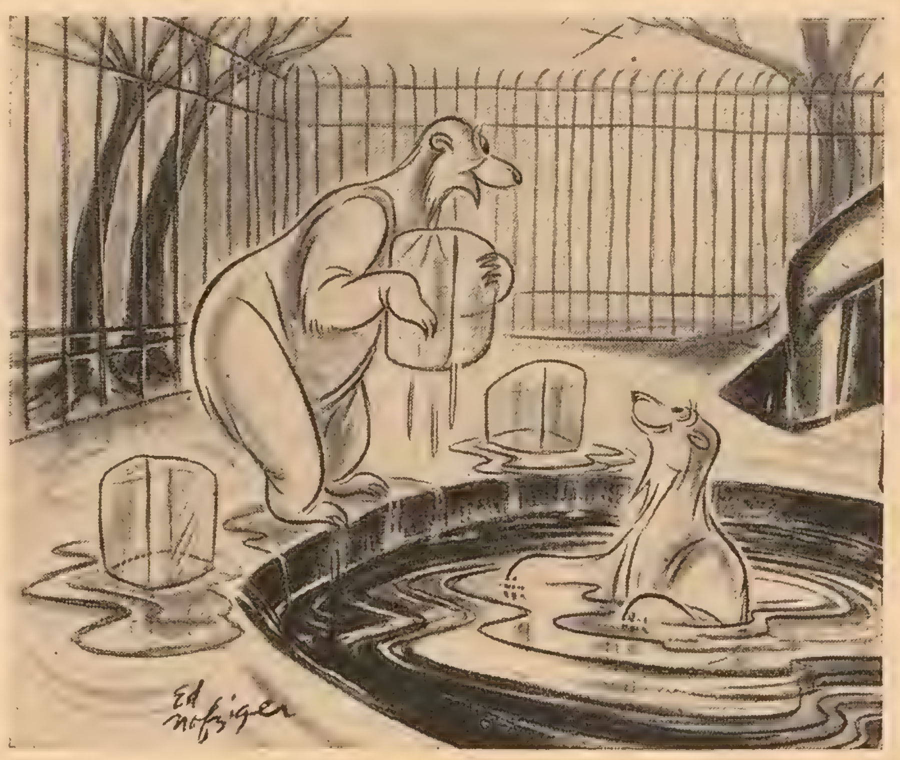
class privileges that denied a full life to ordinary men and it set itself against all authoritarian interference with private judgment. It was therefore essentially republican and anticlerical. It was against titles, liveries, and uniforms, as symbols of inequality. It claimed the very maximum of individual freedom consistent with the common welfare. And it based that claim on an arbitrary but probably sound assumption. It asserted that the general welfare was greatest in an atmosphere of reasonable freedom.

But unfortunately Liberalism came before the revolution in the means of communication began. It arose in the horse-and-coach stage of human development in which world unity was an incredible dream. It did not think out patriotism. Patriotism seemed a natural thing in man. With regard to patriotism its voice was from the very beginning uncertain. You were kind and generous to foreigners and strangers. All men were brothers, you said, and that sufficed. Liberalism arose first in the country houses of France and England, we must remember, two countries where there were hardly any serious racial clashes. Its natural disposition was against the government, but it was never a clear-headed movement when this question of nationalism arose. It stood for human release and so it favored rebels, and liked them none the less if they rebelled on nationalistic rather than personal grounds, even though it quailed at an official patriot. In spite of Adam Smith and his free trade, it never discovered a thoroughgoing cosmopolitanism.

The history of our own times would have been far happier if liberal thought had been clearer upon this point. But it never got itself disentangled from sentimentality about little nations—the smaller and less civilized the better—especially if they were "bravely struggling to be free." Then Liberalism lost its head entirely. The smaller, the more backward and illiberal they were, the better the Liberals loved these recalcitrant children. Liberals in those earlier days never seemed able to realize that a gang or group which sets up to foment racial and local prejudices and calls itself a nation is not thereby entitled to the rights of release claimed for the individual. The Liberals personified nations, not realizing the fragmentation of a larger community means almost always establishment of local tyrannies.

This nationalist obsession has to be realized as part of Liberalism. But it was in reality a turning back of the idea of freedom upon itself. It was an inconsistency that, for example, cut the Unionist away from the Home Rule section of the Liberal Party in England. It was a misconception that led British Liberals in the nineteenth century to spend an enormous amount of their energy on supporting and developing German and Italian nationalism. For this betrayal of cosmopolis we pay now.

Nevertheless the fact remains that within the limits of the community Liberalism stood for the interests of Everyman and his mental and material self-respect. It did much to release thought and education from the stifling influence of ecclesiastical control. It participated in that great intellectual release which swept aside the grosser legends of Christianity in favor of the wider vision of modern biology. It abolished chattel slavery. It lightened the darkness and mitigated the harsher tyrannies of those festering concealments and suppressions which passed as sexual morality. It was one with sanitation, mental and physical ventilation, and research. It inspired and rejoiced in inventions and discoveries. It abolished tests and barriers. It opened a thousand doors of opportunity to able men and women. It made reading and writing universal. Through Liberalism the nineteenth century was an Age of Progress unprecedented in the world's history. And yet—



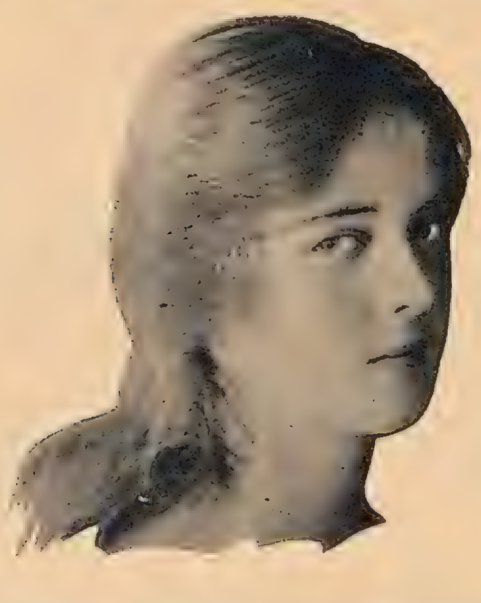
"One or two lumps?"

We realize now that Liberalism did not go fast enough nor far enough nor wide enough nor deep enough for the swifter undertow of history. It released, but it released either too much or not enough. It entangled itself politically with its foster brother nationalism, and nationalism grown proud and aggressive was preparing instinctively to sabotage progress. The very influence of engineering and commercial Liberalism in facilitating communications throughout the world brought the nations within more and more effective striking distance of one another.

Before the second decade of the twentieth century was halfway through, it became plain that the spirit and confidence of Liberalism was gone. Liberalism, saying brave things still about making a war to end war and saving the world for democracy, perished as a politicomoral force between 1914 and 1918. The League of Nations was a pitiful attempt to embalm its nationalist aspect. It had forgotten the common man. Its efforts to recover control of the human imagination since then have been manifestly unsuccessful.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—The talented young woman in this week's early photo was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1908. After a few years of stage work, she entered pictures in 1930, and first found success with Arliss in The Man Who Played God. She spells her first name oddly. Who?

2—What did Dr. Abernethy say about feeding colds and starving fever?

3—Farida is Queen, and Farouk is King, of which country?

4—A treeless plain of the arctic regions is usually called what? A treeless plain in Florida? Those in Argentina?

5—The Hallelujah Chorus is a part of which oratorio written by whom?

6—Which animal came out of his hole the second of February?

7—In the event of war, can Congress call out the National Guard?

8—How does an olla keep its contents cool?

9—What is the last name of J. Louis —— and of Mohandas K. ——?

10—Which New England state is bounded by but one state?

11—What is under the epidermis?

12—The duckbill and the spiny anteater are mammals that do what that all birds do?

13—How does nada differ from bridge?

14—What is the average annual yield from United States Savings Bonds?

15—Bullfights are most dangerous to what?

16—Which is nearer to the earth's center, the North Pole or the equator?

17—What novels did Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) write?

18—The koala is the native what of which commonwealth?

19—Which state pioneered in unemployment insurance?

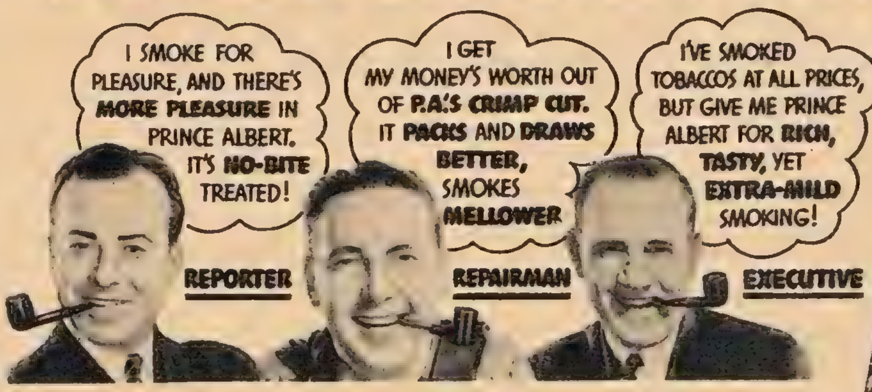
20—Who invented the cotton gin?

(*Answers will be found on page 59*)

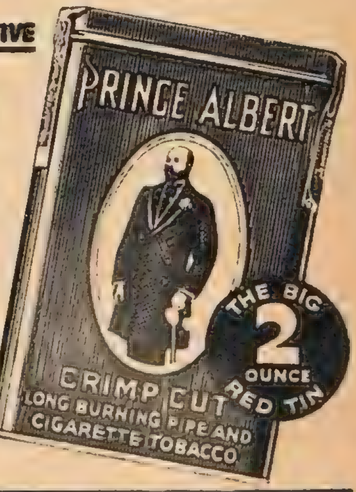
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA....
AREN'T YOU GLAD DON INVITED US TO SPEND THE DAY AT HIS BEACH CLUB, DAD?
YOU BET. I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER TODAY THAN TO SIT BACK AND ENJOY MY PIPE
HELLO, DON. DOESN'T THE WATER LOOK WONDERFUL TODAY?
YES, IT'S SWELL. BUT HOW ABOUT SITTING DOWN A BIT BEFORE WE GO IN. I'VE GOT A NEWSPAPER FROM BACK HOME
WELL, WE KNOW WHAT THAT KIND OF WEATHER IS LIKE, TOO. I'LL BET EVEN THE SHERIFF'S BADGE IS FROZEN TODAY
BLIZZARD ZERO WEATHER GRIPS CITY
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? GREEN'S TOBACCO SHOP IS HAVING A SALE ON THEIR FINEST PIPES WHILE I AM AWAY!
SAY JUDGE, THIS IS ONE OF THEIR PIPES, BUT I DON'T SEEM TO GET GOOD RESULTS WITH IT
WELL, DON, EVEN THE BEST PIPE IS NO BETTER THAN THE TOBACCO THAT'S IN IT. YOU KNOW I'VE SUGGESTED BEFORE THAT YOU TRY PRINCE ALBERT
I'VE ALWAYS MEANT TO TRY PRINCE ALBERT
THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. HERE FILL UP YOUR PIPE AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE
THANKS, JUDGE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO FIND A REALLY MILD TOBACCO WITH LOTS OF BODY TO IT
JUDGE, THIS IS WHAT I CALL REAL PIPE PLEASURE. PRINCE ALBERT IS EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID AND MORE! I'LL FILL UP AGAIN, IF YOU DON'T MIND

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

FOR THE REAL PLEASURE IN SMOKING


I SMOKE FOR PLEASURE, AND THERE'S MORE PLEASURE IN PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
I GET MY MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT. IT PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER, SMOKES MELLOWER
I'VE SMOKED TOBACCOS AT ALL PRICES, BUT GIVE ME PRINCE ALBERT FOR RICH, TASTY, YET EXTRA-MILD SMOKING!
REPORTER
REPAIRMAN
EXECUTIVE

—JOIN THE PIPE-JOY CLUB!


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

TO WIN NEW FRIENDS—MONEY-BACK OFFER!

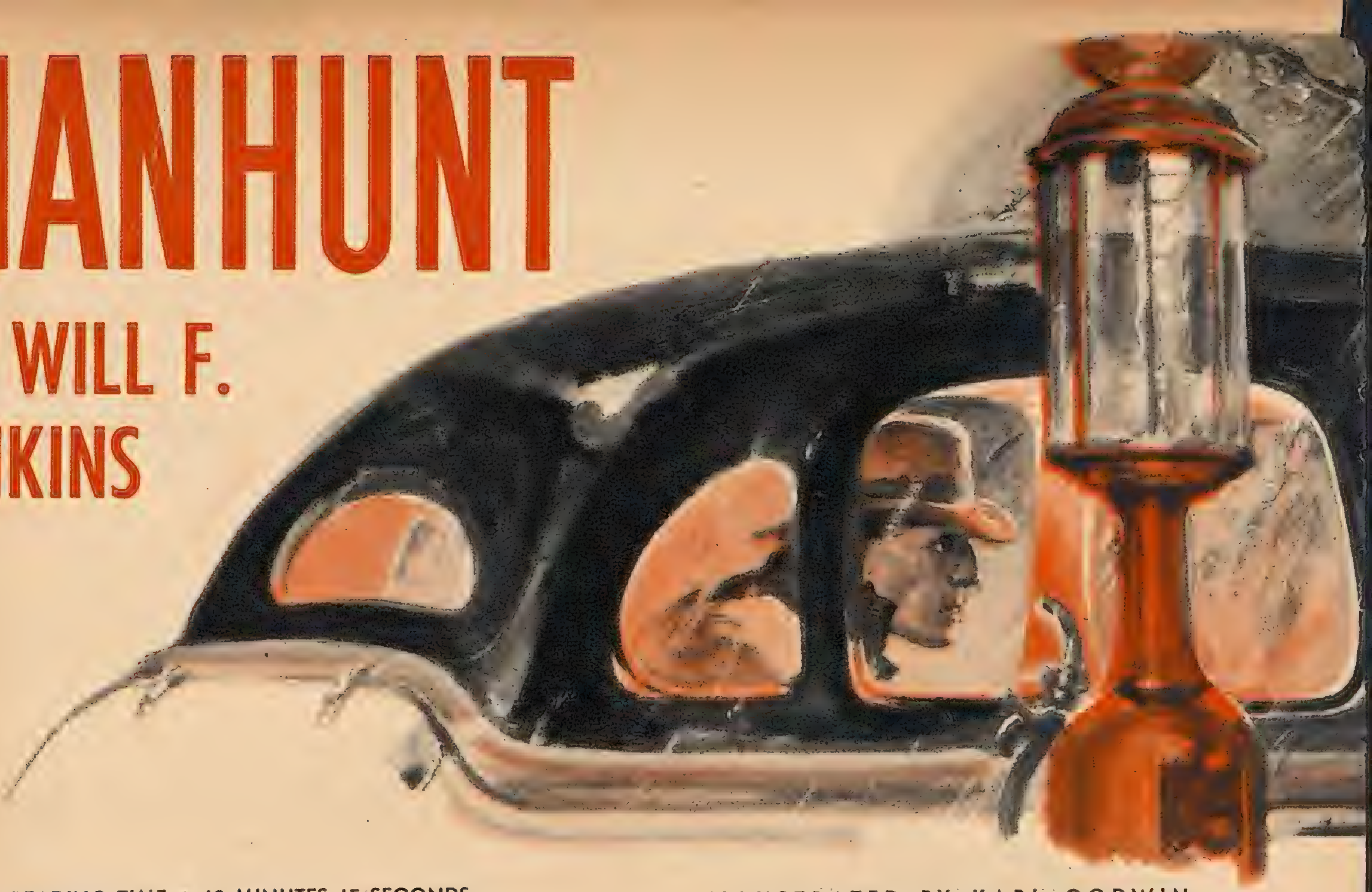
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GUARANTEED MILDER, TASTIER FOR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

MANHUNT

By WILL F. JENKINS



READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

IT'S all in the breaks.

All the world was hunting Danny Held that night. And look what happened!

It was raining. Lightning flashes showed the road all pockmarked with rain. When darkness fell, the headlight beams were filled with dancing flecks of light which were raindrops. Up among the mountains the storm seemed to be increasing, but the man in the car drove steadily southward. His speedometer needle said fifty-five. The gas indicator said one fourth full. The folded newspaper in the man's coat pocket said that three states were hunting for Danny Held—for good and sufficient reasons. State police and cops and G-men were joined in a man hunt which even Danny Held could not long evade. But they thought he was headed north.

The car purred on, southward. Around a curve. There came a faint yellowish glow in the darkness ahead, beyond the limit of the headlight rays. Then lights appeared. A filling station. A shed before a white-painted building with large windows.

The man slowed. He turned in to the filling station. He stopped. An inner door opened inward. A screen door pushed out. A dark unshaven man came to the car window. The man in the car opened it.

"Fill 'er up."

The man in the car turned on his ignition switch and watched the gas needle creep slowly up to "Full." The pump turned off. The filling-station man came to the window again.

"Seven," he said. His voice was unpleasant.

The man in the car fumbled for silver.

"Not much traffic along here today," he observed.

The filling-station man said sourly:

"Not much trade. Plenty o' hitchhikers an' beggars."

"You'd think," said the man in the car, sorting his money—"you'd think the roads would be full of people hunting Danny Held. They say he's headed north."

The filling-station man spat. The man in the car put his silver away. He offered a bill. The filling-station man took it and went back into the building. The man in the car heard a cash-register bell. He started his motor. Then he looked puzzled. The starter seemed to have blurred out some other noise.

There was a long pause. Then somebody came out of the filling station. It was a young man—practically a boy. He was soaked and dripping with rain water; muddied, as if he'd walked or run for a long distance through much hard going. He came to the car, wrenched at the door handle—and the man in the car looked into a gun.

"Look here, guy," said the boy harshly. "I got to get some place. I'm not aimin' to hurt you, but I'm ridin' with you. Me an' somebody else. Now, don't start anything!"

He reached forward and felt for weapons. He was unskillful. The man in the car did not stir. The boy's face was full of a strained desperate resolution.

"O. K.," he said harshly. "Get in the back seat. I—I don't aim to hurt anybody. But I got to do somethin', an' this's it. Get in the back seat!"

The man in the car opened his mouth. Then he shut it tightly. He got into the back seat. The boy beckoned. Another figure came running. A girl, as muddied and draggled as the boy. The man in the back seat saw the shimmer of light upon a smooth rain-wetted cheek. The boy might be twenty. She was younger than that.

"O. K., hon," said the boy grimly. "I frisked him. We're goin'."

The girl shivered and climbed in. The gears clashed. The car swung out on the road and plunged away. Then there was a thin yell. The filling-station man ran out into the road, far behind.

The boy said, "I'd ha' done better to've killed 'im!"

A quaintly inappropriate happening, this, when all the world was hunting Danny Held. But this was one of the breaks that happen. Nobody—nobody!—could have told that this was one of the times when all the world seems to join in hunting down a man, even without meaning it. Danny Held was supposed to be heading north.

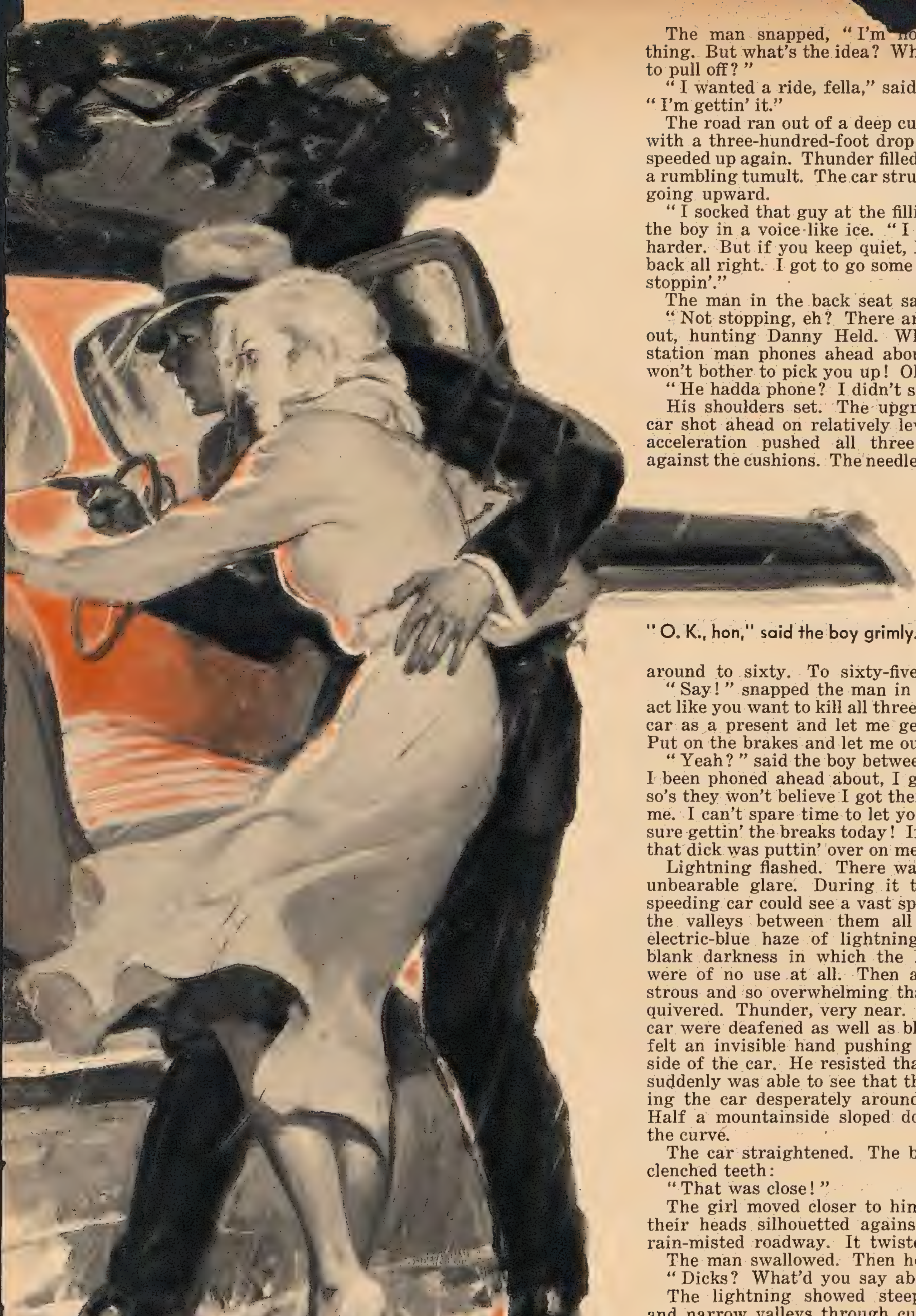
The car bored on. Fifty miles an hour. Sixty. The rain beating on the windshield made a rattling, tapping sound. The man in the back steadied himself as the car swayed. The boy said between his teeth:

"This thing don't hold the road over sixty!"

The man in back said sardonically: "Don't mind me! I'm just the man who owns this car! But what's the idea? If you think you can get away with this—"

The boy did not turn his head. He said to the girl:

"Watch 'im, hon! If he tries anything, I'll 'tend to him!"



"O. K., hon," said the boy grimly. "We're goin'."

The man snapped, "I'm not starting anything. But what's the idea? What're you trying to pull off?"

"I wanted a ride, fella," said the boy grimly. "I'm gettin' it."

The road ran out of a deep cut on to a hillside with a three-hundred-foot drop below. The boy speeded up again. Thunder filled the valleys with a rumbling tumult. The car struck a steep grade, going upward.

"I socked that guy at the fillin' station," said the boy in a voice like ice. "I shoulda hit him harder. But if you keep quiet, I'll give y' y' car back all right. I got to go some place, an' I ain't stoppin'."

The man in the back seat said sardonically: "Not stopping, eh? There are plenty of cops out, hunting Danny Held. When that filling-station man phones ahead about you, the cops won't bother to pick you up! Oh, no!"

"He hadda phone? I didn't see it!"

His shoulders set. The upgrade ended. The car shot ahead on relatively level ground. The acceleration pushed all three of them back against the cushions. The needle swung smoothly around to sixty. To sixty-five. To seventy—

"Say!" snapped the man in the back. "You act like you want to kill all three of us! Take the car as a present and let me get out and walk! Put on the brakes and let me out!"

"Yeah?" said the boy between his teeth. "If I been phoned ahead about, I got to make time so's they won't believe I got there when they see me. I can't spare time to let you out, fella! I'm sure gettin' the breaks today! If I'd known what that dick was puttin' over on me, I'd ha—"

Lightning flashed. There was one instant of unbearable glare. During it the three in the speeding car could see a vast space of peaks and the valleys between them all filled with the electric-blue haze of lightning-lit rain. Then blank darkness in which the headlight beams were of no use at all. Then a sound so monstrous and so overwhelming that the whole car quivered. Thunder, very near. The three in the car were deafened as well as blinded. The man felt an invisible hand pushing him toward the side of the car. He resisted that pressure—and suddenly was able to see that the boy was fighting the car desperately around a sharp curve. Half a mountainside sloped downward beyond the curve.

The car straightened. The boy said through clenched teeth:

"That was close!"

The girl moved closer to him. The man saw their heads silhouetted against the onrushing rain-misted roadway. It twisted sharply.

The man swallowed. Then he said:

"Dicks? What'd you say about dicks?"

The lightning showed steep mountainsides and narrow valleys through curtains of falling

Thrill! A swift, tingling tale of a boy and a girl caught up in a sudden, strange adventure

Breath bad
... sweetie mad
Tip from Dad:
"Use PEPSODENT, lad"
She can be had
... everyone glad!

IN GERM-KILLING POWER—

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *helps prevent* COLDS and BAD BREATH

rain. The turnings of the road were unpredictable, often almost unseen.

The man cried insistently, "What'd you say about dicks?"

The headlights bored ahead. The motor hummed and purred, and the rain spattered and drummed, and the thunder rose to the volume of a detonation.

"I had plenty to do with dicks," said the boy bitterly. "I had plenty, thanks! This fella picked us up in Bristol. Redheaded fella with a foxy look. . . ." Thunder beat his words to nothingness. He seemed to continue to talk by the minute movements of his head, but his voice was inaudible for seconds. When the roaring died away his tone had a vast bitterness in it which was much more expressive than any rage could have been. "Yeah . . . her an' me, we got married. An' then I lost my job. An' she's—uh—like she is. We started back home to wait till I could get started again. We hadda hitch it. An' this guy, he picked us up. He was a dick, he said. G-man, hunting Danny Held. Everybody else said Danny was headin' north. He hadda hunch. But he didn't want to ask too many questions himself, he says. So me bein' a hitchhiker, with her"—the boy's head jerked toward the girl at his side—"I could ask all kinds o' questions about roads an' who'd been along that way. An' I did."

He increased his speed, as if with increasing bitterness. The car was a flashing streak of light stabbing through the storm. And behind it there was a little red speck of light with diminishing foggy vapor swirling about it.

INSIDE the car the boy's voice went on harshly:

"I found out there's two roads over the mountains. One of 'em dirt, an' this one. That's what I found out for him—her waitin' in the car while I asked. They said only a crazy man'd take the dirt one at night, with rain comin'."

Thunder and lightning and the sound of the car. Its wheels made a whining sound on the wet road.

"Only a crazy man'd try it," repeated the boy savagely. "So this guy did, this foxy guy with the red hair. He grinned. 'Danny Held's smart,' he says. 'Everybody thinks he's headin' north, so I'm guessin' he'll go south. An' if it'd be sensible to take the good road across for anybody else, he'd act crazy there too. I got a hunch he's actin' crazy,' he says, 'an' I could use the reward that's up for Danny Held. So I'm goin' through on the dirt road an' pick him up on the way.'"

There was the pounding of the rain and the click of the windshield wiper.

"So he started up the dirt road, playin' his hunch." The boy's voice was so hard that it was brittle. "Maybe he figured that if we were along he'd have t' split the reward. So—he ditched us!"

The car sped down a long incline, with its speed mounting until an ominous shivering began in the tires. And suddenly, on a wet road, it would have meant skidding and destruction to try to brake. The boy realized it suddenly. He hunched forward desperately to the wheel, staring into the blackness that was flecked by the rain in the headlight beams. The man in the back froze into absolute immobility. The girl gasped softly as she realized, too. The speed of the car seemed to mount impossibly. There was even a faint whistling noise. If this grade ended in a curve—

Lightning flashed. A liquid glittering below and ahead. A narrow bridge spanning a normally small stream. But the stream had risen until water spread over the road inches deep.

The girl cried out faintly. She hid her eyes on the boy's shoulder. He said in a taut voice:

"The road's straight beyond—a ways."

The lightning died. Silence in the car save for the whining of the motor, racing horribly, and the spattering impacts of rain on the windshield. . . .

THEN a flashing glimpse of concrete railings above a rippling fluid. The glimpse was instantly wiped out. The headlights showed only monstrous fountains ahead as the car hit the water. It swayed sidewise. There was a ghastly metallic shriek. But then they were beyond the water, swaying crazily, most of their speed gone. The boy somehow straightened out the car. He seemed to swallow. One second; two; three. Then he caught his breath and jammed down the accelerator as a long upgrade began.

"We—makin' time to—beat even a phone call," said the boy unsteadily, in a ghastly attempt at a jest. He gulped. "I busted a fender then, fella. Sorry. I can't pay for it."

The car pulled swiftly up the new incline. He reached over and patted the girl beside him. Shakily.

"What did the dick do?" asked the man in the back seat. His voice was a little bit thin. This happened to be one of the times when all the world joins in hunting down a man, even without meaning it. The man in the back licked his lips. "What did the G-man do when he ditched you?"

The boy seemed to swallow.

"He—he took us up that dirt road about five or six miles," he said. His voice steadied. "Asked me to get out an' look at a back tire. It was rainin' then, an' gettin' dark. When I got outa the car, he shoved *her* out all of a sudden, an' drove off."

Silence. The windshield wiper worked slowly, because the car was pulling hard on the grade. Thunder rolled. Rain poured down in sheets.

"Six miles up the dirt road," said the boy hardly. "Rainin', an' gettin' dark. An' her—like she is. No other car comin' that way. An' that G-man drove off an' left us ditched. We hadda walk back in the dark. If ever I get a chance to get even with him or any other cop or G-man, I sure aim to do it! Her hikin' six miles in mud an' rain—an' like she is!"

The man in back said nothing. Gusts of wind beat at the car, sending clattering raindrops against its windows.

"We hiked it," said the boy bitterly. His tone grew sharper. "Six miles! Dark! Rainin'! Mud! A mountain dirt road that we couldn't even see! We got soaked. We got all in. Then we come to that fillin' station you stopped at. An' th'—" The boy's voice shook with rage as he called the filling-station man unrepeatable things. "He wouldn't let us in! Called us beggars. I did beg him to let her come in an' get dry anyway, bein' tired out an'—like she is. But he called her a—a—somethin' she ain't, an' chased me out with a gun!" He burst out suddenly in helpless, impotent hatred. "Blast him! Blast 'em all! G-men an' fillin' stations an' hones' men together!"

The man in the back seat said:

"So when he wouldn't let you in, you stayed outside, regardless, to get a hitch. And when I came along—"

"I sneaked in an' got his gun," said the boy harshly. "The gun he'd chased me out with. I hadda do somethin'! I couldn't let her stay out in the wet all night! Not—like she is. So when he come in to ring up y' money, I hit him! I hit 'im hard! I shoulda killed 'im. I wish I had! But y' saw him come out—"

THE car reached the top of this incline. It picked up speed. And here there was a sort of pass, with hills and mountains looming yet higher on either side. As the car reached it, there was a blast of wind which was like a blow. The accelerator went down to the floor boards. The car fought its way ahead. Then it reached the down grade—and was abruptly in the maddest of all the storm.

It seemed that the wind gathered together solid masses of water and flung them at the car. It seemed that the road was possessed of a devil—or a legion of them. The wheels slithered over a streaming surface which had almost the appearance of a river. There were sudden improbable curves, with sheer drops on one side or the other. And the lightning played not only about their heads but among the clouds ahead of and below them. There was no instant when the air was free of the horrible growl of thunder echoed and re-echoed from storm-swept mountain flanks. This assuredly seemed a place and a condition of things having nothing to do with the hunt for Danny Held. But there are times when it seems that the whole world joins in to hunt down a man.

The headlight beams struck upon a solid wall of water across the road. It was such a downpour as even trees bent under. It was a localized cloudburst. The headlights bored into it for five feet, for ten—and were useless. The moving car felt a resistance

"Here's a pay load of flavor..men ...Velvet"
Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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from the sheer weight of water falling upon and before it.

The boy at the wheel braked, of sheer necessity. He strained his eyes through the impenetrable flood. The car slowed and slowed. It barely crawled. The sound of the rain drowned out the motor's purring. The vibration of the rain damped out even the slight vibration of the wheels upon the road. The car might have been dead; motionless. Or it might be moving blindly off the road toward a precipice.

The man in the back seat moved suddenly. He thrust his hand over and into the light of the instrument board. Something ugly and metal and glittering was in it. A squat and deadly revolver. He jerked it back and jammed its muzzle firmly against the boy's head.

"Brakes!" he said harshly. "Stop her! You're going slow enough for a stick-up! Put on those brakes!"

The boy gulped. He braked, hard. The car shivered and was still. The man reached forward and took the weapon that had threatened him. The boy sat still in the driver's seat, his throat working convulsively.

"Through with the dicks?" said the man sardonically. "You frisked me and missed my gun in the shoulder holster. Who do you think I am?"

Now the boy's head turned slowly. He gazed into the hard, the rather scornful eyes of the man in the back seat. And suddenly his own eyes widened fearfully.

"D-danny Held!"

The man grunted.

"Let it go at that," he said dryly. "Anyhow I'm driving from now on. Shove down the seat back. You two climb back here. I'll take your place. And I'll show you some speed!"

The transfer was clumsy. The girl, in particular, was awkward. But the boy—recovering from his fright—was awestruck.

"If—if I'd known it was you, Mr. Held," he said uncertainly, "I wouldn't've tried—But I had to do something. For her."

The man settled himself in the front seat. He touched the gear-shift lever. He raced the motor. And suddenly the car shot forward.

The driving of the boy had been reckless but impassioned. The driving of this man was more reckless still, and cold-blooded. He knew his car, of course. But he made fifteen miles an hour through the veritable cloudburst which had stalled the boy. And once clear of it he jammed down the accelerator and sent the car whining and quivering over roads no less twisting, around curves no less precarious, up grades no less punishing, and down long inclines no less hazardous. And he averaged twenty miles faster than the boy had done. His was the touch of an artist at the wheel. His face was intent, even savage. He did not speak. Every thought seemed to be of his driving.

But once, as the car slowed to a bare forty on a steep and slippery grade with cross winds shoving at it and lightning ripping the sky behind it—once he said curtly over his shoulder:

"That G-man who ditched you. I think I know him. Redheaded, you said?"

"Yeah," said the boy. His eyes were shining. This driving, and this driver at the wheel, thrilled him so that he was insensible to fear. "Yeah. Redheaded, an' a foxy kinda look. You'll see us through, won't you, M-mr. Held?"

"Yes," said the man. His tone was sardonically humorous. "I'll see you through. I know that G-man. What kind of car did he have? What license plates?"

"Dottler. Blue sedan. Thirty-six. Kentucky plates," said the boy. He added eagerly, "An' believe me, D-danny, if ever I can mess up a G-man again—"

The grade came to an end. The car leaped ahead. The speedometer needle quivered around, higher, and higher, and higher. The girl shivered closer to the boy in the back seat. Twice—three times she gasped softly as it seemed that the car would go hurtling into nothingness.

The rain lessened, and they did not notice it because the man drove more recklessly still. The mountains grew lower and less precipitous—and they did not realize, because they had left much of the lightning behind. Suddenly and quite incredibly there were the lights of a town ahead.

The man at the wheel said over his shoulder:

"If that filling-station man phoned ahead, you don't want to go in town in this car. Where are you headed for?"

The boy told him.

"I hadda job," he repeated, "an' we got married. Then I got fired. We were hitchin' home to stay a while until—"

"How much money have you got?"

"I took eight bucks an' some change from that fella—"

"You need more," said the man. "There's a bus leaves this town in ten minutes. You take it and beat it away, where you want to go. Nobody'd believe you got here in the time we took anyway. I'm going to let you out here—and put this with that eight bucks."

He shoved a wadded bill behind him. The boy took it. The man braked smoothly beside a crude shelter. The headlights picked out a sign overhead: BUS STOP. The rain was hardly more than a drizzle here.

"Uh—thanks, Danny," said the boy humbly.

The man laughed. "Listen! No more stick-ups for you! You missed my gun. I could've killed you any minute if you hadn't been speeding. So no more stick-ups."

"Y-yes, sir," said the boy. "But I—I hope you g-get away, Danny. An' I'm going to hate G-men from now on forever!"

The man laughed again. It was like a bark.

"Use some of that money for a newspaper tomorrow."

In the downtown section of the small town the man parked and plunged into a store with a blue enameled sign outside. The sign had a bell on it. He found the phone and dropped coins.

"Long distance!" His tone was furiously impatient. "Hello! . . . Hello!!! . . . Burton? Right! . . . I'm Paine, K-Twelve. Danny Held isn't heading north! He's doubled back south. He's in a thirty-six Dottler sedan, painted blue. Kentucky license plates. He took the dirt road that branches off the main highway two miles this side of Bristol. He was eight miles out of town when it got dark. With a strange dirt road and rain, and the mountains, he'll be in there yet! Get a gang ready to pick him up when he comes out! I'm on my way to join you! Understand?"

You see, it's all in the breaks. Sometimes a man gets away when by all the rules he ought to be caught ten times over. And sometimes it seems as if all the world joins in to hunt down a man, even without meaning it.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **DAWN IN LYONESSE** by Mary Ellen Chase. The Macmillan Company.

A brief novel that has, for all its slenderness, bigness and beauty. Two Cornish servant girls face an age-old problem in the countryside where Tristram and Iseult once loved.

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THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Jefferson Doll strikes oil in Texas, he lavishes every luxury on his beautiful young wife, Glory. He even hands her Dallas society on a silver platter, through Gilbert King, a business associate, who introduces the Dolls to the right people. Glory's beauty and unaffected high spirits immediately captivate the men; but the women, led by Mrs. King, snub her. This does not trouble Glory, however. "I'm the unbreakable Mrs. Doll," she tells Jeff. "Some day I'll be a lady, and Kitty King will boast of knowing me."

Two things Glory wants which Jeff cannot give her—a child and Donald Frick. Frick is a wealthy Easterner who is in love with Glory and whom she loves passionately. Jeff knows it and, although he worships his wife, he agrees to give her her freedom if she wants it, even though he believes that Frick is not the man to make her happy.

In New York, before starting for Paris to get her divorce, Glory spends many blissful hours with Frick planning their future. Then, in the midst of her happiness, disaster comes. Constance Brimmer, a girl who has always loved Frick, tells Glory she expects a baby—and that Frick is the father.

Glory gives up the man she loves to the girl who needs him, and sails for Europe after wiring Jeff that the divorce need not go through. Heartsick, lonely, but still unbeaten, she steals away to try and make a new life for herself. As the ship sails, she stands at the rail, weeping. A strange man watches her.

PART EIGHT—A FRIEND AND A PROBLEM

THE man at the rail of the ship said, when Glory looked up: "I wish I could do that."

"Cry?"

He nodded. "It's pretty bad when you forget how to cry."

She could barely see his face, but the deep suffering in his tone and in his carriage smote her. He said:

"As for me—there's nothing but to climb over that rail—and let go. I'll find the courage—somehow."

"It couldn't be as bad as that," Glory protested.

He turned abruptly and walked away from her, and for a moment Glory was too shattered to move. Then she hurried down the deck to where she saw a steward.

"Do you know who that man is?" She pointed up toward the prow.

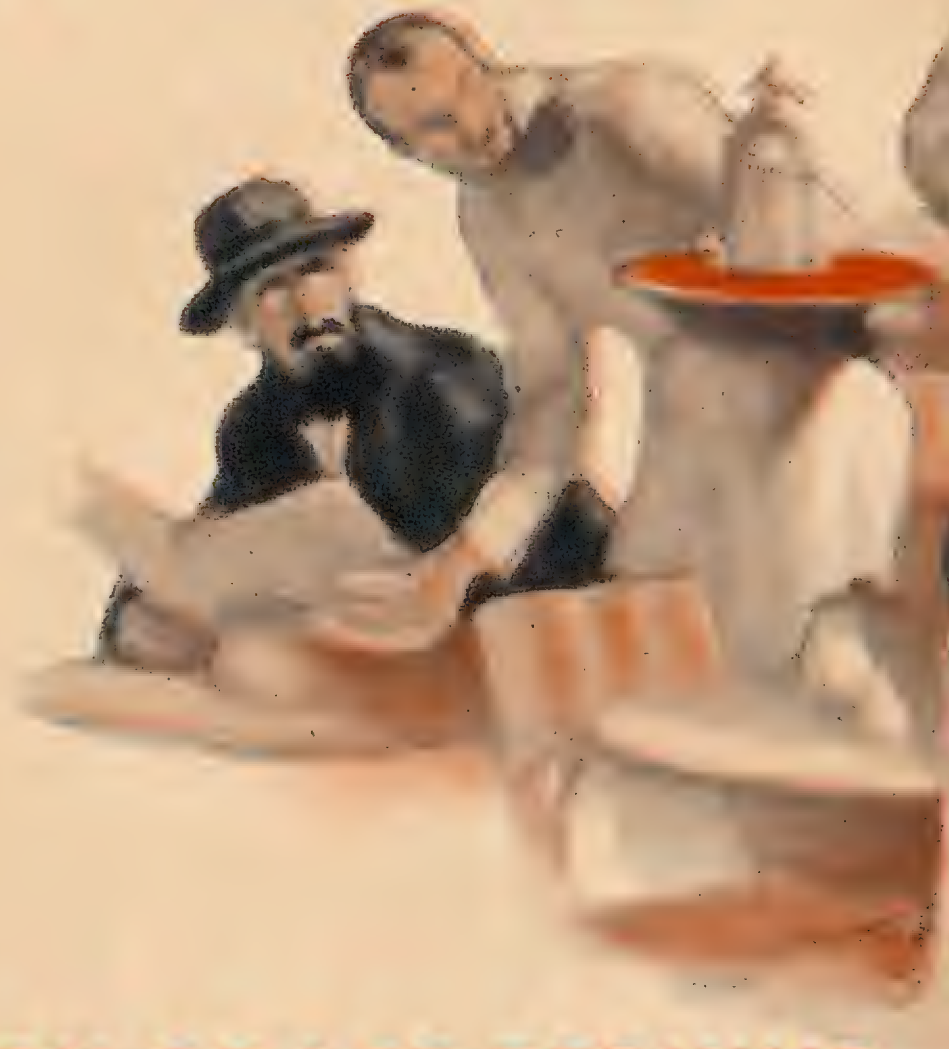
"Think his name is Van Doe." The steward scratched his head. "Heard him being paged for a cable."

"Listen." Glory nodded grimly. "You'd better watch him closely."

She went down to her room for a quiet solitary supper. She needed a good solid rest before facing all the people she would know on board. But the thought of the man Van Doe and the empty desperation of his voice in the dark haunted her.

For almost two days she watched him: an asocial man, heavy-set, unnaturally thin for his build. He wandered the ship like a wretched vagrant who knew he'd be told to move on. The more she observed him the more Glory felt he was really figuring on self-destruction.

Not until she saw on her passenger list *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trent Van Doe* did she make inquiry. Oh, yes, there were those who knew their story. He was in the wheat market. Their circle had always been limited, if choice. Now they were both—well, touched. They had lost their only child—a really beautiful little girl—through a ghastly disease. Mrs. Van Doe had taken to drinking. Definitely an alcoholic . . . . Poor man! But what could one *do?* He wouldn't let any one help him—just eating himself up with his own tragedy.



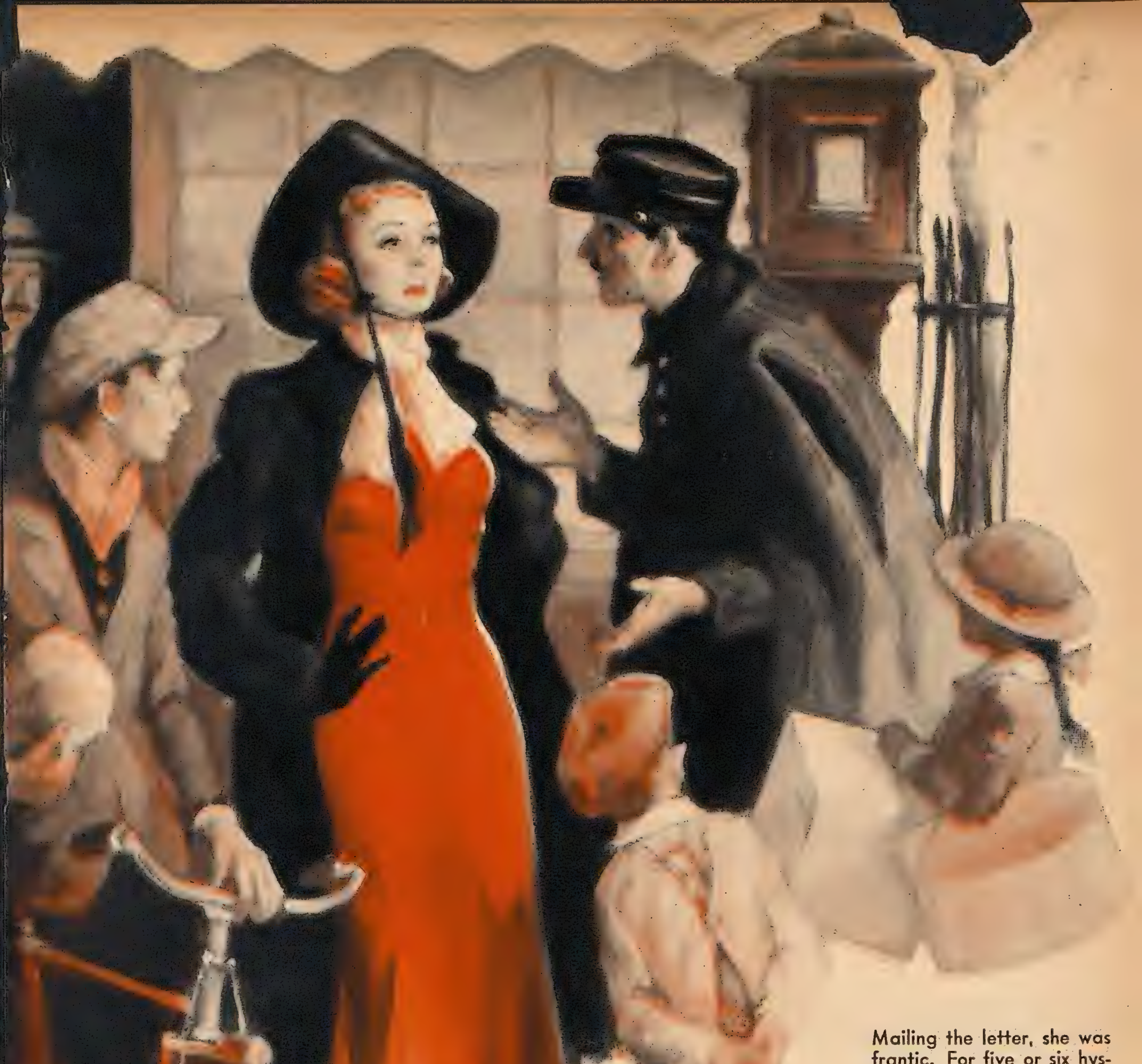
She glimpsed him after teatime as she was going to her suite for a rest. He was on a lower deck, gazing at the water, his hands white as he gripped the rail. Not twenty feet from him a steward stood on nonchalant guard.

With sudden decision she went to the purser.

Yes, Mrs. Van Doe was on board—Suite 22, A deck.

Glory knocked calmly on the door of Suite 22. And when it was eventually opened she met Deborah Van Doe. A meeting that was to make social history.

The woman was beautiful in a dark, mature way. Black hair, white teeth, black eyes, white skin. But her eyes were off-focus and vague as she looked up at Glory from the chair where she sat with a glass in her hand. Her beauty was muddied with the thickness of liquor.



Mailing the letter, she was frantic. For five or six hysterical hours she tried to get it back. It was the first thing she had done in her life that she regretted.

Ghosts of longing are swept away, a new hope beckons, and the end draws near in a beauty's search for peace

Glory addressed the maid who had opened the door: "You can come back in twenty minutes."

There was about Glory an authority nobody would question. The maid slipped out of the room. Mrs. Van Doe leaned forward with a waffle of a frown.

"What's going on?" she demanded irritably. "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," Glory said, and went over, lifting the glass from Mrs. Van Doe's hand. "Do you know your husband is up on deck planning suicide?"

Mrs. Van Doe stood up, her black eyes large with fear.

"Oh, God," she whispered. "Oh, God!"

"Don't get hysterical," Glory snapped. "Just get sober. That's what I said. Sober. You can do it. You aren't far gone. You were only starting."

She flung open the porthole and threw the whisky, glass and all, out into the water. Then she picked up the bottle and tossed that out.

"Who do you think you are?" Debby protested hotly. "Who gave you permission to come in here . . ."

"Nobody has to give me permission to save a man's life!"

She wa[illegible]ver and caught Mrs. Van Doe by both arms.

"Listen! If you saw him dying, you'd do something to help him, wouldn't you?"

The woman nodded dully.

"Well, let me tell you, you're killing him. You're murdering him. You're sending him to his death!"

The black eyes studied Glory's fresh strong face.

"But you don't understand . . ."

"I don't need to understand. Whatever it is, he's suffered as much as you have. Snap out of it and go up to him. You can do it."

"Yes. Yes, I can do it," the woman babbled. "But you don't know—I'll be at it again the first sleepless night. It starts the awful hour when she used to come home from school . . . then at seven when I tucked her into bed . . ."

And Debby Van Doe collapsed against Glory's shoulder, weeping. Mumbling. Pleading for help.

"Sure, I'll help you," Glory promised largely. "Whether you like it or not. If I have to beat you into it, I'll cure you. If you can't sleep, I'll stay awake with you. I'll police you within an inch of your life. Is it a go?"

And Deborah lifted her tear-soaked face and said—stupidly: "What's your name?"

"Glory."

Deborah caught her breath, her eyes luminous. "*Glory?*" she echoed incredulously in a sort of singsong, as if her mind were swaying as her body was. "Glory!"

She shook herself and took a deep breath.

"I warn you," she said, "it will be an awful job. You probably won't be able to stick it."

BUT Glory did stick it. Within two hours she had Deborah Van Doe up on deck. Hot tub, icy shower, medicine, and coffee. And Glory and the Van Does dined together that night. The three never talked about it, avoiding the subject like the plague. But from then on there was a compact between them.

On the rest of the trip Glory and the Van Does were inseparable, regardless of the many other friends Glory knew. Oddly enough, though they fought frequently, Deborah and Glory liked each other. Deborah meant to Glory her first woman friend, the first close relationship in her whole life with her own sex. It was a revelation, an experience which she delighted in. Besides, Glory felt this contact was a direct answer to her own problem. The answer has to come from somewhere, she argued, and generally the answer is close around you, if you are sharp enough to perceive it. Surely Debby's fate showed her how well off she was. Wanting a child as much as she did, Glory could now see what risks one ran in having one; its loss might easily be more than one could bear.

To the Van Does, Glory was some embodied miracle sent out of the darkness in answer to their prayers. And she was a new interest, a transfusion of new blood in life. Her sparkle, her fresh outspoken charm lifted any gathering to rare party heights, and she showed the Van Does how to enjoy life. She was great at skeet shooting and poker, but they had to teach her all the other games. She took to gambling as a baby takes to milk, and she and Debby were eternally betting on whether the morning broth would be chicken or beef, what piece the ship's orchestra would play first, or how many push buttons the salon had.

And at night, when Debby couldn't sleep, the two girls would walk endlessly around and around the deck, in the hours when it was forbidden others, until Debby would stumble with exhaustion. Or they would sit in Glory's suite and play backgammon. And order coffee as the sun rose over the sea.

A strange story of a strange friendship of two idle rich women who had no real place in life. There were times in the first six months that neither of them wanted to remember; but gradually Debby's good looks returned in full flower, and the contrast of her dark lush loveliness and Glory's flaming beauty became famous on the Continent. The society that Debby had neglected welcomed her with cheers, and Glory's own following was manifold and varied.

Charles Van Doe could go back to America and his business with easy mind and steady nerves. He could laugh at their pranks and escapades, knowing he had nothing to fear, no ghost to sleep with. He joined them as often as he could, sometimes in Switzerland and more often at the Lido, more than a little prideful of the ex-kings he met and the untiring pace of those two girls. Glory had a house in London, and Deborah had an apartment in Paris. And when Charles Van Doe came he told them of meetings with Jeff, whom he had cultivated in gratitude to Glory.

"I think he's one of the rightest guys I've ever met," he said once. "I can see why none of your brigade of worshipers get to first base. They couldn't measure up to that lad."

"You're right, Charlie," Glory nodded. "You and Debby know my chamber of horrors and I know yours. There are times when I get postal cards or a wire or a birthday present from Jeff that knock me silly. Because I'm twenty-seven years old now, and I have a reputation for being a hellion, a daring dame, a pagan. And when it comes right down to it I'm a doll that nobody plays with. So let's not talk about it, but let's go out and kid the pants off Kitty King. She's to be at the Embassy Ball tonight, and I hear she's been boasting about being my neighbor and introducing me to society."

On the impulse, Glory phoned a few people ahead and plotted their behavior for them. Kitty's sense of fitness was outraged from the start when, in the reception line of the Embassy Ball, Glory slapped the backs of gray-bearded dignitaries, who in turn greeted her delightedly with a boisterous "Hiya, kid!"

She introduced Kitty to the American ambassador:

"I want you to meet the grandest sport in all Texas," she explained intimately. "She knew I was an orphan and she treated me just like one."

She planned a thrilling dinner party for the Kings, asking them for a list of every one they wanted to meet.

"It's a shame, Kitty," she sighed prettily, "that you can't be there. But I wouldn't dream of letting you break your rule of ignoring invitations to my home. Gilbert will tell you all about it. Won't you, Gil?"

Yes, she gave Kitty King a razzle-dazzle that was gossip for months. But she and the Van Does came home sober and unamused. At times it was very hard to be amused—but so very easy to be amusing.

DEBORAH and Glory went slowly around the world together. They even shot lions and brought the New York Zoo a tusked rhinoceros. They flew on the Clipper and on the Graf Zeppelin. And when Glory saw Jeff, who came up to New York when she hit the town, she studied his big homely face and knew she loved it as she had never loved anything else in life. But what was the use of loving it? . . .

And always she would ask:

"Do you want me to come back, Jeff?"

And always he would say, his blue eyes fond:

"When you're tired of the world, baby. When you've tried everything."

Once in a while she would ask after Frick . . . after Mr. and Mrs. Frick and their little daughter, Constance. But Jeff hadn't seen Frick in over a year, and Jeff was no fount of gossip.

No matter how funny Jeff might look or talk, dress or behave, he was with Glory on any of her parties in New York, in the Hamptons, in Saratoga, in Miami, in Newport. But somehow Mr. Doll never became famous. Probably because people instinctively recognized that he had been broken. Because it wasn't only her money, it wasn't only her fiery beauty that made Mrs. Doll famous. It was her success—in never being vanquished. The unbreakable Mrs. Doll, who knew no fear, no crushing blows, no chips, no cracks. . . .

Yet, when Jeff would see her off again to Europe, would kiss her good-by and hold her clumsily close, she would smile and feel so very empty. Because she loved him with all her soul, and the love didn't mean anything. Always during her visits to the States she would half hope to meet Frick again. To believe that he might break his silence, might throw her a bone. . . .

On the voyages back to Europe, Debby would have to do a job on her. Because Glory would be absorbed in that frustration—that she had not seen Frick.

But on one trip to New York she saw him—for the first time in three years.

Romantic moments — heartbreaking moments — or downright ruthless coincidences happen once in a while in every man and woman's life. The set-up of when she saw Frick was romantic to a degree. And thoroughly undramatic. Because he was changing a tire on the deserted speedway on Long Island along about dusk. And he was dirty. Only Glory would slow down to offer help. Not any other woman in the millions of New York City would slow down to offer help when she was driving alone and was dressed in a forty-thousand-dollar sable coat.

She called to him. But before he looked up she saw a child sitting in the front seat of his car. A child as champagnely blonde as Constance Brimmer.

He yanked himself halfway around the car and stared at her. He was begrimed, hot, irritable.

And his face went twisted with recognition—of her gaudy headstrong beauty standing there in the Long Island dusk, with dump heaps smoking behind her, and the first star over her head. . . .

She waited fully a minute. Perhaps two minutes. But he did not—or could not—speak. Maybe he didn't *believe* . . .

"I guess you don't need any help," she said huskily, and turned back to her car.

But even as she drove off, slaying the gears in her haste, she heard the music. . . . It must have been from the dashboard radio which the little girl did not know how to control. . . . Some choral society singing some vesper service, no doubt . . . singing "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah . . ."

Driving more and more slowly because she was blinded by tears, she soon drew up by a gutter, and bent her head on the wheel and cried. They could not be more than a literal mile apart when she was crying aloud, and he was standing in a road, angrily ordering a baby to turn off a machine she did not know how to manage. . . .

On that trip back to Europe, Debby Van Doe had a really difficult problem. And she came to the decision that so many people reach: you can cure a person of almost anything but love. . . . Glory didn't love Frick—not as she loved Jeff. Not possibly. But Frick always unnerved her. She wanted him. And it was her theory that he wanted her, too. She did not dream that he might love her even more than he desired her—that he might love her more than he loved himself. . . .

Nor could Deborah Van Doe tell her that. Glory had to learn. And she started learning from the moment of that dusky half-lit meeting on an island in the gateway to the New World. It did her in, that meeting.

In Paris they tried many things. Debby Van Doe even tried religion. Religion—that last refuge of humanity which knows nothing. Which tries, beyond its endurance, to find some answer.

And, like most people who try to help others, Debby Van Doe helped only herself. When she talked, she listened to herself. When she argued, she was convinced.

But Glory only wanted to travel. To keep moving. Unhappy people hate to stay put.

So that, in the year when England had three kings, Deborah talked herself into a solution of her own destiny. She said to Glory, along about five of a cold Swedish morning: "Listen, Glory dear. I'd open my veins for you. But I can't help you as you helped me. Can I?"

Glory said: "No. I guess not."

And Deborah said: "Maybe it will mean something to you that I'm going back. Back to Charlie. Back to dreams. Back to what we all want."

Glory stirred uneasily and asked:

"What do we want? What are you going back to?"

"I am nearly forty-two, but I'm still strong." Deborah smiled. "I'm going back and have a child. Because it's probably my last chance. I've done everything and had everything. But none of it means as much as a baby in my arms."

Too dirty.. for plain soap... that's when you need BORAXO!

BORAXO
CLEANS
dirty
HANDS
Good Housekeeping Bureau

● Nothing has ever cleaned hands the way Boraxo does! Grease and ground-in grime disappear like magic. Yet Boraxo is gentle enough for women and children . . . leaves the tenderest skin soft and smooth. Gets rid of stains and odors, too. Works in warm water or cold . . . hard water or soft. Try Boraxo today ...the big, economical can lasts for weeks!

For romance and adventure of the old West, tune in "Death Valley Days," N.B.C. Blue Network Fridays... Pacific Coast Red Network Tuesdays. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Company, New York; Los Angeles.

The unbreakable Mrs. Doll got up and killed the remains of their fire with ashes. Her mind had gone numb. Deborah wanted a baby in her arms—knowing what hell it might mean in the future! So, whether you got hurt or not, childlessness wasn't the answer. For a moment Glory almost hated Deborah Van Doe for upsetting all the safe pride in resignation. But, glancing at her, she saw Debby's face, pale in the dawn, transported with her new decision. And there was a quiet joy in that face that left Glory very much on the outside.

"I'm awfully glad, Deb. And now we both ought to get a little sleep. The quicker you get started home, dear, the better."

BUT with Deborah gone Glory felt strangely lost. So many years of companionship had spoiled her, and now the lone hours seemed ungainly, and they echoed around her ears like tunnels. She felt herself slipping, living too fast, too hard, too frantically, and she knew she would not be able to keep the pace. She feared the crash that was right around the corner, and tried to talk herself out of it.

One morning, alone and feeling ill, she read the meager story the Paris paper carried of a tragedy in Texas. There had been an explosion, and fire—the greatest fear of all oil towns—had broken out in a school and hundreds of children had lost their lives.

The story shook her profoundly. She wired a large contribution through her bank. But the thought of those children haunted her. Her heart ached for all those parents, but she longed to tell them:

"You *had* them. At least you had them awhile."

Still the children cried and screamed to her in her dreams, and Glory would wake in a sweat, wondering how to free herself of this obsession. Something had to be done to give her life meaning. And suddenly Glory decided to do it. Barrenness was not her natural heritage; why should she enforce it upon herself?

She wrote Jeff a letter from Paris explaining things:

"I haven't been physically unfaithful to you, Jeff, since the day we first met. I think you know that, but I want you to be sure. Now I think I shall be. I could adopt a child—I know you'd be glad to. But I want a child of my own. It can't be so wrong. It can't be that motherhood should be sinful, because I long for it so, and the desire must be there for a reason.

"I've often thought of doing it, even if you disapproved and quit me. The only thing that kept me from it is that I've wanted, somehow, for it to be the product of love. Only I've never met any one else I loved—except Frick. The point is, I want you to approve, if you can, and not quit me. Because I truly love you, Jeff. And I've never met any man, including Frick, who would be so splendid a father to my child.

"So, if you can understand and bring yourself to my point of view, I'll go ahead. I'll do it the other extreme—a casual stranger. Some one I've never seen before and never will again. Then I would like to come home to you for good. And make it a real home. If you will love the child—just because you love me."

Mailing the letter, she was frantic. For five or six hysterical hours she tried to get it back. It was the first thing she had done in her life that she regretted, and the shock to her system was unbalancing. Walking for hours blindly through the rain in the Bois, she felt shabby, hot with shame.

She had a fever when she returned to the apartment that Debby had turned over to her for the season. But it was not in her to go to bed. There were a lot of places she might go, and a lot of people delighted to go with her.

A number of them cared enough about her, in the next few days, to warn her. But Glory laughed at them, and Glory could laugh convincingly. She sprayed her hair with gold dust and put gold pomade on her lashes, and she had an entire bolero and muff made of fresh gardenias.

She was throwing a party in the apartment when Jeff's cable came. She went into the bedroom to read it:

IN ANSWER TO YOUR LETTER SWEET YOU KNOW I ALWAYS WANT YOU TO HAVE EVERYTHING YOU DESIRE AND I WILL BE RIGHT HERE TO WELCOME YOU HOME STOP I MUST SAY THOUGH I PREFER IT WOULD BE AMERICAN BUT ITS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU GOD BLESS YOU JEFFERSON

She was conscious of an odd freeze creeping over her, and streaks of blackness as she looked bewildered around the room. She was aware of the laughter in the rooms beyond, the shrill laughter and the loud voices at play.

They found her, later, crumpled on the floor.

TIME ceased for Glory while she battled diphtheria, and she could not know that all the parties in Paris went on just the same around her.

Somehow it didn't surprise her, when she was finally able to know what was going on, that Jeff was by her side—that he had crossed the ocean for the first time to be near her in her suffering, and lived in a little *pension* close to the American Hospital.

She reached out her hand to him, when they let him come close, and smiled. She closed her eyes and pressed his big fingers and was glad of their power and their warmth.

His presence brought her an odd return of strength. Some kind of faith that is in love, no doubt. She waited for the hours he could be with her. She loved his slow lethargic drawl, his patient humility in the face of French spoken all around him, his discomfort in a large foreign city. He was so winning when he smiled that people forgot they ever thought him crude or dull. The nurses in the place would have been just as dithered over him if he never brought them presents. But Jeff was an addict for presents. He was happiest when he was handing out things.

So Glory was blissful, having him. Contemplating him and wondering how she had ever left him to wander feverishly in search of phantoms.

He showed her some pictures, a day or so before she was to be dismissed.

"As long as you mentioned, yourself, coming home," he told her with lumbering embarrassment, "I might show you the kind of home you'll be coming to."

She gazed at his photographs and frowned.

"Sans Souci?"

He nodded and grinned proudly.

"I've had it copied. In Ceres."

"Jeff, you didn't!"

"Right down to the silver-plated bar. You see, I thought maybe—well, I hoped you would want to come back. And it was to be a surprise."

She felt her lips tremble and looked at him through tears even as she laughed. Because what could you do with a man like that? You could only laugh—and love him. You could look at the town of Ceres as he looked at it, and marvel at the snapshots of its unbelievable sprawl. Grafted on the treeless ugliness that was indicative of oil towns were the wonders with which Jeff had seen fit to endow the town. Modern apartment houses. A gaudy little library. He and Phil Grady, the old barkeep, had made the town their own, evidently, and had cut loose with all their best creative ideas. Some slickers had made a heck of a lot of money out of these two dreamers. But they had made a town. And there a home waited for her. As monstrous as all dreams—but a childish dream come true. Built with love.

She kissed him tenderly when he left that evening, and they laughed with delight that she could walk to the door of her room. She seemed to float in her yellow chiffon negligee, and she pirouetted and waltzed for him.

Yet only twenty minutes later he knocked on her door again. She was startled as she glanced at his face, and turned to her nurse.

"Do you mind leaving us a few minutes?" she asked.

The nurse nodded a woman's knowing nod, and settled Glory in bed, handing her a white velvet bed jacket.

"What is it, Jeff?" Glory asked tenderly, when the nurse had gone. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

What next for Glory and Jeff? Will Donald Frick continue to stand between them and happiness? Don't miss the dramatic conclusion of this vivid daring novel. In next week's Liberty.

ENTER NOW AND WIN!

$750 CASH PRIZE

WORDS WITHIN WORDS CONTEST

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DIAGRAM 3 *Total*............

THE RULES

1. This contest will run for five weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 19, 1938.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Any English word found in Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary, the official reference of this game, may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the dotted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of five is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them, together with a fifty-word statement on "The Contest I Like Best, and Why," to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the First Prize of $300. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; ten prizes, each $10; and forty prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Wednesday, March 30, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

START TODAY TOWARD A PRIZE YOUR CHANCE FOR BIG MONEY IS EXCELLENT!

GET into the Words Within Words Game right now! You've still an excellent chance to capture one of the big awards. Test your vocabulary in this interesting series of diagrams. This week's diagram calls for nine horizontal words. The rules explain exactly how to supply them. Fill them in and you will be well on the way toward a successful claim for your share of the prize money. Be sure that you read the rules carefully so that you understand exactly how to prepare your entry. When you have filled in and scored this week's diagram, clip it and save it until the end of the contest.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first two diagrams and need them in order to bring your entry up to date, you can obtain them by writing to the contest address in Rule 5. Enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. With them will be included a completely worked-out example diagram illustrating the filling in of horizontal words and computation of the score. With these reprints you can bring your entry even with the field.

A SHOWER IS LIKE A HEADACHE, IT NEVER COMES TO STAY
THE SUN, LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, JUST CHASES IT AWAY
The same is true of other ills, Sour Stomach, Colds and such; With Alka-Seltzer on the job, They don't amount to much.

YOU, too, will be delighted with Alka-Seltzer when quick definite relief is wanted from everyday aches and pains.

Headaches, Upset Stomach, Distress after meals, Morning Misery and other common aches and pains leave almost before you know it because of Alka-Seltzer's pain-relieving analgesic properties. It goes to work at once to relieve the pain and it also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. Thus Alka-Seltzer goes a step further than ordinary remedies — it gives relief in TWO ways.

Alka-Seltzer is one of the best Alkalizers known. It is so easy and pleasant to take—you simply drop one or two tablets into a glass of water—it bubbles up making a refreshing, effervescent solution, pleasant to the taste, and prompt in its action. That is why millions say "there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer."

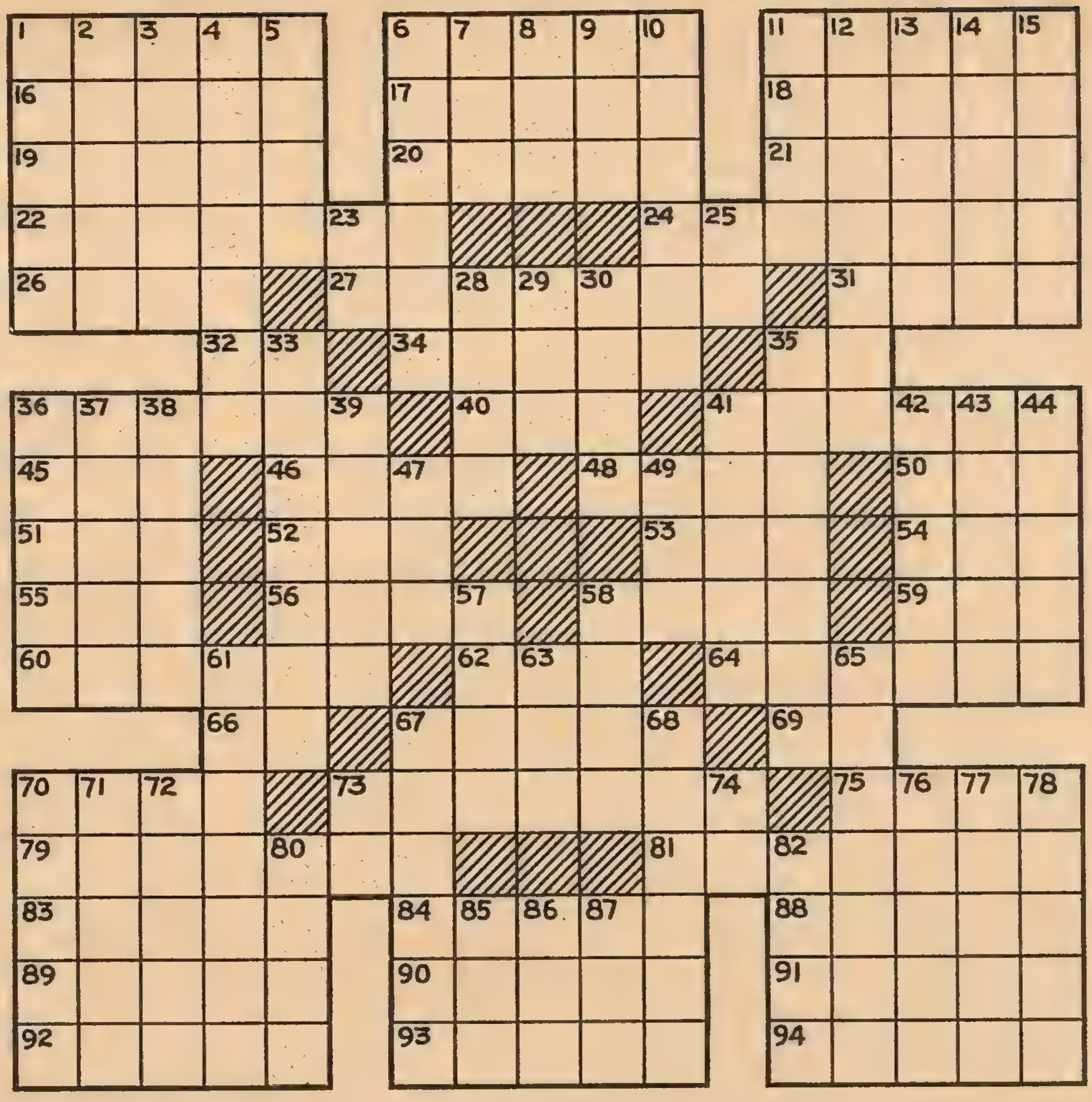
Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢ & 60¢ PKGS.
Alka-Seltzer

Also sold by the Glass at all Drug Store Soda Fountains

Treet Topics
THIS GUY SHOULD BUT WOULDN'T
THIS GUY WOULD BUT COULDN'T
MAYBE SOON –
--BUT EVERY OTHER GUY
WHO HAS A THIN DIME
CAN DO THIS:
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
BLADES
Single-Edge
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS
Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Coast
6 A jury
11 Incrustations
16 Punted
17 Pleasant odor
18 Famous scientist
19 Ascend
20 Refute
21 English forest
22 Deep gorges
24 Violent dreads
26 Wheelless vehicle
27 Allied by kindred
31 Gaelic
32 Suffix used to form some plurals
34 Spanish title of courtesy
35 Within
36 Fastening devices
40 Corroded
41 Deer's horn
45 Long and slender support
46 An image
48 Archaic form of part of do
50 Note of an old scale
51 Eggs
52 Hurried
53 Character in Peer Gynt
54 Entangle
55 Obtain
56 Beverages
58 A bird
59 American Indian
60 Turned about a fixed point
62 Digit
64 Put away for future use
66 Exclamation
67 A tree
69 A state (initials)
70 Place of confinement
73 Purveyor
75 To carry
79 Man's name
81 Traduces
83 Greek philosopher
84 Set in
88 Avoid
89 Drive back
90 Elevate
91 Taut
92 Woman's name
93 Serpent
94 Worms

VERTICAL

1 Boxes
2 Pertaining to the hour
3 A fruit
4 Lives
5 Paradise
6 Describes the elements of a sentence
7 Part of to be
8 Protuberance
9 Australian bird
10 More recent
11 Cicatrix
12 General course
13 Zeal
14 Litters
15 Meaning
23 Adjective suffix
25 Man's nickname
28 Spare
29 Pismire
30 Touched with the toes
33 A plant
35 Purposes
36 Unites in a mass
37 Even
38 A size of type
39 Burn with hot liquid
41 Equines
42 Monkeylike animal
43 Puff up
44 Classified
47 A pronoun
49 Row
57 Proofreader's term
58 Bear on the person
61 Made of wheat
63 Poem
65 Intervals of eight diatonic degrees
67 Vaulted chamber
68 Rosier
70 An island in Naples Bay
71 More capable
72 Juicy berry
73 An element (symbol)
74 Note of the scale
76 Portents
77 Succinct
78 Park in Colorado
80 Cavity
82 Destiny
85 Rabid
86 Offer to pay
87 Compass point

M	A	K	E	U	P	B	O	X		S	U	Z	Y	Q
A	J	A	R	■	R	U	B	E		A	D	I	E	U
D	A	M	N	■	O	D	O	R		M	A	N	G	E
E	X	P	E	R	T	■	E	E	L	S	■	C	G	S
			S	E	E	S	■	S	O	O	T	■	S	T
	B	A	T	I	S	T	A	■	G	N	A	W	■	I
H	U	R	■	S	T	I	L	L	■	S	L	I	G	O
E	R	O	S	■	S	C	O	O	P	■	E	T	O	N
A	R	S	O	N	■	K	N	I	T	S	■	C	B	S
R	■	E	D	A	M	■	G	R	O	U	C	H	Y	
T	A	■	S	T	E	M	■	E	M	I	R			
A	L	P	■	A	R	C	H	■	A	T	A	M	A	N
C	L	E	A	T		L	E	V	I	■	V	I	N	O
H	A	R	P	O		I	R	O	N	■	A	M	O	S
E	N	T	E	R		V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

Perishable

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

"CONSOLIDATED Airlines Trip 7 for Washington, Memphis, Phoenix, and Los Angeles, now loading at Gate 1. All aboard!"

The drone of the announcer died away. Terry O'Rourke wished fervently that the ground would open and swallow him. He watched the passengers board the great silver ship. Lovely ladies in mink coats and prosperous-looking gentlemen whose beautifully tailored Chesterfields almost concealed that little bulge around their waistlines—all bound for the land of sunshine.

Terry was glad he wasn't going. Envy wasn't his trouble.

His trouble was that, although he counted and recounted them, the passengers numbered only nineteen. The man at the ticket office verified this.

A Mr. Dale and a Miss Lynn had failed to pick up their tickets.

He didn't mind losing the bonus. His face got red, however, when he remembered chucking pretty Miss Burns under the chin, as he left the uptown office, and saying, "Leave it to the Irish, honey, to fill the first ship and cop the cash!" All the boys had heard him. He could imagine the reception he'd get on his return; could see them patting Miss Burns on the shoulder and roaring, "Oh, yeah, honey, leave it to the Irish to toot their own horns! A guy named Terry O'Rourke would get smart and drag the boss out to help him load the first full ship—full *minus* two passengers."

Terry cursed Terry soundly.

At that, selling nineteen out of twenty-one seats on these new babies was a darned good job. Better than any one else had done, Terry reflected. His chest inflated to almost its normal size with that thought when he saw the boss coming. By his bland look Terry felt he was about to be on the receiving end of a few well chosen words. His intuition had not failed him.

"Nice work, son," said Mr. Loomis. "Nineteen tickets—and two empty. Of course you realize there is nothing in the world as perishable as an unsold airplane ticket. You take pigs"—Terry decided he'd rather take a sock at Mr. Loomis—"take pigs or turnips or almost anything. Put it on the market at a profit. If it won't sell, you can let it go for cost. If that won't work, you finally get 'em to buy it at a price where at least you get something back on your original investment. Airplane tickets? O'Rourke, they're *perishable*. When that ship leaves the ground with empty seats, those seats spell total loss to your company."

Mr. Loomis waggled a pudgy finger under Terry's nose as he paused for breath.

"Now, Terry, I've got a special assignment for you."

"Extracurricular activity," muttered Terry, feeling like a chastened sophomore.

"Trot along and find out why those two people who would have filled your ship and won you that bonus decided not to fly Consolidated Airlines today."

. . . . .

Terry rang the bell of a narrow house on East Fifty-fourth Street. After a considerable wait the door was opened by a neat elderly maid.

"I'd like to see Mr. Dale," said Terry, giving her his best smile.

"Why, sir, I'm—I'm sorry—" she began. A shock of tousled blond hair appeared from behind her skirts.

"My dad's gone away for a long time," the small boy said. "My mother says I'm the man of the house now."

"Did he go by train, sonny?" Terry asked. "He was supposed to fly on one of our planes."

"I thought he did," said the boy. "Maybe he was scared of planes. I'm not scared. I'd like to ride in one of yours all right."

The maid bent swiftly and kissed the top of his head. She pushed him behind her and came out on the step, almost closing the door. Terry saw that her eyes were wet. "Mr. Dale passed away this morning," she said.

TERRY felt grateful to Clara Lynn for remembering him. At least, he supposed she remembered him, because there he was in the great drawing room and she hadn't even asked his name. And, after all, when you kept inheriting a couple of million bucks every time you had a birthday you didn't have to remember any one. You didn't have to go to California, either, if you didn't feel like it. Millions meant you could carry out any whim, or discard it without notice.

He was surprised and grateful when she poured Scotch for both of them. He'd met her only once before, at a Park Avenue cocktail party. On that occasion he'd parted with a chunk of his rent money to persuade the butler to bring her some tea, a beverage apparently unknown to his hostess. After that he'd figured that Clara Lynn didn't use Scotch.

An hour went by and Miss Lynn kept on talking. She was doing more than justice, now, to the excellent Scotch. Terry realized that she didn't know him from Adam. He wondered how he'd gotten in the front door. He noticed, too, how haggard her face was. Perhaps his sister had been right when she said troubled ladies liked to talk to strangers.

A plane roared down the river and landed below them. She listened until the roar died away, and then whispered, "How I hate planes!"

Terry jumped and opened his mouth, but Clara Lynn went right on talking. "It's a tragic thing, too much money," she said. She had moved over in front of the huge fireplace, and because she looked so little and so plain he almost believed her.

"Funny," the girl went on, almost as though she were talking to herself—"funny how things come back and hit you right in the nose. I thought I'd found a man who didn't care about—all this." Her gesture indicated the stately room and its many riches. "I was flying to meet him—today. He didn't even know my right name. To him I was—oh, just Miss Nobody. I thought he—loved me for myself alone." She laughed a little. "I came back to New York to arrange things for our marriage. He thought I was just going to tell my folks. This morning I got a letter. The—gentleman had wisely reconsidered about marrying little Miss Nobody. He'd married the boss's daughter."

IT was late when Terry put his detailed memorandum on Mr. Loomis' desk. His mind kept wandering from the tousle-headed kid to the beaten little figure by the fireplace. He sat for some time staring at the ceiling. Suddenly he ground out his cigarette and red-penciled a postscript at the bottom of his report:

Mr. Loomis: Please notice that in my investigation I have found two things more perishable than an unsold airplane ticket. Life—and love.

THE END

ON THE AIR

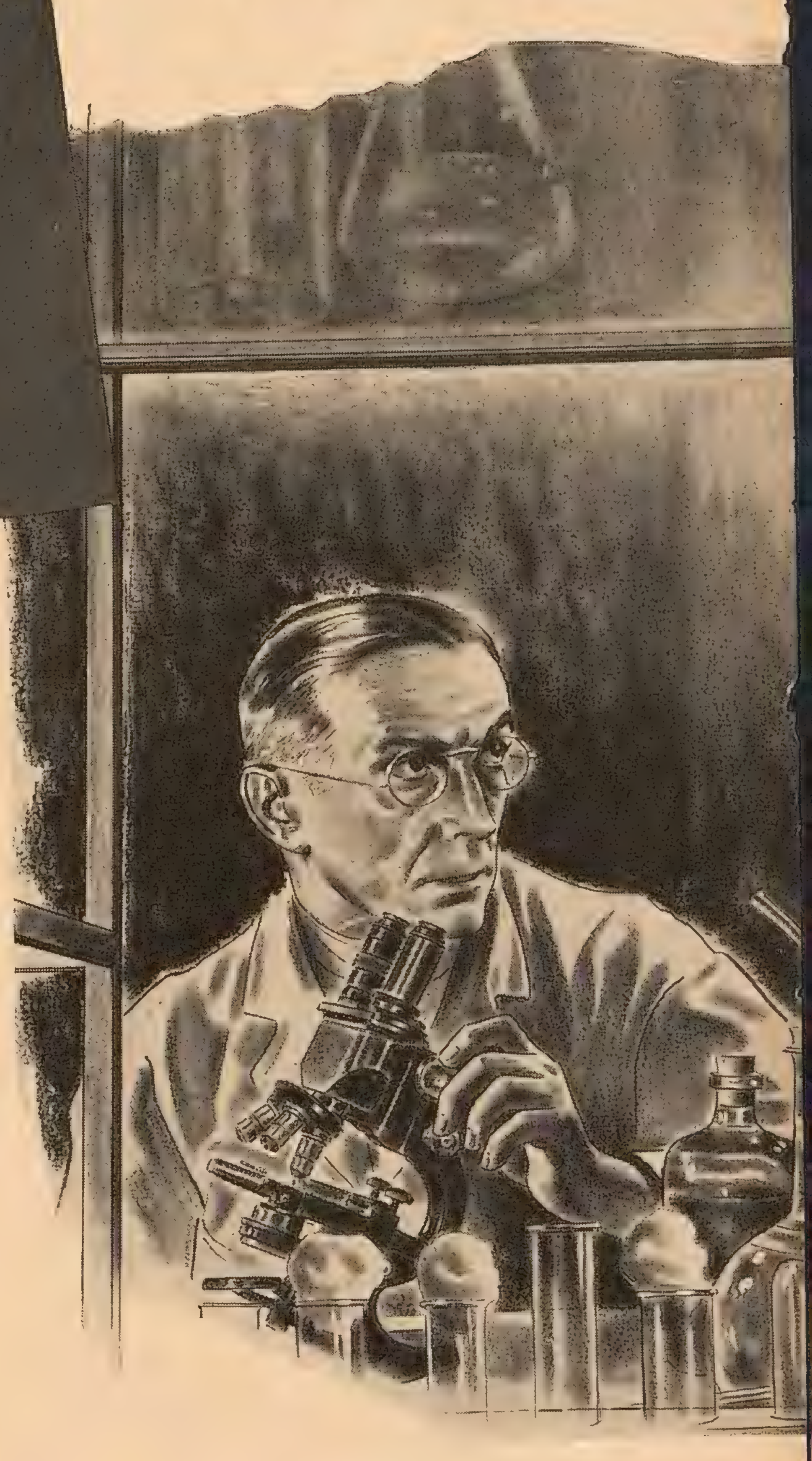
Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

Doctors DON'T Tell

From real life—a saga of heroes an
revelation of the lights and shadow

BY DR. "GEORGE B



READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Beginning this series in Liberty last week, the very real American physician whose nom de plume is "George B. Raymond" affirmed that he is proud to be a doctor but that it isn't always easy to be an honest one, for reasons typified in his own story. Liberty is publishing it in the belief that this darker side of the medical picture should be uncovered. The bright side is bright indeed, and is well known. Honest and good doctors are by no means exceptions, nor are admirable medical schools. Unfortunately the other kinds are numerous also—and such light as Dr. "Raymond" throws upon them should hasten the day when the profession itself will eliminate them.

The facts stated are true, but all names and places have been changed beyond the possibility of identification.

He was thirty-three when he entered a small medical school in a large city. From the start, he was privileged to learn by watching and assisting at operations performed in a local hospital by its sterling surgeon in chief, Dr. Mann—his "Uncle Billy," who had brought him into the world. The first morning, Uncle Billy opened the novice's eyes a little by telling him of two pretentious beginners in surgical practice who had just found themselves unable to tell a ligament from an artery, or make up their minds which to tie off.

He characterized the school's dean and other faculty members, a number of whom were hollow shams. He told of looking on while the professor of surgery, Dr. McConnell, fumbled and bungled for nearly two hours in doing a fifteen-minute appendicitis "job." A junior medical student explained to the amazed "Raymond" that McConnell, as usual, was drunk. How did he hold his job, then? "Politics." Why didn't the doctors expel him? "Medical ethics."

PART TWO—THE PRICE OF A MISTAKE

DURING my first year in medicine I lost some of my illusions but, thanks to Uncle Billy and the splendid men I came to know through him, I did not lose my ambition. I still wanted to be a doctor—and a good one.

Uncle Billy was my ideal. To me, he typified a Pasteur, a Koch, or an unselfish, honest family physician fighting death at the bedside of some sick kid in the small hours of a cold winter night.

Ike was a great help, too, but in a different way. His tales of himself and his affairs never failed to lift me out of the gloom. He was keeping company with a girl who was—I suspected from what he said, although I never saw her—somewhat older than he. She was a high-school English teacher. She was probably in love with him and putting him through medicine.

Physiology, cross-section anatomy, pathology, some psychiatry and pharmacology were our subjects for the sophomore year; also a trick twice a week at Trinity Hospital, under university medical professors.

Physiology was very interesting, as we had two very good instructors, Dr. Fred Manhart, who was to become famous later on in life, and Dr. Siscoe.

Dr. Manhart gave the impression that he was a true scientist. He lectured in a modest, unassuming manner. And he wasn't afraid of the so-called big shots on the faculty or anywhere else.

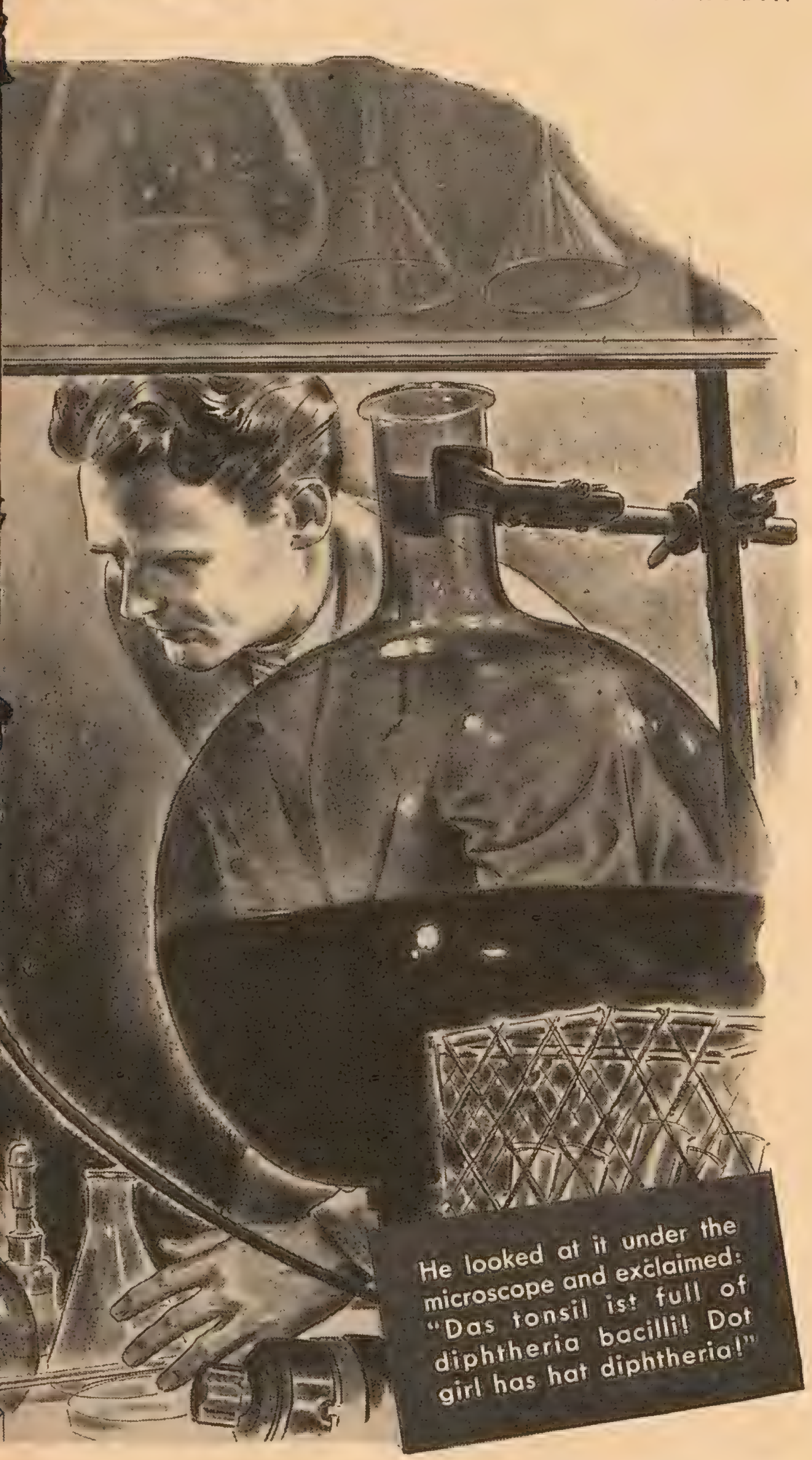
He gave one talk—a little off his regular subject perhaps, but very much to the main point—that I shall never forget. I asked permission to copy it word for word into my notebook—and here it is:

"Two hundred and sixty years ago, a Dutchman named

underers at your bedside . . A physician's iumphs and tragedies of his profession

AYMOND"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HY RUBIN



He looked at it under the microscope and exclaimed: "Das tonsil ist full of diphtheria bacilli! Dot girl has hat diphtheria!"

Leeuwenhoek gave medicine its first opportunity to become scientific. He invented the microscope. He was the first human to see germs. But because he was not a doctor, the medical profession would have none of him or of his germs.

"Later, one hundred and eighty years ago, a young Italian with a scientific mind played with and studied the Dutchman's invention. This Italian, Spallanzani, discovered that germs were ever present in air and soil—animalcules, he called them—and proved it to a world wrapped in piety, and to a profession that claimed he was crazy.

"Medicine still refused to use the microscope, still refused to recognize the importance of germs.

"Less than sixty years ago the chemist Pasteur began waking up the complacent medical world with the cry, 'Microbes are a menace! Microbes produce disease!' Pasteur took a chance at that time, because even he was not so sure of his proofs. But at least he pointed out to medical men there was a tool, the microscope, which they had failed to use in the fight against disease. Later, by brilliant work, he proved his case completely.

"Still medicine ignored the microscope and the germ.

"It wasn't until 1882—*two hundred and five years after the invention of the microscope by Leeuwenhoek*—that Robert Koch, a German physician, convinced the members of his own profession of something which the Dutchman and the Italian and the French chemist had all previously discovered—the existence and the menace of germs. Koch, in 1882, proved that tuberculosis was caused by a microbe.

"He was the first physician, and for a long time the only one, who had any claim to the title of scientist.

"So, gentlemen, when you go forth in years to come to practice, do not do so with the idea that our profession is alone responsible for its position in the world of art and science. Medicine is as scientific today as other professions have made it, and no more so. The medical profession itself has resisted and resented and ridiculed each forward step."

These were strong words, coming from a professor of a medical college. But when I repeated them to Uncle Billy, he declared Manhart had hit the medical nail right on the head.

"Why," he said, "even today, with all the great contributions made to medicine by the chemists, the physiologists, the psychologists, the engineers, and the physicists, some doctors try to make it appear that these contributions were the works of physicians. But history relates that in nearly all cases the medical Pooh Bahs who claimed to know it all were wrong and the real scientists whom they ridiculed were right."

IT was the custom at Duggan, as at most medical schools of which it is typical, to use old and abandoned cats for study in physiology class. These were normally obtained from dealers who had collected them from public pounds. Dean Witherspoon, whose business it was to order these cats, had failed to do so.

Instead of complaining, Dr. Manhart good-naturedly suggested that if any student had an ailing cat or knew any one who had such an animal and would like to put it out of its misery, he might bring it to class and receive the customary fee of twenty-five cents.

I guess Dr. Manhart had forgotten for the moment how big that looked to the average medical school sophomore. Those youngsters turned in cats to the number of 186, and the Fourth Precinct police station reported over fifty complaints from families whose pets were missing. Dean Witherspoon himself took charge of the immediate reparations and apologies. Then, although it was exam time and he knew we were all cramming, he made every one in the class write a twenty-page thesis on the anatomy and physiology of cats.

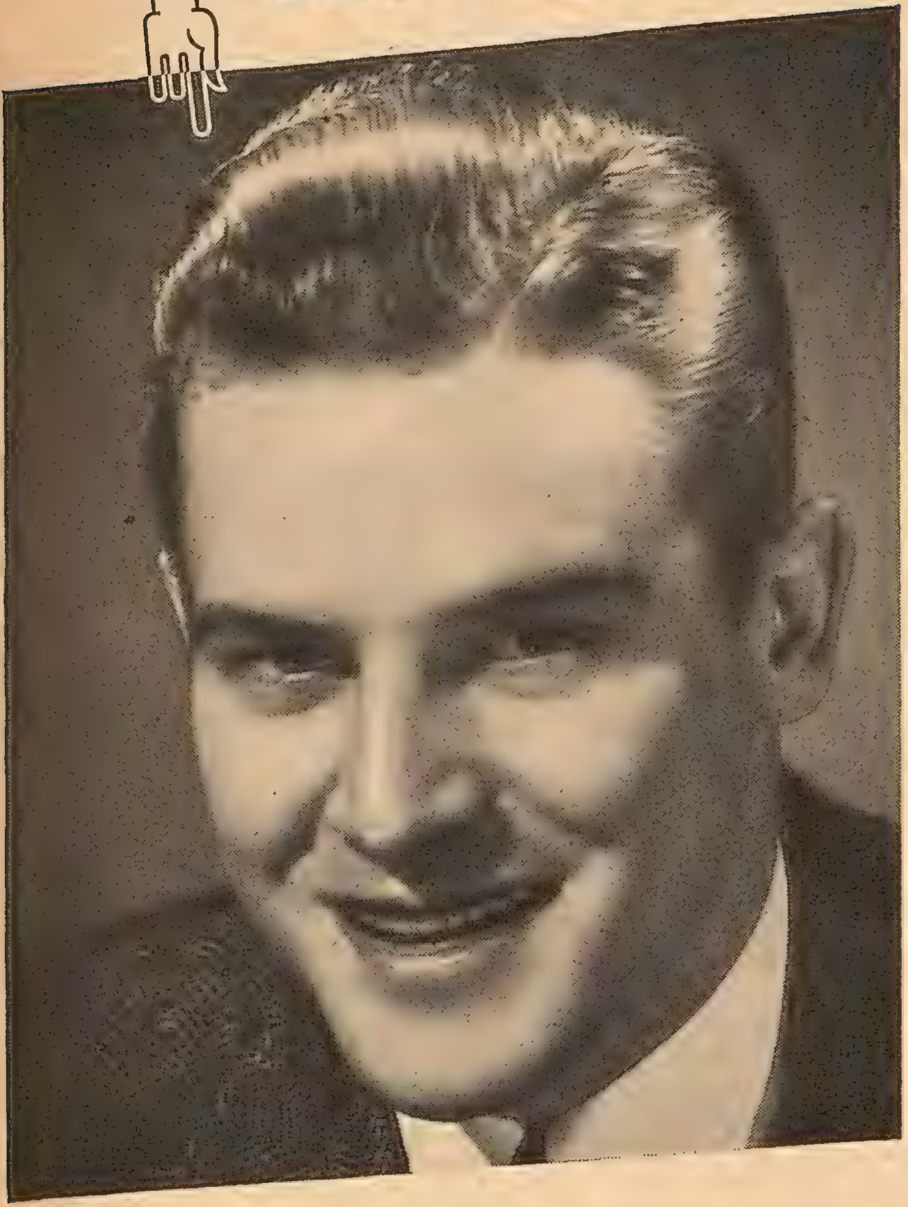
Coming down to school the morning of my exam in practical cross-section anatomy, I parked my car at a corner to wait for Ike, who usually met me there. Near the car were two well behaved little girls waiting for the green light at the traffic signal.

When the signal changed, they started across the street. They had reached the middle of it, when a man in a raccoon coat, driving an old rattletrap right through the light, bore down upon them. The older of the two jumped back, but the other little tot, with a terrified scream, met the car head-on and was tossed straight up into the air.

By some peculiar twist, she landed on the sloping side of the fender, slid down it on to the running board, then rolled off into the street in front of my car. It all happened in a fraction of a second. The air was filled with shrieks and yells of passers-by.

Jumping out, I picked up the apparently lifeless child, placed her on the back seat, and headed for the hospital, three blocks down the street. Great was my relief to hear her moan after the first block had been passed. By the time I reached the receiving entrance of the hospital

start at the Top!



And *work up* a head of handsome, **healthy hair.** This part time job pays **big dividends,** for men who *"go places"* are invariably *well-groomed.* Write **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** on your memo pad and add *these two notes* to your success story:

Every Morning

brush *a* very *few drops* of **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** into your hair. The *natural oil* of this famous Tonic just *naturally* makes the hair good-looking...helps to overcome *dryness,* keeps unruly hair neat and in place...Remember that a certain amount of oil in the hair is necessary to its *best condition.*

Every Week

before shampooing, massage the scalp with plenty of **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** to *stimulate* scalp *circulation.* And, *after the shampoo* if your hair is inclined to be dry (and whose isn't), apply a very few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to *supplement* the deficient oils, help to combat dandruff.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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Tune in on radio's greatest personality show . . . starring Jean Hersholt in the role of the small town doctor of River's End . . . Hear him in the role of Dr. Christian next Sunday . . . Columbia coast-to-coast...2:30 E.T. ...1:30 C.T...3:30 M.T...2:30 P.T.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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she was yelling, more in fright than in pain. I hustled her into the emergency room, gave my name and address, and left. Ike was waiting at the corner.

"Kid dead?" he asked.

"No," I said. And then—that child had been just about the size of my own boy—I was violently sick.

Ike drove us to school. We got there ten minutes before the time for my examination. Ike got me into the anteroom of the lab, and went to get some soda bicarb.

Presently Dr. Gunnett—Dr. Janet Gunnett, one of the "regular fellows" on the faculty—appeared at the door and wagged her finger at me to come in. My heart sank.

"Sit down," she commanded, and proceeded to take my pulse. "You're not so good, are you?"

"Oh, I guess I'm O. K.," I managed.

"You had good marks all year," she said. "Get out of here, and come back at four thirty this afternoon."

At four thirty I came back, shaky but more composed. I got a 90. Ike, the old fraud, hadn't gone for soda at all. He'd sneaked into the side door of the anatomy lab, broken in on Dr. Gunnett giving a quiz—an unforgivable offense—told her what had happened, and pleaded to have my time changed.

She's a lucky girl—that one of Ike's.

Although I had been working with Uncle Billy nearly two years now, I had yet to see a "death on the table." The reason, I figured, was that he was just as careful with the simplest cases as with the most complex. It had surprised me, at first, that he bothered to do such things as tonsillectomies. Like most laymen, I had always thought that having your tonsils out was simple.

"Well, it isn't," said Uncle Billy. "At best, it is a dangerous job, a hard field to get at, and a field pretty hard to see, due to hemorrhage. A tonsil properly removed, capsule and all, and with ties at all bleeding points, makes a surgeon's job. Done any other way, it may cause regrowth, hemorrhage, a general mess, and too often, unfortunately, death. As a matter of fact the mortality rate from the work of the average general practitioner, who goes to New York and takes a two months' course in tonsil work, then comes home and sets up as a throat specialist, is appalling."

That very day I was to see the needless sacrifice, through no fault of Uncle Billy, of a lovely girl about nineteen years old who had come to the hospital for what she believed was a "simple" tonsillectomy.

A LEADING hospital surgeon like Uncle Billy, who operates on one patient after another, hours on end, must depend absolutely on the diagnosis and preparation of the doctors in charge of the cases. He does, as skillfully as he knows how, the operation which is indicated on the chart which is placed in his hands. If the diagnosis is wrong, if the preparation is hurried and incomplete, he, like the patient, is the innocent victim of another's ignorance, carelessness, or neglect.

The patient that I speak of came into the operating room all smiles, in that state of exaltation and nervousness so often encountered under such circumstances.

"You seem to be very happy," I said.

"I'm scared," she replied, "but Dr. Hanscomb says my tonsils have given me so much trouble, I certainly will be glad when they are out."

Dr. Brown, the anesthetist, listened to her heart with his stethoscope. He looked grave and puzzled. He turned to Dr. Mann and whispered:

"That girl's heart has a weak first sound."

"Get in Hanscomb," Uncle Billy said. "It is his patient. We'll see what he has been treating her for."

Hanscomb was sent for. After a few moments he arrived. He never walked into a room. Busy man! He always exploded into a room. All went into an adjoining chamber for a conference. Brown stated that he thought the girl's heart was "not so good."

"Have no fear, Dr. Mann," pompously declared Dr. Hanscomb, ignoring old Dr. Brown entirely. "Been a patient of mine for a long time. She had a slight sore throat three weeks ago, but her condition is excellent. You fellows are overcautious. I'll take the responsibility."

Uncle Billy hesitated—but what could he do? The girl was the other man's patient.

"O. K. You should know," he said finally. "If you assume the responsibility, I'll remove the tonsils. Put her under, Brown—but watch her!"

Dr. Brown administered the anesthetic, which did not produce any ill effects other than long first anesthesia or excitement state. Uncle Billy had succeeded in getting out one tonsil when the young woman's face suddenly became cyanotic (blue), and bright red blood frothed from her mouth.

Figuring that she was strangling from blood coming from the tonsil wound, I immediately put the suction tip deep into the throat; but inspection showed that the fossae were not bleeding much. The blood was coming up her trachea from the lungs.

Dr. Brown meanwhile had shut off the ether feed on the anesthetic machine, and was giving the patient pure oxygen. Her normal color returned at once. After a few minutes we proceeded with the operation; but just as soon as Dr. Brown turned down the oxygen and began giving ether with it, she again became cyanotic.

"Listen to her heart," commanded Uncle Billy.

Her heart was beating irregularly and very fast, and I so informed him. He also listened, then raised his head from the girl's chest, a pained and frightened look on his face.

"This is an acute dilatation of the heart!" he cried. "Coramine, quick! Hurry it along!"

We took the girl into the adjoining emergency room, where Dr. Hanscomb, with an anxious face, met us.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Acute dilatation of the heart!" snapped Uncle Billy cuttingly; and, turning to me, commanded, "Give her oxygen, plenty of it."

FROM eleven o'clock until five o'clock I sat, giving that girl oxygen and carbon dioxide, while the hospital physicians prescribed stimulants.

When at five o'clock she was still blue, even with plenty of oxygen, I called Uncle Billy. He came at once. He told me right away that there was no hope for her. At five minutes of six she died.

Her physician, by being too busy or too ignorant to diagnose her condition properly, was as responsible for this girl's death as if he had deliberately put her "on the spot."

"We can't get an autopsy," Uncle Billy confided. "Hanscomb would never stand for it. But go up to the lab; make a frozen section of the tonsil we removed, and a stained section. Have Dr. Miller see if there was anything in the tonsil that caused the trouble."

Dr. Miller made a stained section while I made a frozen one. Finishing his, he looked at it under the microscope, and exclaimed:

"Ach, das tonsil ist full of diphtheria bacilli! Dot girl has hat diphtheria!"

"Excellent condition indeed!" snorted Uncle Billy, when he was told. "Why, I'll bet that Hanscomb never looked into the girl's throat or made a smear for culture. No wonder she died!"

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"What *can* I do? He's a doctor, isn't he, just as much as I am?"

I thought of the drunken McConnell and the boy on the clinic table.

If Uncle Billy could have put his hands on his culpable colleague right then and there, I think he would have wrung his neck.

In my two encounters with "medical ethics," I had seen them interpreted thus: If one physician is aware that another physician, through carelessness or ignorance or neglect, causes a patient to lose his life or to be unnecessarily butchered, the first physician must keep the fact secret.

I was beginning to wonder if I wanted to be a doctor, after all!

Why were most of the good men on the medical school's faculty merely associate professors? A grim explanation will be divulged by Dr. "Raymond" next week—and he will tell of a tragic death that followed three wrong diagnoses.

"MARY'S BIG RADIO CHANCE
Threatened by a COLD"
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It had started, Tarleton now knew, from the moment she and Cornish met.

THE awaited opportunity had come.

A skirmish with the enemy had scattered the flight. He and Cornish, flying Bristol Fighters, were alone, high above territory occupied by the Germans. Best of all, scattered clouds occasionally hid them from eyes that might report the unusual occurrence.

Tarleton was flying a little behind and to the left of Cornish, leader of the disbanded flight. They were now headed for home, and he could see Cornish's helmeted head turn this way and that, scouting trouble.

He had trouble very close to him, trouble he least expected. The very next cloud Cornish took for cover would also cover the manner of his taking off. Tarleton would close in behind him and give him the burst of his drum—in the back, where the swine deserved it.

Ever since their return from leave, two days ago, he had planned to kill Cornish.

Two days. It seemed like two years—two centuries. He had thought of killing him openly, a way more after Tarleton's heart. It wasn't consideration for Elsie that stayed that bullet. It was thoughts of his family, his father, Sir Gerald Tarleton, K. C. B., his mother, his two younger brothers.

Tarleton had known Cornish for more than a year, had liked him, found in him a companionable soul from the start. There was a quiet, unobtrusive recklessness about him that hinted, Tarleton often decided, at some hidden past, some stain that rankled. And in this intuitive analysis he had been right.

An exploit in the air had earned Cornish the D. S. O., that envied ribbon he preferred not to wear on the breast of his tunic.

"Can't," he tersely confided. "Won't—until I can wear it under my own, my rightful name. Jim," he said to Tarleton, "I've fought beside you, accepted your friendship, your hospitality, your good will. Now I'm going to tell you the sort of cove you've been hobnobbing with these past five months.

"I went to all sorts of elaborate flimflamming to climb into the uniform under the name of Private Paul Cornish. Could have got in under my own name, of course. I'd served my term—honorably. But that would have found its way into the papers again, and I'd caused my family enough heartache of that sort.

"Only one of my people left when the war broke out. I'd shamed my father and mother into their graves. Embezzlement. Don't know to this day why I did it. Just a lad of twenty-two—mixed up with a fast racing set. They gave me five years."

And Cornish had looked at him, the ghost of a smile on his clean-shaven lips, once more prisoner at the bar.

"There you are, Jim. I thought, if I ever did anything worth while over here, I'd come out from under when it was over, in the hope of being forgiven. So now you know the sort of chap you've been drinking beer with."

Tarleton hadn't hesitated for a second. He thrust out his hand. "You're all right with me, Paul. No matter what you did in the past, nothing can detract from what you've done, what you're doing, here. I'm not even curious as to your real name. Paul Cornish is the man I know and admire—admire now all the more."

Admired him so much that he had once delayed going on leave so that they might go together. Liked him so well that he had introduced him to Elsie, invited him to dinner.

It had started, Tarleton now knew, from the moment she and Cornish met in their London apartment. His keen eyes had discerned on Cornish's handsome face a rapt, intense look of—what? Then, Tarleton couldn't say. He knew it now. "At last—and perhaps too late," Cornish's eyes were saying to her, "we two have met. If only we had met earlier!"

And Elsie? She was also under an instantaneous spell.

Since then he wondered if Cornish had seen her privately during that first London leave? If so, it had been neatly arranged. He, Tarleton, seldom had been away from her longer than an hour or so, loving her to the point of madness as he had.

He had met Elsie Mannersly the preceding summer while training at Roehampton, had fallen in love with her on the instant. Like most of her countrywomen, she was doing her bit, engaged in some minor but exhausting capacity in one of the London hospitals. So ardent was that courtship that weeks before he went to France she was his wife, installed in a West End apartment.

There, in the foreground of a brutal war, nightly in danger from enemy bombs, their happiness had been indescribable. When the orders came, and he had to leave her, they clung to each other as if no force on earth could pull them apart. Frantic instructions begging her to take care of herself, a final, strained good-by, and he had torn himself away.

That egregious performance he duplicated six months later, on the occasion of the first leave from France—with Cornish. Looking back, he might have known that something was wrong by reason of the man's obviously invented excuses. For after the initial meeting, Cornish, whenever invited to join them, conveniently had some other, trumped-up engagement.

Tarleton had thought it rather decent of him, believing that Cornish realized he and Elsie wished to be alone. They had met—to Tarleton's knowledge—just once again: at Victoria Station, when she came to see them off. And again there had been that enslaved look in her eyes.

The sword had plunged home a few days before their second leave.

They were back from patrol duty, a ticklish job. Both were feeling the strain of things a little. The mail had arrived from England, and the orderly was spinning letters through the air to respective bunks.

One of the things that had first drawn him to Cornish was the pathetic fact that nobody ever wrote to him. Lately, however, the orderly now and then called his name, pitching to him a solitary letter as against Tarleton's four or five.

This was another such occasion. The letter spun to Cornish escaped his hand, fell to the floor of the hut. Tarleton's eyes caught the inscription. Elsie's hand had written it.

There yet remained in Tarleton a whispering of manliness. Why not ask Cornish about it? Why not write to Elsie: "I notice you're cheering Cornish up with an occasional letter. Very considerate of you, dear. You know what I told you about him. He has few friends." No, why not go on his very knees to her, beg her to end the agony creeping over him from some fanciful, absurd notion that she cared for Cornish?

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

DEAD MAN'S Secret

A tense, dramatic tale of war, a woman, and murder in the heart

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Belief in her still throbbed in his heart, but mounting pain began to demand justification, urged him to prove why it had been thrust upon him. And he resolved to prove or disprove his suspicions while still hiding his jealousy.

To his own amazement, fear took such a grip on him that he was unable to face her alone the first evening of their second London leave. He insisted that all three dine together; brought Cornish with him directly to the apartment. Little disappointment on her lovely face, he quickly had noted. Oh, there had been no ostensible slackening of warmth in her greeting of him. Her arms flew to him, her kisses had been multiplied. But now Tarleton couldn't rid himself of the conviction that these demonstrative affections were a sign of her guilt, since they were acted in front of Cornish.

When she said good night to Cornish, her hand was lingeringly removed from the hidden pressure of his brown fingers. And Tarleton had thought: *Embezzlement—five years.* Once a thief, always a thief.

How had it gone thereafter? Tarleton tried to follow it through the clouds ahead and below him, in the mist of a shattered love, a lost heaven and earth.

Insanely, leaving her on the excuse of visiting his people in Hampshire, he had, instead, remained in London, seen them walking together in Hyde Park, observed their clasped hands, their rapturous glances.

And that last evening, two days ago. Cornish's own madness actually brought him to the apartment to say good-by to her. In the tattered fabric of Tarleton's lost soul one sentimental thread yet held. On this, some exquisite pain had played, and he had given them a moment or so alone, excusing himself on some pretense or other. And in doing so he had seen her arms go around his neck, her lips quickly, secretly, given.

That precise moment he determined to kill Cornish. When he returned to the room, he had gone, was already down in the street, waiting, Elsie told him, in the taxi.

Tarleton forced one word from his throat:

"Good-by."

She had studied him with suddenly frightened eyes. He was at the door when she ran to him.

"Jim, let me explain. Jim—don't go without—Jim!" His name mingled with a scream, and Tarleton left with the echo of it ringing in his ears.

Now, as he sat tense, he could still hear that scream above the roar of his engine.

The sequel of it all was nearing now; and for one paralyzing moment Tarleton thought Cornish would avoid the clouds, fly over or around them. The sky was free of enemy planes. But in the next instant Cornish nosed down and strategically sought cover.

Tarleton followed about fifty feet behind and to the left. For a few moments Cornish's plane was lost to him. The clouds thinned and Tarleton ruddered over so that his aim was more direct.

On a sudden he felt despicable, the gorge of it rising in his throat, nauseating him. Grimly he bit his lips, sighted the back of Cornish's head, put a resolved thumb to the button. In that same second something ripped through his wings, his fuselage, knocked his left arm askew, and shattered like so much glass part of his instrument board!

A backward glance and he saw three enemy planes arrowed down on him. Cornish saw them too. An upward swoop and he vanished, while Tarleton plunged down, a spray of lead perforating his wings.

Through more clouds lower down, the rain of lead ceasing, and he was clear at four thousand feet. Tarleton leveled off and looked about him. Above, to his right, Cornish was in the thick of it. He had looped and got in behind those planes, broken up their formation. The realization of that gallant action made Tarleton feel weak all over—but, working his arms and legs by sheer will power, feeling a sting on his upper left arm, he climbed upward.

Through his goggles he watched an enemy ship go spinning down, and immediately another withdrew. Curiously, Cornish was headed downward.

Tarleton put a burst into the remaining Pfalz, without much effect, and the scrap was over. He then followed his leader for home. Cornish was acting strangely; something was wrong with his ship.

They were over their own lines now, and as Tarleton caught up with him, he saw, to his horror, that Cornish's head, his face a red smear, had dropped forward on his chest. His senses were gone, his body was inert.

He would crash. Tarleton scanned the treacherous shell-torn territory ahead of them. By some miracle Cornish's plane seemed to straighten out of its own will, had gone into a long low glide. Tarleton was close behind him, and as some artillerymen left their gun pits to view the proceedings, he yelled over the side:

"Doctor! Doctor—quick!"

TWO hundred yards farther on Cornish's plane hit the ground and sickeningly overturned. Tarleton landed less disastrously, but before he could reach the scene of the crash, Cornish was being carried to the Arras-Cambrai road, down which rushed an ambulance car.

It all happened with incredible speed, that last half hour. Tarleton rode in the ambulance with him, struggling with an ignominious longing to touch, hold a motionless hand.

At the field dressing station he blessed the sight of a medical officer, breathed into his deflated lungs a quivering hope. Cornish was carried inside the little dugout, and Tarleton stood, graven, some little distance away from the entrance.

He wasn't thinking of Elsie now. He wasn't thinking of Cornish. He was thinking of himself, and wondering if ever again he could look his fellow man in the face.

The doctor came out, and on wooden legs Tarleton took a step toward him. All he could do was question the doctor with beseeching eyes. The answer was a grave shake of the head. "He wants to see you," the doctor said.

Tarleton entered the small dressing station.

"Like to say—good-by, Jim. Like to thank you for being so kind to me—London—all that."

Their hands joined. Tarleton's was the colder.

"She wanted to tell you," Cornish was whispering. "But I loved her—wanted her to be happy—was afraid that if she told . . . You meant so much to her, Jim. She begged me always to look after you for her."

That faintly proud smile hovered about his lips.

"You see, I'm a Mannersly, too," he smiled, closing his eyes. "Elsie is my—sister."

THE END

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

by Former Governor
HAROLD G. HOFFMAN
of New Jersey

Now comes the inside story of those final hectic, bizarre events that led to the night of Hauptmann's death

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE morning after his talk with Attorney General Wilentz, Governor Hoffman went to see Mrs. Hauptmann, whose husband was expecting to be put to death next day. He told her that if Hauptmann's life was to be spared, she must now go and get him to tell the whole truth. Should he do so, the Attorney General, if convinced, would join with the Governor in asking to have the sentence changed to life imprisonment. Mrs. Hauptmann indignantly refused. To her mind, her Richard was "innozent," as he had said. But she agreed to go and ask him if he would answer any questions put to him by the Attorney General and the Governor. Later she telephoned that he would, but his story would be "just the same." When Wilentz learned that this was Hauptmann's attitude, he refused to take part in questioning him. That afternoon the Governor announced that he was granting a thirty-day reprieve, that there might be time for further investigation.

Justice Trenchard set the week of March 30 for the execution, and Colonel Kimberling set the night of March 31. Meanwhile Samuel Liebowitz called on the Governor. He had interviewed Hauptmann in his cell. "I can make this fellow tell the truth," he said; "but I need your help."

PART SIX—LIEBOWITZ, WENDEL, PARKER

WELL, Mr. Liebowitz," was my reply to the man who had been known as the Great Defender, "if you have a plan to get the truth, I'm one hundred per cent for it. That's the thing I've been searching for, but I'm still a long way from it—and so is everybody else!"

Then the noted Brooklyn lawyer unfolded his plan.

My amazement deepened.

Long before the verdict in the Flemington trial—even before the defendant had taken the witness chair—Liebowitz had declared, writing for the New York Evening Journal, that Bruno Richard Hauptmann was guilty. He had reiterated it, I understood, in his radio broadcasts. And yet this man, standing before me in my home—now, God save the mark! a member of the "defense counsel"—was once more expressing his opinion that Hauptmann was guilty and requesting my co-operation in a plan to get his confession.

Subsequently Sidney B. Whipple, in one of the great number of books dumped upon the market to convince the public of Hauptmann's guilt and the fairness of the trial, was to say: "The Governor succeeded in interesting a noted New York criminal attorney, Samuel Liebowitz, in the case." This was not the most glaring in a series of inaccuracies in Mr. Whipple's book, for this prolific writer on crime, whenever the necessity appeared for furnishing a missing link in the chain of literary evidence against the German carpenter, apparently drew heavily upon his imagination. But at this point, for the information of the public, it seems to be necessary to supplant fiction with facts.

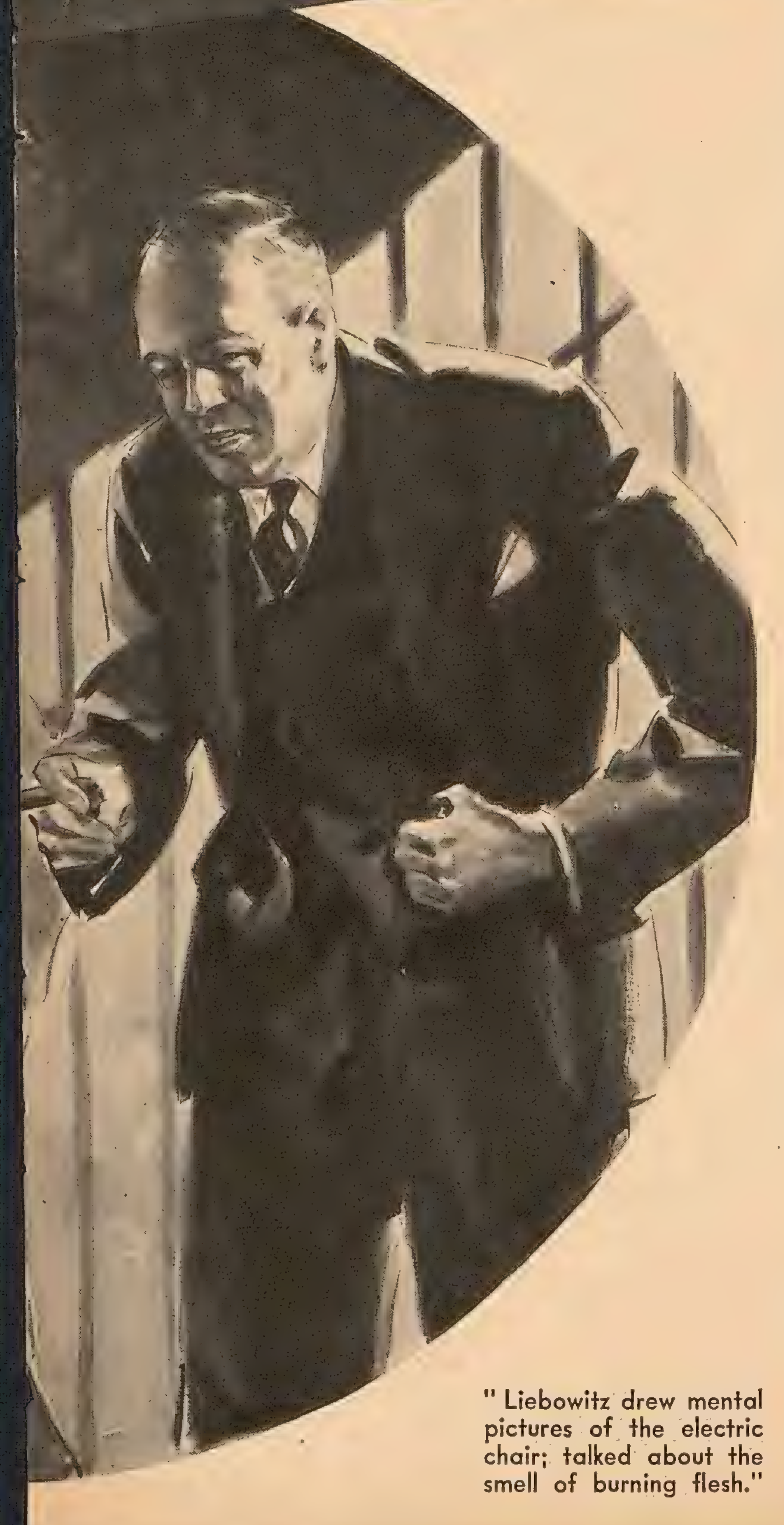
I had no part in getting Mr. Liebowitz interested in this case. I was, as previously stated, in Mercer Hospital, Trenton, convalescing after an operation, when I

THE
ALAN HUGHES

CRIME-THE CASE THE CHALLENGE

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALAN HUGHES



" Liebowitz drew mental pictures of the electric chair; talked about the smell of burning flesh."

first learned of Mr. Liebowitz' entrance in the matter. I never saw nor had I communicated with the attorney until after he had visited Hauptmann in the State Prison.

To Mrs. Hauptmann, the distracted wife of the man who was shortly to walk to his death, it had been represented that Liebowitz could and would save her husband from the electric chair. Preyed upon by nearly every one with a theory or a plan, the frantic woman had visited the prison and had prevailed upon her husband to name the Brooklyn man as a member of the defense counsel—for only in that way, under the New Jersey law, could Liebowitz have obtained access to the prison and to cell 9, which held the doomed prisoner.

On February 11 Hauptmann wrote to Colonel Mark Kimberling, " I do not care to see Lloyd Fisher or any of my other attorneys until I notify you personally in writing at a near future date. I wish to thank you in advance for your co-operation in this matter and further trust it meets with your approval. For your Information I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Samuel Leibowitz [this name had been inserted in handwriting other than Hauptmann's]. It is my defenite understanding that all arrangements have been made by my wife for such a interview." The newspapers carried the information that Hicks had prevailed upon Mrs. Hauptmann to use Liebowitz as a member of the defense counsel.

Before seeing me Liebowitz had twice seen the prisoner; once with Mrs. Hauptmann and again with Pastor Matthiesen. He had gotten nowhere. He admitted that to me, although to the press he continued to express his belief that Hauptmann was guilty. Never once in these conversations—and this was verified by prison guards who had been in attendance at the interviews—had Hauptmann made the slightest admission, nor had he been trapped during the grueling cross fire of the lawyer's questions. Liebowitz' visit to me, his plea for my help, was further proof that he had not accomplished what was apparently his mission.

I listened attentively to his plan.

" Governor," said Liebowitz, " this fellow is guilty—guilty as hell—but he won't admit it."

" But, Mr. Liebowitz," I said, " you have been saying for many weeks that he was guilty. You said long ago [New York Evening Journal, January 29, 1935: Bruno, Seeing Chair, Will Name Accomplices] that Hauptmann was guilty and that when he was convicted and sentenced he would name his accomplices or the principals to whom he was an accomplice."

" Yes," said the lawyer; " and he will still do it, when I get at him."

" But you have been at him," I replied, " and yet he hasn't named any one."

" The reason for that," was Liebowitz' retort, " is that Lloyd Fisher keeps continually telling him that he is innocent, and that he will save him—that you will save him. Now, what I want you to do is ask Fisher to go with me to the prison and tell Hauptmann in my presence that he believes he is guilty—that you will no longer help him. There isn't a guilty man in the world that I can't break down—I'll have him crying for help if you'll get Fisher to do that."

I said I would talk with Fisher, and I did. Fisher at

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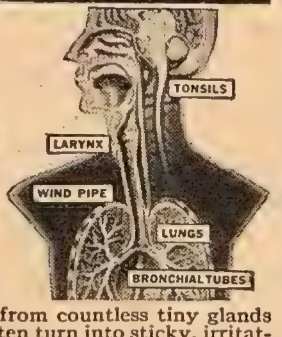

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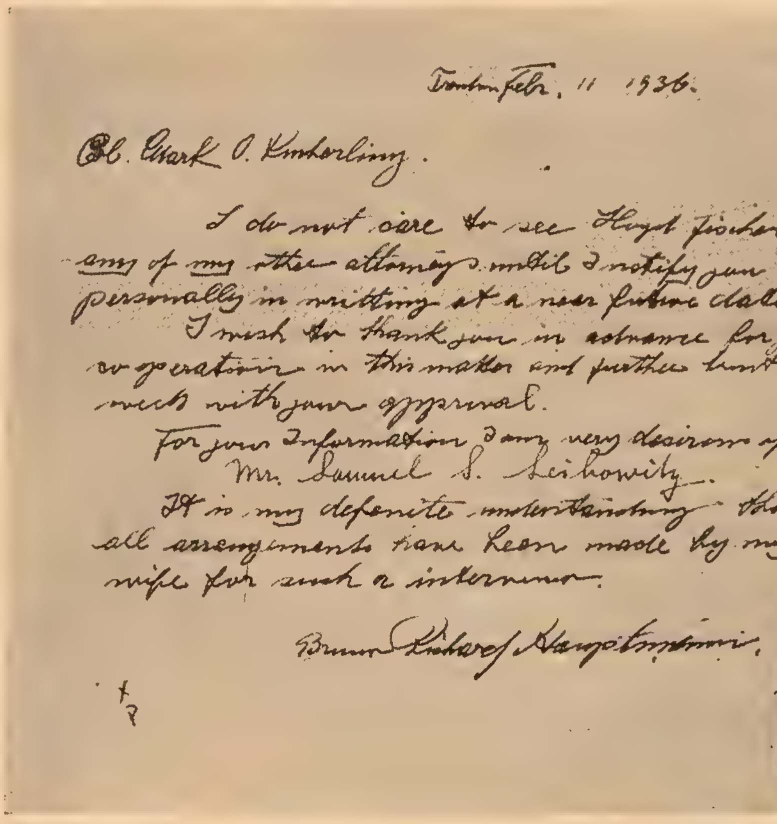
first wanted nothing to do with Liebowitz. " He came into the case without my knowledge," he said. " He and Hicks worked on poor Mrs. Hauptmann and she convinced Richard that Liebowitz was going to save his life. They pushed me out of the case."

I finally obtained Fisher's consent to see the Brooklyn lawyer, but he insisted that I accompany him. Once more I became a party to a plan suggested as a " sure-thing " way to obtain Hauptmann's confession. But if it would aid in getting the truth it was a worth-while venture. Here was a man with a reputation as one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the nation bubbling over with confidence in his own ability to make Hauptmann " crack." That " cracking " of the convicted man might remove the doubt, might supply the missing information demanded by the thousands upon thousands of people who insisted that the doubt be removed before a human life was taken by my state.



Trenton Febr. 11 1936.

Col. Mark O. Kimberling.

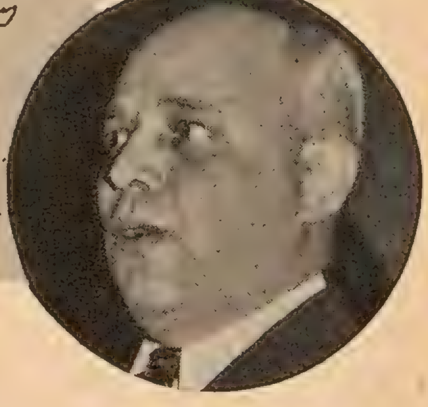
I do not care to see Lloyd Fischer or any of my other attorneys until I notify you personally in writting at a near future date

I wish to thank you in advance for your co-operation in this matter and further hope it meets with your approval.

For your Information I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Samuel S. Leibowitz.

It is my definite understanding that all arrangements have been made by my wife for such a interview.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann.



Hauptmann's request to see Liebowitz (at right), with the lawyer's name inserted in another hand.

After Liebowitz' second visit to the prison he had issued press statements indicating that he still believed Hauptmann guilty. The distraught wife and her adviser, Lieutenant Hicks, realizing their mistake, implored Fisher to come back into the case. Hicks called Fisher at Flemington at three o'clock the following morning, stating that he was on the way to the Clinton House, at Clinton, and wanted Fisher to join them to discuss the Liebowitz situation. Fisher replied that they had created the situation; that he would not go to Clinton at that time in the morning; that there was nothing to do but allow Liebowitz to continue his visits.

The young defense lawyer, however, did go to Clinton later in the morning, and found a bitter woman and a contrite " criminologist " imploring his aid. They urged him to go to the prison to have Richard sign a letter removing Liebowitz from the case and advising the warden to deny him access to the prison. Fisher refused, saying that the barring of the lawyer-journalist would be accepted as indicating that Hauptmann was afraid of being questioned. He knew that the prisoner then, as always, had invited questioning. " Let Liebowitz play out his string," was his advice.

But Liebowitz, not discouraged by his two futile attempts to make Hauptmann break down, called me to arrange a visit with Fisher. He called Fisher directly. Fisher and I agreed to meet Liebowitz at the Hotel Towers, in Brooklyn, that night. We met at the Hotel New Yorker and went to the Brooklyn hotel by cab. Although Liebowitz had assured us of the utmost secrecy, reporters quickly made their appearance in the hotel lobby and followed us to the rooms the lawyer had engaged. Photographers were there, too, and we insisted upon privacy for our talk. The manager of the hotel placed his suite, on an upper floor, at our disposal, and there Liebowitz, Fisher, and I had our conference. John Terry, Liebowitz' assistant, came in during part of the session.

The fiery Fisher let Liebowitz know in no unmistakable terms that he resented his intrusion into the case under the representation that he was a member of the defense counsel; that he considered it unethical to gain admission to Hauptmann's cell and, after lengthy questioning that produced no results to warrant such a declaration, to state publicly later that his client was guilty.

" But," said Liebowitz, " the important thing is to get the truth." I assented to that; restated my burning desire to get the truth, whether that truth indicated that Hauptmann was the lone criminal, whether he was innocent, or whether there were others involved.

To Fisher Liebowitz said: "This fellow would have confessed long ago but for you. You are his 'prop'—his 'crutch.' He is leaning on you to save his life. Instead of telling him that he is guilty, you are bolstering up his courage by your belief that he is innocent."

"He *is* innocent," angrily retorted Fisher, "and you know it, too. But you have said and written that he is guilty and that he will name his accomplices. And you don't want the world to know that the great Liebowitz could make a mistake!"

I succeeded in getting Fisher calmed down. "How, Mr. Liebowitz, do you think you can get a confession?"

"By Lloyd going with me to the prison tomorrow and, in my presence, telling Hauptmann not that he is innocent but that he is guilty. I want him to tell Bruno that the jig is up; that you do not have the power—and you haven't—to save his life. If Fisher will do that, Hauptmann is sure to break. We'll get the truth!"

"Suppose you don't," interposed Fisher. "Will you then tell the world that he is innocent?"

"Yes," agreed Liebowitz. "But don't worry about that." He smiled complacently. "When I get through with him you'll find out that he is guilty. He'll be crying for mercy."

Fisher went through with his bargain. In the interim he did not see Hauptmann. The day following the Hotel Towers interview he went with Liebowitz to the prison—the longest, and one of the strangest, prison interviews on record. But Liebowitz forgot his part of the bargain. Emerging from the prison disheveled and tired, he said, "My opinion as to Hauptmann's guilt, which I had after close study of the evidence in the case, has not been changed one bit by the three intensive and exhaustive conferences at the death house."

THE Great Defender forgot that part of that early "opinion" was that the convicted Bruno had several accomplices; that he would name them when he was within sight of the electric chair. Announcing that he was "withdrawing" from the case, Liebowitz, baffled in his efforts to secure a confession, admitted that Fisher had helped in every way possible. "Lloyd Fisher today has been more than co-operative," he said.

But let Lloyd Fisher tell the story of that prison visit:

"Without any word of warning to Hauptmann, we went to the death house for what turned out to be the weirdest death-cell interview ever held. We were there for four hours and twenty minutes—from two o'clock until six twenty. Liebowitz, in the most brutal language possible, pointed out to Hauptmann that the chair was inevitable; that there wasn't a chance in the world to escape. He drew mental pictures of the chair; talked about the smell of burning flesh. He pointed to the death chamber just a few feet away.

"He went into lengthy theories, asking Hauptmann, too, his opinion as to how the crime had been committed—and what not. He started playing with figures in connection with the handwriting, and finally had it worked out to a point where it was 670 to 1 that Hauptmann didn't write the ransom notes. As Liebowitz would make what he considered to be a telling point he would look at me and ask, 'Isn't that so, Lloyd?' and in line with the arrangement, whether or not the statement was true, I would agree with him. After four hours Liebowitz reached a point where he could stand little more. He was perspiring and bedraggled and he had broken a small vein in his eye. Every single argument he had advanced had been met, freely and frankly, by Hauptmann. Finally Liebowitz announced that he was ready to leave."

A grim sense of humor was shown by the prisoner at that time. "As we took our departure," said Fisher, "Hauptmann, through the bars, said, 'Come back, Mr. Liebervitcz, if you haf any more questions to ask.' Then he added: 'You know, I haf lots of time.'"

Liebowitz' association, in the public mind, with the defense counsel and the reaffirmance of his belief in Hauptmann's guilt after three long prison interviews was accepted widely as further proof that Bruno was the sole perpetrator of the Lindbergh kidnap. Yet, according

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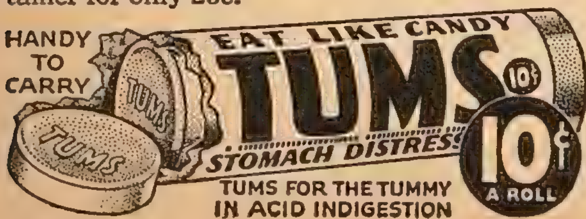


to those who accompanied the lawyer to the cell and who heard the merciless grilling, there had not been the slightest break from Hauptmann's oft-repeated protestations of innocence nor a perceptible swerve from the story he had told at Flemington.

This was one more publicly announced "desertion" from the defense. Back in the days of the Hunterdon County trial the weak array of handwriting "experts" for Hauptmann, and the explanation of the Attorney General that the engaged experts had hurriedly deserted the defense, were gleefully accepted by the press as further evidence of the German's guilt. After comparing the ransom notes with Hauptmann's handwriting, they solemnly announced, the similarity in writing was so obvious that the experts did not have the nerve to testify. Then, too, the press carried the announcement that Egbert Rosecrans, one of the defense counsel staff, had told State House reporters that Hauptmann was guilty.

Now Liebowitz, defense counsel, after three long interviews with Hauptmann in prison, had emerged with the statement that Hauptmann was guilty and simultaneously had "withdrawn" from the case.

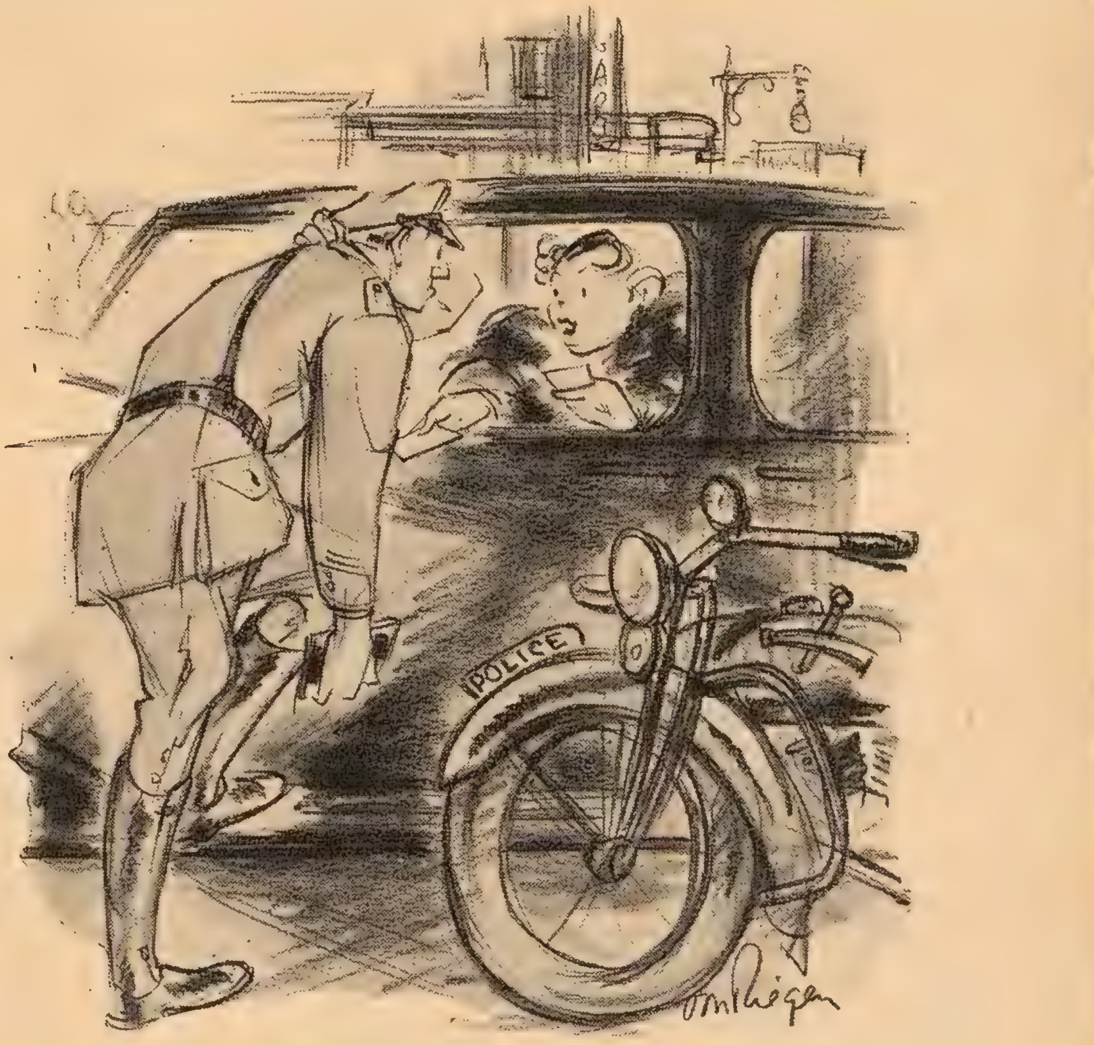
The fact that there was a far different reason for the nonappearance of defense handwriting "experts" at Flemington (which I shall subsequently show—and prove); that Rosecrans denied admitting that his client was guilty (see newspaper front pages for Rosecrans' "admission"—and look among the classified ads for his denial); and that Liebowitz was seeking a "confession" after being admitted to the prison upon a misunderstanding by the bewildered wife of Hauptmann, made no difference. That ephemeral and fickle thing known as "public opinion" needed bolstering, too, in those confusing days, and willing props were found to accomplish that strengthening.

I had made every effort to find the truth. I had visited Hauptmann's former home in the Bronx. I had examined the ladder; I had climbed up into the attic and looked at the disputed flooring. I had visited St. Raymond's Cemetery, paced off the distance from where "John" had made known his presence to "Jafsie" Condon, and the spot, in front of Bergen's greenhouse, where Colonel Lindbergh had heard the voice that he remembered—and identified—after two and one half years had elapsed.

I had seen some interesting exhibits, witnessed some important tests—the results of which will find their way into succeeding chapters of this story.

On every hand I had been blocked, buffeted, and ridiculed—as had every one else, down to this day, who had dared to challenge the lone-wolf theory or who had displayed the temerity to publicly ask for facts. The courts had spoken, Hauptmann had had a fair trial (*sic*), and everything had resolved to a point where Hauptmann was to burn up, everybody else was to shut up.

Strange characters continued to weave in and out of my daily life. News writers, editorial writers, and radio commentators, many of whom made no visible effort to obtain the



"Oh, thank you, officer—and here's a ticket for you for our Ladies' Aid bazaar!"

facts, continued to announce that Governor Hoffman was following this or that fantastic theory. They pursued their course—not all but a great majority—of ascribing to me deeds I had never thought of; words I had never spoken. I had neither the time nor the opportunity to deny many of these untruths. There were things I believed but which, as a member of the Court of Pardons again to hear Hauptmann's application for commutation, I could not say. During this period, when I was in many respects "gagged" by the rules of the court, an incorrect picture of my position was built up for the public. When I did have the time and the inclination to deny some of these outlandish statements, the news of my denial would be invariably submerged in a newer, and wilder, report of my "scandalous" actions.

Through all the relentlessly marching days in the long parade of the machinery of the law, such investigations as I could make, with volunteer help and official hindrance, with no money, were going forward. On March 30 the Court of Pardons was again to hear Hauptmann's plea for commutation of sentence. In an atmosphere of confusion and hysteria, with other burdens of state pressing upon me, with renewed threats of impeachment, and with the inexorable hand of death moving toward Hauptmann, I was trying to sift the improbable and the imaginary from the sound and the reasonable and truthful. Radio and press joined in condemnation of my actions; I had no right, as governor, to ask questions or to seek the answers to questions raised by others. They agreed that I was wrong, definitely wrong.

Well, I might have been wrong, but I refuse to concede it. Time may make a final determination as to who was right, and who was wrong, in the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. Individuals are often wrong, but there are times when *mobs are wrong, too.*

THE confusion of the period preceding the session of the Court of Pardons and the date set for the execution, March 31, was intensified by the outcropping of the Wendel affair. The Labor News, a Trenton weekly newspaper, carried the story that Paul H. Wendel, whom I had known as Parker's suspect, had confessed to the commission of the Lindbergh crime. It became known that Wendel was somewhere in Parker's custody. Excitedly Attorney General Wilentz directed Colonel Schwarzkopf to demand the production of Wendel. Schwarzkopf wired Parker to produce Wendel, and the Burlington County detective delivered him up to James Kirkham, a detective serving under the staff of Prosecutor Irwin Marshall of Mercer County. Kirkham promptly lodged Wendel in the Mercer County Jail and charged him (Kirkham subsequently told me that this was done upon orders of the prosecutor) with murder.

The night Wendel was lodged in the jail the Attorney General and several members of the State Police force were at the Stacy Trent Hotel, and upon being informed that this man was incarcerated, Wilentz, Schwarzkopf, and others visited Wendel in his cell, and emerged after their conference with the statement that the "confession" was false and that it had been obtained under physical duress. It was announced, nevertheless, that the Mercer County Grand Jury would conduct a hearing.

The Court of Pardons met on March 30, and the Wendel "confession" added to the confusion before that body considered, and refused, Hauptmann's application for commutation to life in prison. In his application, which was presented by Lloyd Fisher and Fred Pope (his request to appear in person had been denied), Hauptmann attacked the testimony of the identification witnesses Whited, Hochmuth, Alexander, Rossiter, Condon, Barr, and Perrone, and cited reasons for disbelief in their evidence. The petition requested the Court of Pardons "to pass on these facts and matters with cool and calm deliberation—with deliberation that is not incited by the cry of the mob, nor by an overwhelming desire on the part of police officials to clear from their records a matter which has been baffling and embarrassing."

But Hauptmann once more maintained that he was completely innocent of the crime. Even though he had been given assurance that such a statement might entitle him to leniency at the hands of this court of mercy, he

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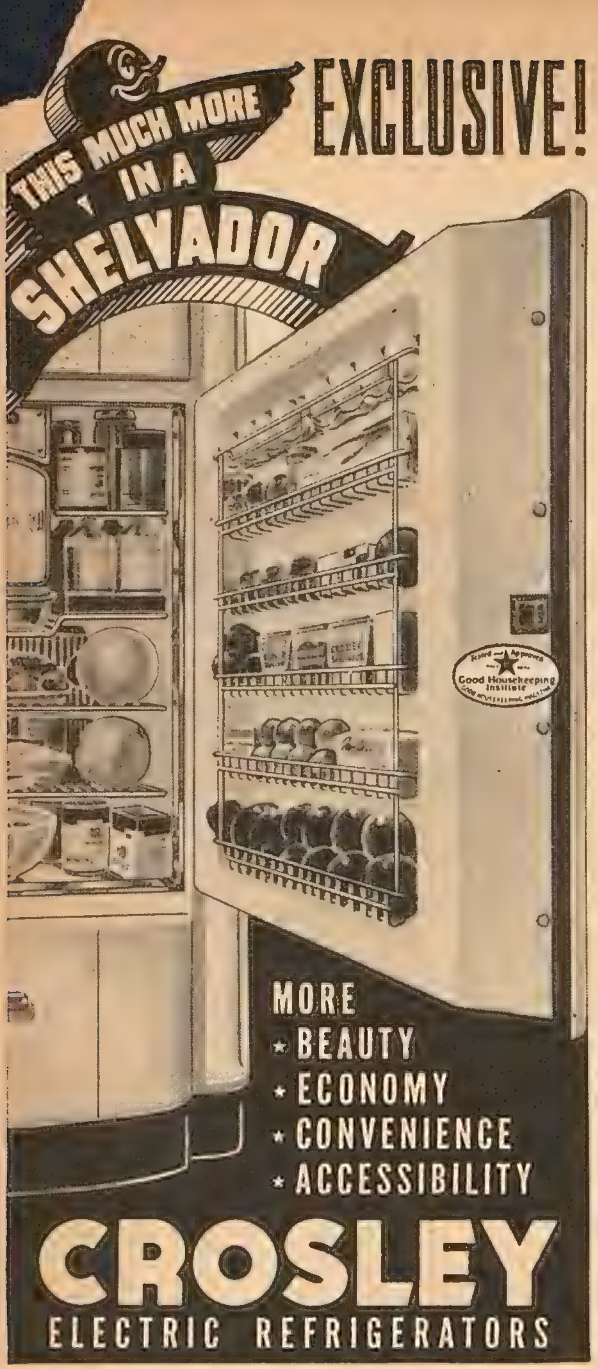

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steadfastly refused to say that he had had a hand in the kidnap and murder of the infant Lindbergh.

It was at the Court of Pardons that I saw *for the first time,* Messrs. Whipple and associates to the contrary notwithstanding, the purported Wendel confession. Parker had given copies of the confession to Judge Harold Wells of this court. Judge Wells had turned these copies over to the Chancellor, who, in turn, gave them to the Attorney General. Chancellor Campbell gave me one of the copies.

The Court of Pardons gave deaf ear to Hauptmann's plea. Mrs. Hauptmann, seizing what appeared to be the last straw to save her husband's life, made a charge of murder against Wendel in Hunterdon County. The Mercer County Grand Jury proceeded with its investigation. Parker, members of the Wendel family, Attorney General Wilentz, and many others were summoned before it.

THERE was a feeling of intense bitterness and a myriad of flying rumors as the hour set for Hauptmann's death approached. On the evening of March 31, as the witnesses were gathering in the death house, I was sitting in my hotel suite at the Hildebrecht, with three or four of my associates, when a telephone call came from Colonel Kimberling, the warden, announcing that he had postponed the execution upon the request of the Mercer County Grand Jury, transmitted through the foreman, Major Allyn Freeman.

I was once more charged with giving the prisoner a fresh lease upon life, although as a matter of fact I had no intimation, prior to the Kimberling call, that there was to be a postponement. Justice Trenchard had ordered the warden to execute Hauptmann during the week of March 30. Colonel Kimberling was with complete authority to postpone the death until, and including, Saturday night of that week, and he exercised it.

On the following day, upon the foreman's request, I appeared before the Grand Jury and told what I knew about the Wendel affair. The courthouse was jammed. There were more flying rumors. Assistant Attorney General Richard Stockton and Sergeant Ritchie, Colonel Schwarzkopf's chauffeur, occupied a room adjacent to the Grand Jury room, apparently interested in Wendel's defense.

Many witnesses were called. Doctor Condon was requested to appear, and declined. It was a mad, exciting period.

Colonel Kimberling announced that Hauptmann would be executed on the night of April 3.

The hours leading up to that night were filled chiefly with rumors concerning Wendel—and Parker. It was said that Wendel would be indicted for murder; that a majority of the members of the Grand Jury held that there was strong evidence against him—and it was said, too, that there would be no bill; that Wendel had convinced the jury, supported by Wilentz and others, that he had been kidnaped and tortured into giving a confession of participation in the crime. Wendel was not indicted; the vote, I understand, was close.

I had had no contacts with the Parkers in the weeks immediately preceding the date set for the execution of Hauptmann. But I did know this much about the Parker-Wendel matter: that the Burlington County detective had, since a few days after the kidnap of the Lindbergh baby, a burning conviction that Wendel was one of the participants—he still retains that belief. I never shared that belief, but I gave to Parker, as I had given to many others who were intent upon solving the mystery, tolerant and friendly co-operation.

Parker was not an interloper in the Lindbergh investigation. As previously pointed out, he had been requested by A. Harry Moore, then Governor, to interest himself in the matter. He had been consulted by Colonel A. J. McNab, Jr., who had been military attaché to the late Dwight Morrow when the grandfather of the kidnaped child had been ambassador to Mexico. In a letter shown me by Parker, written on March 9, Colonel McNab had said: "I have conferred with Colonel Lindbergh and I know that there is nothing in his attitude in conflict with the views expressed by you in your statement to the press."

The statement referred to was one issued by Parker in which the detective had expressed the belief that the police should be withdrawn from the Lindbergh home so that a contact might be made directly with the parents by the kidnapers; that the important thing was the safe return of the child, rather than the punishment of the criminals. That statement was issued by Parker, he told me, in the belief that it might lead to a contact. That contact was made, said Parker.

ALMOST as soon as it appeared he received a phone call from a man who represented that he was speaking for the persons in possession of the child. It was followed by other telephone calls. Parker, tracing them, was amazed to find that they came from Wendel, whom he had known.

Wendel was a former Trenton attorney, once disbarred and then reinstated. Later, under fire again for unethical transactions, he had resigned from the bar. He had been a druggist, with a knowledge of chemistry that was to fit into a theory that Parker was later to entertain in connection with the finding of the baby's body. There were seven indictments then standing against him in Mercer County, charging him with embezzlement, false pretenses, uttering worthless checks, and fraud as an executor. He had jumped bail and was a fugitive from justice.

Subsequently, in the story of his "torture" revelations written for Liberty, Wendel said: "Here was I, a simple, law-abiding citizen, snatched from the peaceful routine of my daily life." It is my opinion that Wendel deserves no sympathy. Undeniably he communicated with Parker, representing that he was in a position to return the child. Those representations exist in his own handwriting; for there followed a long series of communications, some of them written in code, from all parts of the country, to Parker and Anna Bading.

Parker had devoted his life to the cause of law and order. Books and magazine articles had been written about his successful exploits in crime detection. His fame as a detective was legendary in New Jersey; he had solved over three hundred crimes of violence there and in other states.

Suppose he did make a mistake in suspecting Wendel. Wendel had given Parker every reason to suspect him. And Parker is not the only one who might have followed a mistaken clue. The police had spent months and thousands of dollars of public funds in following Fleischer and members of the Purple Gang; Capone's associates had been suspected and trailed; Phyllis Liepold, daughter of Carl Oswin Geissler, the man who had been suspected by the police to be the mysterious "J. J. Faulkner," had been "tailed" on a trip to Canada and searched for the ransom money; Lindbergh and the police "fell" for the Curtis story, various newspapers had spent unbelievable sums of money in following leads given them by persons ranging from Harry Sitner, the diamond thief, down to obscure spiritualists and fortunetellers. The records indicate that Hauptmann was brutally beaten by the police; Curtis and others claim to have been subjected to third-degree methods; there are many strange stories told of questionable tactics employed by those engaged in the Lindbergh investigation.

IN a world topsy-turvy with excitement, men were stirred by the call, "Find the Lindbergh baby!" and many unquestionably overstepped the bounds of legal technicalities. There were overzealous police officials; Parker may have been one of them. But to me it hardly seems fair that this one man, his past record as an enforcement officer forgotten, should be singled out for punishment. Parker was given no co-operation, although he was officially investigating the case. Schwarzkopf refused to let him examine the ransom notes; Condon was advised by the State Police that he should give no information to Parker.

In view of the approaching death of Hauptmann, whom Parker believed to be innocent, and of his firm belief in the guilt of Wendel, inspired by Wendel himself, the old detective and his son, a clean-cut young man of hitherto unquestioned reputation, should not be too severely condemned because their minds were less upon technicalities and more upon substantial justice.

Shortly after the Lindbergh kidnaping in 1932, Garrett Schenck, a

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

DR. T. J. RASTEL'I
London Physician

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you.

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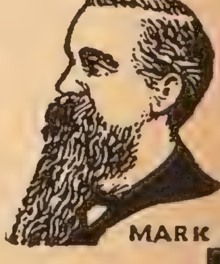
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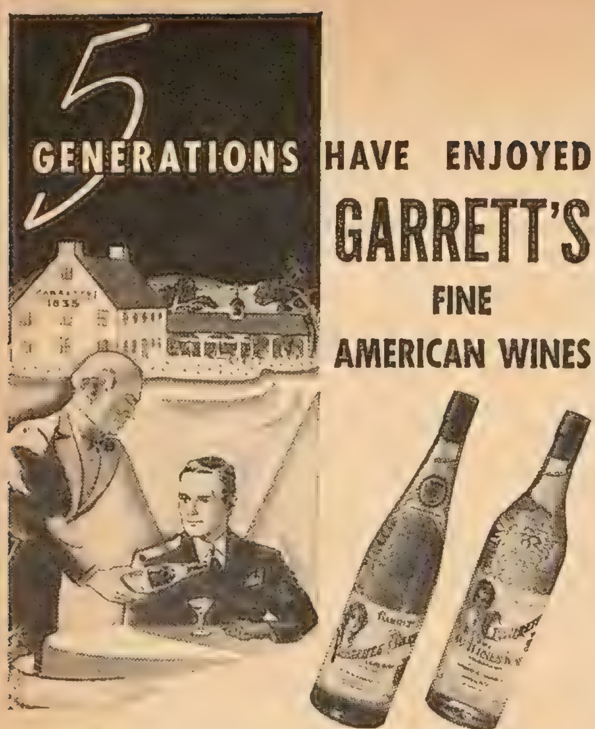
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



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Hopewell fish dealer suspected by private detectives of being a participant in the Lindbergh crime, was seized in New Jersey, carried to Pennsylvania, and held there for seventy-six days. His stories of "kidnap" were laughed at by the State Police, although subsequently proved to be true.

Now here was a man who, with the exception of one charge for a minor liquor violation, had a record as a law-abiding citizen. He was seized by private detectives, spirited to another state, and held captive for a long period of time while an effort was being made to force a confession of involvement in the crime. The men who entered into the conspiracy to kidnap had never been officially invited to enter the case, as had Ellis Parker. His case was fully reported to the New Jersey State Police, to the prosecutor of the county in which it occurred.

Director Hoover placed the facts in the hands of Colonel Schwarzkopf on September 1, 1932, and on October 5, 1934, Schenck received from Hoover a letter stating:

"Please be advised that the facts in your case did not constitute a violation of the Federal Kidnaping Statute for the reason that the latter statute was not enacted until after the kidnaping of yourself, namely, on June 22, 1934. Furhermore, under that Statute, as then enacted, it was essential that *the kidnaped individual be held for ransom or reward.*"

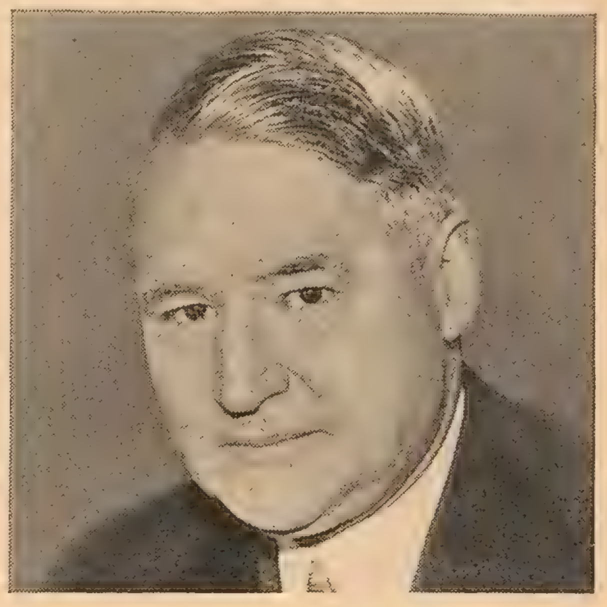
Schenck did finally succeed in interesting some of the Pennsylvania authorities. Eight men were convicted of entering a conspiracy to kidnap, and their sole punishment consisted of two fines of $500 each and six of $200 each.

Yet Ellis Parker, noted detective, with forty-five years of distinguished service in prosecuting crime, who had been asked to investigate the case by a governor, has been convicted of perpetrating a similar crime upon a notorious character, and has been sentenced to six years in a federal penitentiary. He spent his own money. There was no charge that he sought ransom or reward. His son, Ellis Jr., has been sentenced to three years' confinement. With eagerness both federal and state authorities joined in the persecution and prosecution of the Parkers. The Parkers dared to believe that Hauptmann was innocent; that the Lindbergh crime was not a one-man job.

Accused of inspiring the Parkers to torture Wendel into giving a "phony" confession for the purpose of saving Hauptmann's life; accused —although the father of three children—of being the "friend" and "protector" of the kidnaper and murderer of the Lindbergh baby; heckled by reporters, hounded by cranks, I awaited with mingled emotions the moment when, in response to a demand for eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth justice, a human life would be taken by my state.

That afternoon, behind closed doors, I had been in an hour's conference with Dave Wilentz. He reaffirmed his belief in Hauptmann's guilt. He called my attention to the constitutional provision limiting the power of the Governor to the granting of reprieves not exceeding ninety days after conviction, but he said that if I cared to violate that provision he would not institute action against me or against the prison warden for failure to carry out the mandate of the law. Wilentz would not agree that there had been any development to warrant a further stay of execution.

I had said, on January 16, that there would be but one reprieve unless some situation should arise in which the Attorney General and I would agree that Hauptmann's death should be halted. The fundamental law of my state—and the promise I had given—left me no alternative but to pursue a course that was repugnant to my convictions and to my sense of justice.


A. Harry Moore, who as Governor had asked Parker to look into the case.

Radio microphones were being installed; the police were already on duty to keep back the morbidly curious near the State Prison; there was a head being shaved, a trouser leg being slit. Elliott, the gaunt executioner, was testing the current. It was getting dark.

After Wilentz left I sat alone for a few minutes in my office. Then I opened the door and walked out into the reception room, where the reporters had gathered. Curiously enough, it was not sympathy that moved me as I swallowed hard and said:

"There will be no further reprieve —Hauptmann will die tonight."

I was thinking of a figure, blindfolded, holding a sword in one hand and in the other a set of scales—scales supposed to be evenly balanced.

How Hauptmann died, the things that happened before and after the execution, and the beginning of a review of the crime and the case—with startling information never before presented—will form part of Governor Hoffman's graphic story of the "other side" of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann drama in next week's issue of Liberty.

Uncle Sam Makes a Movie

From Washington comes an effective lament for the wronged Mississippi—From Hollywood, some moments of hillbilly fun

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE RIVER

United States Documentary Film, produced by the Farm Security Administration, United States Department of Agriculture. Written and directed by Pare Lorentz. Narrated by Thomas Chalmers. Released by Paramount. Running time, 31 minutes.*

THE heroine is the Mississippi. The villain is the American pioneer who didn't do right by our Nell. He denuded the forests of trees, drained the soil of its fertility by overproduction. Nature's provisions to take care of the Mississippi were used up ruthlessly. Came the flood, sweeping the topsoil into the Gulf of Mexico. Came the dirt storms. Why, you may ask, does the government become a competitor of Mr. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. Adolph Zukor, and other gods of the Movie Machine? Because The River shows how the administration is taking steps to restore the great valley of the Mississippi to its original state.

The River is propaganda, of course. Mr. Tugwell, who started the film, merely lifted a leaf from the Soviet books. He was taking a shot at the mass conscience. But The River is brief—and it makes its point. It has moments of great photographic beauty, it is in the New Manner, it is, in fact, a credit to the man who created it, Pare Lorentz, who, when he isn't engaged in celluloid propaganda, is a film critic for various publications.

The River probably has no general popular appeal. It is a series of shots with a voice chanting smoothly of the wrongs done to ol' man river. In brief, pretty propaganda.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dark-haired, dark-browed, handsomely indignant-looking Pare (Leonard) Lorentz is son of a West Virginia University printer, was for years an uncompromising movie critic (Judge) and enemy of Hollywood junk. Finally hollered himself down to Washington, got Rex Tugwell interested enough in his ideas to advance $19,000 of Farm Resettlement Funds, resulting in Lorentz making a small documentary classic called The Plow that Broke the Plains or the Trials of the Dustbowl. Pic had a tails-and-white-tie Washington premiere, then got thumbs-down from the picture industry, which resented the gov't entering the movie business. Besides, no one thought that a film without a Boy and Girl could compete with Gable and Crawford. The Plow began getting showings in little cinema art theaters, got wide critical acclaim, the Boston Transcript even sending its music critic to sample the pic's excellent music. Though the big movie-theater chains never did book The Plow, except where local pressure demanded it, about 5,500 theater and educational institutes have shown it, maybe 10,000,000 have seen it. . . . You book Lorentz' pictures free. The gov't can ask no money for them. Something to do with the Internal Revenue laws. . . . The River follows same technical pattern of The Plow, runs the same length, was inspired by Lorentz' real feeling for the problems of the Mississippi River valleyite. Lorentz shot 80,000 feet, cut it down to 3,000 feet, filmed most of it during the flood period, which happened along fortuitously after shooting'd begun. Lorentz and six-man crew spent six months in the Sippi valley, covered 22,000 miles, spent just short of $50,000. The River cost more than The Plow because it involved more shooting and because Lorentz and his crew met the floods head-on at Memphis in 1937 during the tremendous Ohio-Mississippi flood. All the excess footage has gone into gov't archives. . . . Hollywood is now cordial toward Lorentz and his work. Paramount has taken over The River, will release it on a nonprofit-paying basis, no rental charge being allowed either for Paramount or for the gov't. The only charge will be for transporting the film to and from the film exchange library to the theater that's showing it. Oh, boy! If we could only see Garbo for nothing now. . . . Lorentz began shooting first day at Lake Itasca, in northern Minnesota, October, 1936, where the Sippi is just a trickle. He and his crew traveled thereafter by truck, car, plane, boat, rowboat, and foot, worked in West Virginia, Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, Arkansas, North Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

★ ★ ★ SWING YOUR LADY

THE PLAYERS: Louise Fazenda, Humphrey Bogart, Nat Pendleton, Frank McHugh, Penny Singleton, Allen Jenkins, Leon Weaver, Frank Weaver, Elviry Weaver, Ronald Reagan, Hugh O'Connell, Daniel Boone Savage, Sunny Bupp, Tommy Bupp, Sue Moore, Olin Howland, Sammy White, Joan Howard. Screen play by Joseph Schrank and Maurice Leo from a play by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Directed by Ray Enright. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 79 minutes.

AN attempt to catch the mad mood of hillbilly comedy. You know the comic drawings of grandpappy, pappy, and the boys—all in whiskers and overalls—relaxing in front of the mountain shack. A flip wrestling promoter and his entourage, including slap-happy Joe Skopapoulous, hit the Ozarks on a barnstorming tour.

Louise Fazenda and Nat Pendleton and whiskered wrestler Daniel Boone Savage with the Weaver brothers co-starring in Swing Your Lady.

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* Recommended for children.

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Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

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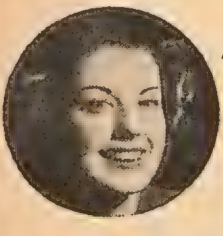
MILD

NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT
with
Modern Feminine Hygiene



You need no longer be embarrassed with greasy, difficult and annoying ways of feminine hygiene! Thousands of women are singing the praises of the new kind of dainty, greaseless, easy-to-use suppositories, Zonitors. Look into it for yourself! You'll be delighted, too.

The good word spreads! Zonitors are free from quinine or harmful drugs, yet they kill germs. They are safe to use, no "burn" danger. They wash away completely with plain water. All ready for use, no mixing or applicator. Odorless, the perfect deodorant.

Small, snow-white, in individual glass vials. $1 for box of 12—only 8⅓¢ each. At all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3302 Chrysler Building, New York City.

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COLD IN HEAD
Here's quick relief. Kondon's clears head . . . relieves stuffy nose *at once.* Ask your druggist.
KONDON'S NASAL JELLY
Plain or Ephedrine

The best match they can cook up is for Joe to combat the local lady blacksmith. But love comes burgeoning to Joe when he meets his opponent. Here is Skopapoulous torn between romance and a toe hold. All of which brings the smithy's whiskered sweetie down from the hills with his squirrel gun ashootin'.

Nat Pendleton does the elephant-minded wrestler with humor, Louise Fazenda, who used to be so gloriously funny in the old Mack Sennett days, is amusing as the backwoods Amazon. The Weavers, who specialize in hillbilly ditties and play on saws, rakes, and other delicate barnyard instruments, help a lot.

A novelty with quite a few laughs.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Bros. Weaver are Abner and Cicero by adopted name; Leon and Frank by birth. Frank's married to Elviry—she's really June Watson, ex-tent-show wire walker and juggler. Frank and June have three children, a 300-acre resort ranch in the heart of Ozark country. The Weavers admit they introduced the hillbilly act to the world of 25 years ago; claim they were only trying to bring the quaint nasalized charm of the Ozarks out of hiding where everybody could appreciate it. Had no idea it would become a national broadcasting menace. They also admit to inventing the musical saw 30 yrs. ago, have affidavits that long to prove it. They also originated the banjo with pie-back and .22 blank-cartridge pistol inside, cap pistol, ratchet noisemaker, auto horns, and what nots outside—all attached to a length of rubber inner tube so's Cicero can toss it toward the floor and catch it again. I still don't understand what Elviry means when she says, "If I have my druthers, I'll sing." What is or are druthers? . . . Nat Pendleton, who had the plastic surgeons take a puff out of a real cauliflower ear gained by Olympic wrestling, had to have a phony one made up for him for this part. . . . Though Nat keeps in strict pink condition, Daniel Boone Savage, 260-pound wrestler from the Kentucky hills, easily deposited him on his ear and all but broke his back in their wrestling scene. Savage hates shoes, longs for the Kentucky hills where sidewalks don't blister a man's dogs and scuffling, which he calls wrestling, is really scuffling, not a confusing act he must rehearse before performing. . . . Penny Singleton used to be Dorothy McNulty; you may remember her as the second lead in After the Thin Man. Started being decorative in Broadway musicals, married a Los Angeles man named Singleton, recently took up screen writing, actually sold a story which concerns a has-been opera singer and the Federal Theater, is now back acting under her nick- and married name. . . . Allen Jenkins played a serious part in Dead End, and it was hard to work up the proper comic spirit again to play his usual uncharmingly amusing self in this. . . . Hump Bogart took the nastiness out of his screen nature and goes soft and bodacious in this for the first time in Hollywood. He's been romantic on the stage before. Bogart collects wooden cigar-store Indians.

★ ★ ½ PARADISE FOR THREE

THE PLAYERS: Frank Morgan, Robert Young, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice, Reginald Owen, Henry Hull, Herman Bing, Sig Rumann, Walter Kingsford. Screen play by George Oppenheimer and Harry Ruskin from a novel by Erich Kastner. Directed by Edward N. Buzzell. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 75 minutes.

THIS comedy brings up memories of She Met Him in Paris, if for no other reason than that the hero wins the girl before the white background of the Alps. The boy, who has not been able to find a job in a year, has won first prize in a radio slogan contest. The trip is the reward. Once in Switzerland, he meets the rich daughter of the comedy president of Tobler, Ltd., Continental soap manufacturers, and falls in love. Meanwhile Herr Tobler gets himself involved with a sleek adventuress.

Actually, the comedy is a bit more amusing than it sounds, thanks to the excellent cast. Robert Young is the lucky contestant, Frank Morgan is the eccentric Tobler, with a weakness for stamp and brunette collecting. Florence Rice is pretty but a little inadequate as his daughter, and Henry Hull makes the most of a character bit, a dishwasher in the Swiss hotel kitchen.

THE JIMMY'S TEETH MADE HIM CONFESS

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

More evidence of the value of training at the National Police Academy for local officers is offered by J. Edgar Hoover in the following story:

"The training received by Captain James C. Downs, Baltimore, Maryland, Police Department, has resulted not only in the advancement of Captain Downs but also in the recognition of other personnel in the department who have attended the police schools conducted by him.

"An investigation of a series of burglaries was conducted by a lieutenant who was graduated from the 1936 session of the Baltimore Police School. In this case a large number of breaking-and-entering violations were observed, all of which bore similar characteristics in the modus operandi. No headway was made in the solution of the crimes, however, until the lieutenant brought into play a simple method of reproduction learned at the school, which involved the casting, by use of moulage, of jimmy marks made by the criminal in doors forced open by the jimmy. The duplicates of the jimmy's teeth, made from moulage castings of the marks on the doors, were preserved for future reference. Shortly thereafter a suspect, who had been previously questioned and released, was rearrested and a jimmy found in his possession. When examined, this instrument was observed to have a working surface which corresponded in the finest detail to the marks cut into the doors at the scenes of the burglaries. Although the suspect steadfastly denied his guilt prior to this scientific examination, he confessed when confronted with this evidence."

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.
Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

Paradise for Three is weak in freshness of story. But it is amusing a good part of the time.

VITAL STATISTICS: At one time Frank Morgan was the best boy choir soprano in New York, but that was long before he got that mustache and baby whine. He's never been poor, his family owning Angostura Bitters, of which he always puts a few drops in his bath. He was a Fuller brush salesman before he became a cowpuncher, after which he became a stage actor. He's married, has a grown-up son, a huge palace magnificent in superswank Holmbly Hills. . . . Mary Astor got on the star list via winning a Fame and Fortune contest in a fan magazine back in 1921; is of Quincy, Illinois. She's a vamp again after a series of sweet, sympatico roles instituted after her little court episode a year or so ago anent the famous diary. Hollywood thinks highly of her. . . . Edna May Oliver is as Boston as the w. k. bean; scares you to death with that bluff outspokenness offscreen as well as on. . . . Eddie Buzzell says every actor must have thought, feeling, honesty, and charm—even if you are a heavy. Buzzell used to be a musical-comedy hoofer and comic, is the funniest man on his sets. . . . Reg Owen memorizes his scripts by writing them out in longhand. He's the busiest man on the M-G-M lot, probably its most able and least recognized actor. . . . Florence Rice is a fixture at social athletic events, knows more sportsmen than any other variety of homo sap.

★ ★ SALESLADY

THE PLAYERS: Anne Nagel, Weldon Heyburn, Harry Hayden, Ruth Fallows, Harry Davenport, Kenneth Harlan, Doris Rankin, John St. Polis. Screen play by Marion Orth based on a story of Kubec Glasman. Directed by Arthur Grenville Collins. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 65 minutes.

THE villain of this little drama is Installment Buying. This scoundrel pretty well has Mr. Average American in his grip.

The story? A rich man's daughter, tired of it all, goes to the city to work. She falls in love with the manager of her department, marries him—and in no time at all he is hopelessly in debt. Then he loses his job, and the installment folks come around for the car, the furniture, and the piano. And, when he learns that wifey is rich, he will have none of her money. In fact he's pretty annoyed at it all.

Anne Nagel is the rich girl bride and she plays, in the main, with sincerity and directness. Weldon Heyburn is too busy playing Clark Gable to be realistic as the husband. The direction misses out on the human qualities that lift a story from mechanical romance into life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Anne Nagel's the widow of the late Ross Alexander who destroyed himself a year or so ago. She's sporting an engagement ring again. Without make-up she's Ann Dolan of Bawstin, Mass. She rides, swims well, says the best way to diet is to worry about dieting but do nothing else about it. . . . Weldon Heyburn has the fanciest name in picdom, has an uncle who used to senate at Washington, courtesy the Idaho voter. Weldon studied law at Alabammy, his home state, has a Master's Degree and an unused shingle. Friends talked him into stage acting instead of courting; it took him exactly ten days to get on the boards, debutting loudly in The Lullaby in 1929 with Flo Reed.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything.

★★★—Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Bette Davis.

2—"If you feed a cold you shall have to starve a fever."

3—Egypt.

4—Tundra. Savanna. Pampas.

5—The Messiah, written by Handel (1685-1759).

6—The ground hog, according to tradition.

7—No, only the governors of the individual states have such authority.

8—The porous earthenware of this desert water jar induces rapid evaporation when hung in the sun, thereby cooling the contents.

9—Barrow (better known as Joe Louis): Gandhi (the Mahatma).

10—Maine, which is bounded by New Hampshire (other boundaries being Canada and the Atlantic Ocean).

11—The dermis, or under layer of the skin.

12—Lay eggs; whereas most mammals are viviparous, giving live birth to their young.

13—In nada, a player bids to lose tricks instead of to win them.

14—Two and nine tenths per cent.

15—Horses—for each bull slain, about four horses are killed.

16—The North Pole, because the globe is flattened at the poles.

17—Just one: The Vicar of Wakefield.

18—The native bear of Australia.

19—Wisconsin, where unemployment insurance legislation was enacted February, 1932.

20— Eli Whitney

Here Are the Winners
LIBERTY'S $500 DINKY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, $200

PHYLLIS FRASER
Hollywood, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE, $50

MRS. C. F. BARKER
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE, $25

A. C. FERCHOW
Morrisonville, Ill.

5 PRIZES, EACH $10

Mrs. J. F. Deane, Corpus Christi, Texas; Mrs. W. H. Gaines, Dallas, Texas; Will S. Gidley, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. K. Scholl, St. Louis, Mo.; Kate W. Worley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

35 PRIZES, EACH $5

C. A. Beard, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. M. Blaisdell, Thermopolis, Wyo.; Sara Borschow, San Antonio, Texas; Elizabeth Castle, Louisville, Ky.; Dorothy M. Cutler, Boston, Mass.; L. Kate Deal, Chicago, Ill.; Bernice M. Doolin, Murtaugh, Idaho; Charles G. Fuller, Venice, Calif.; Henry P. Gassin, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. C. B. Gast, Prospect, Ohio; Mary G. Gaus, North Troy, N. Y.; Pauline Gleason, Louisville, Ky.; Helen Hartlieb, Council Bluffs, Iowa; John V. Hein, Baltimore, Md.; Emma K. Hieb, Portland, Ore.; Evelyn Johnston, Winfield, Kan.; Mrs. J. Watson Jones, Trenton, N. J.; Grant Kearney, Hamden, Conn.; Frank K. Lewis, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. S. D. Logan, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Lawrence McKee, Springville, Utah; Clay C. McKibbin, Springfield, Ill.; Aileen Mercer, Charlotte, N. C.; Bernard L. Miller, S. Charleston, W. Va.; H. H. Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; Lewis Pinkerton, Riverside, Calif.; F. C. Radding, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Inez Scharf, Denver, Colo.; John R. Stanton, Edgewater, Colo.; Mary I. Stevenson, Sea Cliff, N. Y.; Ethel F. Tull, Buffalo, Wyo.; Mrs. R. K. Turner, Marshall, Texas; W. A. Van Poyck, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Helen Vogt, Washington, D. C.; Lydia M. Williams, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Vox Pop

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Head of Family Can't Claim Tax Exemption!

CANTON, OHIO—I am a lawyer holding a good position with a nationally known firm. Each year I file my state and federal income-tax returns promptly. I attempt to make these honest returns. I do not "shave" off anything due the state or government and I claim only those exemptions to which I feel honestly entitled.

A widow, I have endeavored to support my son and other members of my family since my husband's death several years ago. In other words, upon my husband's death I simply stepped into his shoes and accepted the responsibility that there was no one else to take over—that of furnishing food and clothing and shelter to my son, who is utterly dependent upon me, and of contributing substantially to others in my family.

For several years I claimed this exemption as head of a family. My status was not questioned. Then, one day, I received a letter from the Tax Department of my state. The letter ordered me to appear for an examination. It was curt to the point of implying that I had been deliberately engaged in cheating the state.

My examination, with its jail-hint background, was even less pleasant than the letter. A man who seemed none too bright, and certainly not a man with a legal mind, began immediately to assure me that I had no right to claim exemption as head of a family. I began to explain. He interrupted, brushed my explanations aside.

I persisted, however. When I left him I was honestly under the impression that I had made my status clear. That I would be entitled—as I had previously—to claim deduction as head of a family. When, for the next two years, my returns went through without bringing down upon my head any more rudely phrased letters, I was sure that the whole matter had been settled.

Then—this year—I received a summary call to appear for another examination covering the very years for which I thought the matter had been settled. Apparently it had merely been pigeonholed. Heaven knows what their final decision—which seems to be based entirely upon the whims of individual examiners—will be.

From every moral and common-sense angle, I am the sole support of my own son and the literal head of a family. Yet I am told that I am not entitled to claim exemption for supporting him.

It's about time that some one takes up the cause of the individual taxpayer who finds himself continually harassed by discourteous, arbitrary, and—I think—utterly inconsistent methods of the income-tax bureaus. The taxpayer himself is afraid to object, lest swift reprisal visit him when he files his next return.

I'll bet if Liberty should ask its readers for their experiences, unpleasant and unfair, with federal and state income-tax bureaus, many of the letters received would be a revelation.—*Lydia.*

[Liberty *does* ask its readers to send in their individual experiences, promises to publish many of them. Anonymously, of course.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

IF SOME CROWNED HEADS HAD HIT THE HEADLINES

CHICAGO, ILL.—The imaginary headlines about an American lady if she were Queen of England (January 15 Liberty) are indeed quite devastating. But imagine—if there had been reporters in those long-ago days—such headlines as the following:

Good King Hal, Desiring Another Wife, Hires Detectives to Find Anne Boleyn in a Compromising Situation.

Bloody Mary Regrets that the Crop of Heretics to Be Burned This Season Is So Small.

Claimant to the Throne Suspected of Aiding in the Blowing Up of One of Her Husbands by Gunpowder.

That Merry Monarch, Charles II, Wrests Money from Starving Peasants to Buy Nell Gwyn a Necklace.

George IV, Affectionately Called by His Subjects "Greatest Blackguard in Europe," Tries to Prevent Crowning of His Queen.

Yes indeed. The throne must be preserved in all its purity!—*B. Douglas.*

SUGGESTS CANDID CAMERA

BALTIMORE, MD.—In view of the current trend toward candid-camera photographic picturization of current and interesting items, don't you think that it is about time that Liberty started to publish one or two picture pages of selected items along this line?

It would add zest.—*Manuel Floam.*

A TALMUD SAYING THAT IS TRUE OF MR. MACFADDEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—After reading Doherty's A School that Rose Out of a Dream (January 22 Liberty) one really begins to understand the noble character of Bernarr Macfadden. Here indeed is a man of inspiration from whom all may benefit. The Talmud says: "He who runs from honor will find that honor pursues him." It is indeed pleasant to see this saying come true of Mr. Macfadden, a truly humble individual.

Let's have more about his work, so that we may get to know him better.—*Jacob Greenberg.*

REV. HENRY HOOVER NOMINATED FOR GOLD MEDAL OF VALOR

(*Telegram*)

BERWYN ILL HIGHEST COMMENDATION BE YOURS FOR INAUGURATING YOUR REWARD FOR VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP COULD ANY BE MORE FITTING THAN NAME OF REV HENRY HOOVER TO LEAD LIST OF NOMINEES WHO COULD BETTER QUALIFY THAN THE ONE WHO ORGANIZED AND LED THE SUCCESSFUL DRIVE WHICH VERILY INSPIRED YOUR REWARD A MAN WHO WITHOUT REMUNERATION HAS UNCEASINGLY DEVOTED HIS WHOLE LIFE UNSELFISHLY TO THE CAUSE OF BETTER CITIZENSHIP AND STILL VALIANTLY CONTINUES IN HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS TO PURGE CRIME FROM OUR MIDST A MAN WHO FOR HIS DEEDS HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED FOR CANONIZATION I PROUDLY NOMINATE REV HENRY HOOVER

ALICE SHEPRO

[Among the hundreds of others from Berwyn who nominated the Rev. Henry Hoover for the medal were: James J. Shepro, C. Wert, C. H. Good, Ada Milne, John J. Stream, Mrs. B. F. Shaw, W. Martens, John Logurato, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Will, Mrs. P. R. Wilson, F. B. Deardorff, M. D., O. W. Davis, Mrs. B. E. Bayer, Louis H. Ritzma, Donald T. Child, J. Wendell Filliger, Virginia Nelson, Chester H. Evans, Dr. Y. B. Lamoreaux, Mrs. P. Heppner, Florence Groth, Lester Allison, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mueller, Thomas Kronquist, Max Keller, Mrs. Harry Thompson, Lillian A. Seidel, Paul C. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fulton, Lehmon L. Emmons, George King Charvat, L. A. Ford, J. Kay White, Miss Betty Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Nelson. Among those from Chicago were: Mr and Mrs. Gordon D. Wilson, Alexander Bell, M. F. Antrim. Among those from Joliet, Ill., were: Mrs. Charles P. McEwan, Mrs. James Davison, Mrs. William Isaacs, Mrs. Richard Henderson, Miss Ellen Holden, Mrs. Grace Baxter, H. E. Thompson, Catherine Sim, George E. Haury. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Pentzien, Oak Park, Ill., and Carl Palmer, Urbana, Ill., also nominated Rev. Hoover.]

TAYLOR IS AN ALL-RIGHT GUY, SAYS BELLBOY

DALLAS, TEX.—I'm afraid our friend Mr. Blanchard, in January 22 Vox Pop, is a little jealous of Robert Taylor, as some others are apt to be. Because, after all, he wasn't forced to read the article.

But what I wanted to say is that Robert Taylor is an all-right guy.

I had the privilege of waiting on him while he was a guest at a Dallas hotel. Having extended services to many of the great and near great, I found that Taylor was about "tops." And, also, he has lots of hair on his chest.—*Bellboy No. 16.*

BOY MEETS GIRL AND THEY FRAME CODE FOR LIVING

MARYVILLE, TENN.—Here is a combination of Eastern and Southern philosophy, compiled one night. I am a Boston schoolgirl from the South and the boy is from New Haven. This Code for Living might prove interesting to your magazine readers, as it is typical of this modern college generation:

1. Always do what is right in your own mind.
2. Always want what you can't have.
3. Follow your instincts; they are yours, and no one else can be blamed.
4. If it isn't worth having, don't try for it.
5. Never worry about tomorrow; it comes anyway.
6. You can't trust yourself; why trust others?
7. There's a time and a place for everything.—*Edwina Lowe.*

SPANISH WAR OBSERVER CORROBORATES CAPTAIN BELL

St. Paul, Minn.—It occurs to me that Captain Bell might be interested in seeing a comparison of one of his paragraphs with a paragraph in a very objectively written book on Spain by a newspaper correspondent.—*Paul Bussard, Editor of the Catholic Digest.*

(PARAGRAPH No. 1)

This first venture was a sequel to the famous World War atrocity story, now generally discredited, which reported the crucifixion by the Germans of a Canadian soldier to a barn door. Correspondents were invited to come to the Madrid morgue and see the "quartered body of a Loyalist airman who had been captured and barbarously tortured by the enemy." The body had been "packed in a box and dropped behind Loyalist lines by a parachute," the invitation said, as a "warning of the fate which awaited all captured Loyalist pilots." The stunt was but half successful. The gruesome spectacle nauseated the correspondents who accepted the invitation, but failed to convince most of them. The thing had been overdone. Blood had even been smeared on the parachute. Some of the correspondents used the story but qualified it heavily to protect themselves. Later the box was traced to a Madrid department store. The dismembered body was identified as that of a Spanish workman killed near Madrid during a bombardment.—*Correspondent in Spain, by H. Edward Knoblaugh.*

(PARAGRAPH No. 2)

The next day a Heinkel four-bomber slid over our field at Huete and tumbled out a box hanging from a chute. The box landed near the airdrome. It was opened, and there was our pilot, his arms and legs torn off, his head twisted from his body. Behind a hangar I was good and sick.—*I Fly in the Spanish War, by Captain Orrin Dwight Bell* (*Liberty, December* 25, 1937).

H. G. WELLS ONLY WORTH 10 SECONDS

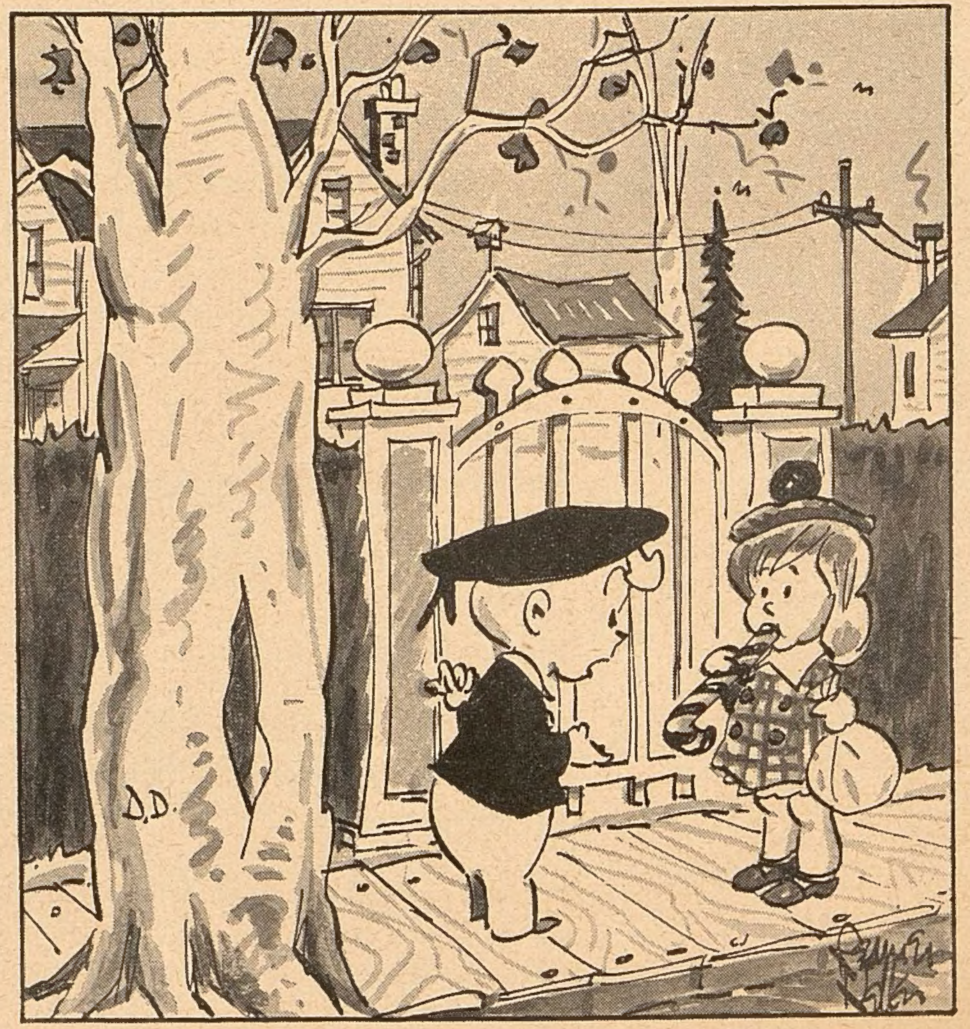
Brandon, Man.—As a fine example of superfluous verbosity H. G. Wells' Transatlantic Misunderstandings takes first place in January 15 Liberty. We suggest that you spare your readers the pain of struggling through something which could be told in 10 seconds instead of 10 minutes 21 seconds.—*G. W. Epton, J. W. Breakey.*

POINTS OUT THE GREATEST MONOPOLY OF ALL

Council Bluffs, Ia.—I heartily agree with Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson that "monopoly" is entirely responsible for the wretched state this nation is now in. The definition of the word monopoly is "entire control" or appropriation. And surely our present administration began at once to take supreme control of our affairs, closed the banks, devalued the dollar the nation had always used, threatened fine and imprisonment for any one having any gold after a specified date, controlled both Houses of Congress, placed a pasteboard blue eagle in every home and place of business, with rules of conduct for each and every industry, printed paper promissory bonds bearing interest and turned them over to the banks and checked against the banks' assets to prime the pump.

Many thousands of employees of this monopoly who manufactured and distributed blue eagles, who supervised the killing of the old sows and little pigs, the plowing under of growing cotton, made the barnyard loans, supervised the resettlement schemes, etc., etc., have left us not much of any visible wealth for the many billions of dollars this monopoly has blown in, and confidence is shattered.—*W. H. Pelton.*

"HARDTACK"

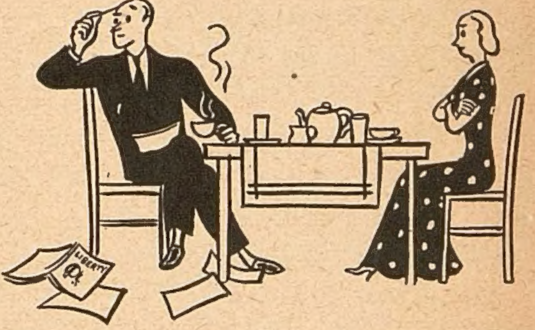


"I want you to come in and meet my folks—they can't understand why I can't get along on five cents a week lately."

DINKIES, JUST DINKIES!

Scranton, Pa.—Dinkies! D[illegible] Ever since you ran that darn [illegible] Contest I've gone completely wack[illegible] So my friends(?) inform me.

On arising each morning I create Dinkies. While shaving my handsome face I create Dinkies. As the morning coffee goes down my gullet I create Dinkies. All day I murmur da-de-da-de-da-de-da, all the while trying (and usually succeeding) in creating a Dinky.—*Louis Sayle Popick.*



CURE-ALL FROM MONTANA

Polson, Mont.—Sure way to end the recession: Deport all aliens and prohibit women from holding jobs!—*XYZ.*

WE WONDER HOW MANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE IT

Oklahoma City, Okla.—I have just been reading in January 8 Liberty what you have to say on the last page. To quote: "No successful magazine is published according to the editor's whims. . . . Not that we would not like to."

I sincerely hope that during 1938 you may have courage to publish at least one issue according to your "whims." It is my opinion that such an issue would be warmly received—and the reading public would surely know what kind of magazine you would like to publish.

I do think you should be complimented for editing successfully a magazine that every one may not like as a whole but which is so well balanced that divided into its several parts they (the parts) will satisfy all of us. Assuring you that out here some part of Liberty has always pleased all of us—*N. N. Hughes.*

WHY BEGIN AT THE END?

South River, N. J.—Why do you start so many of your good continued stories at the end? That is, you begin with a scene at the end of the story and then tell the story from the beginning. This spoils it for me.—*Mrs. H. Smets.*

The President Interprets the New Deal

ONCE AGAIN Liberty makes magazine history. President Roosevelt has granted Liberty permission to publish in advance some of the most important passages from his forthcoming five-volume history of his administration, consisting of his public papers and addresses and his own notes and comments on them. (See announcement on pages 20 and 21.) It is interesting to note that this is far from the first time that Liberty has printed the writings of Franklin D. Roosevelt. When he was Governor of New York a complete series of notable articles by him was published by us. . . . And Mrs. Roosevelt, too, in those days, was a frequent contributor. . . . JOHN ERSKINE next week joins the symposium of those who tell the Duke and Duchess of Windsor how to live the rest of their lives. . . . It is extremely unlikely, no doubt, that the distinguished pair will take all this advice seriously. . . . Yet it is a good question whether they would not profit by doing so. . . . Upton Sinclair's brilliant suggestion of a radio forum under the chairmanship of the Duke is certainly a worthy notion . . . and the advice of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., that they stop partying around now and get to know some useful people, is sound advice, if unwelcome. . . . Now comes Professor Erskine, with a wise smile, a chuckle that understands human nature and forgives all that in advance. With urbanity and charm, and a genuine seriousness under it all, the author of The Private Life of Helen of Troy and stories of other great lovers goes right to the heart of the problem. . . . SPRING is just around the corner, and to many people the coming of spring means not so much the piping of frogs nor the budding of trees as the return of baseball. Two former big-league ballplayers have been doing all they can to promote that feeling. Before Rotarians, high-school students, college groups, and so on, everywhere, Lew Fonseca and Roger Peckinpaugh have, with the aid of especially taken movies, been demonstrating the finer points of our national game and stirring up lots and lots of enthusiasm for it. Robert Considine tells you about it next week in one of the most unusual sports articles you've ever read: Ambassadors of Baseball. . . . THESE ARE just a few from a varied table of contents. . . . There will be a heart-shaking story by Scott Littleton called Policewoman and a tender short story by Faith Ellen Smith called Just a Few Short Hours. . . . Sylvia Sidney talks about the most tiresome word in Hollywood lingo and tells why she is no " glamor " or, if you feel English about it, " glamour girl." Have you ever noted the play of light and shadow on Miss Sidney's face as it registers so sensitively each passing emotion? Perhaps this glimpse into her early life will explain that to you. . . . How Shall We Go to War? by General Smedley Butler, is one of his articles in which, characteristically, he gives some of those hard-hitting facts that make us sit up and take notice. . . . There will be full installments of the new Elmer Davis serial She Woke Up Smiling, new revelations on the Lindbergh case by Governor Hoffman, and more disclosures in Doctors Don't Tell.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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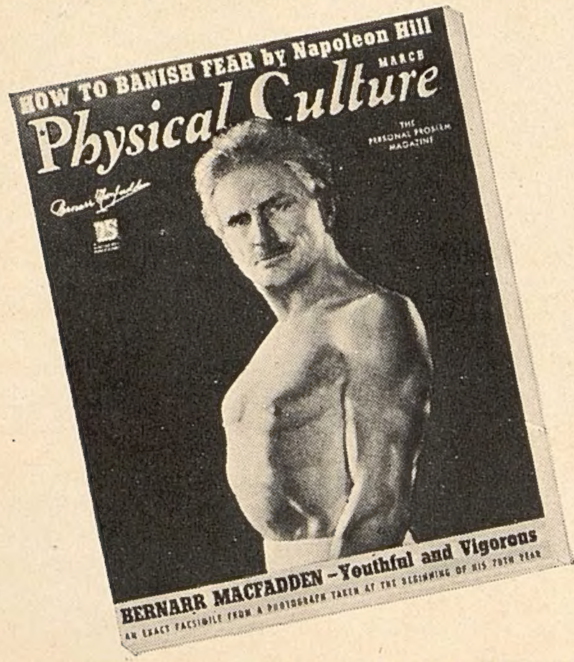
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY PERCY LEE

THIS WOMAN WRITES:
I'm sorry I got a divorce...

IF YOU are contemplating divorce do not fail to read this appealing message from one who acted hastily and now seems destined to live apart from the man to whom she belongs —the only man she can ever love.

Just as have so many others, she deluded herself into the belief that happiness lay in divorce only to find, once she had her decree, that—but read for yourself the poignantly revealing story of her tragic mistake. Then, before it is too late, give yourself the same searching self-analysis to which she subjected herself after it was too late. Truly a great human document, it will be an invaluable aid in solving the greatest problem that can arise in married life—whether or not to sue for divorce. You will find it in Physical Culture for March, on sale now at all newsstands.


HOW TO BANISH FEAR by Napoleon Hill
MARCH
Physical Culture
THE PERSONAL PROBLEM MAGAZINE
BERNARR MACFADDEN—Youthful and Vigorous

RULES FOR CHOOSING AN IDEAL WIFE

By Dr. Charles Francis Potter

For every young man who expects to marry, Dr. Potter, long known as the "marrying parson" lays down some simple rules which, if followed, should assure him of permanent and happy marriage. A little foresight, a little care, along common sense lines can largely remove the danger of marital misunderstanding and incompatibility that destroys so many marriages. In Physical Culture for March, now on sale, Dr. Potter supplies the information which may mean the difference between happy and unhappy marriage. Do not miss it.

WHAT DOES ALCOHOL DO TO *YOU* ?

In an absorbingly interesting article entitled "If You Drink—What Does Alcohol Do To *You?*" Walter Lamb Newton explains the different effects that alcohol has on different temperaments. It is not a temperance article but a deeply revealing discussion of facts. Some can drink with reasonable safety, others should never touch a drop. The author gives all the symptoms by which the individual can analyze his or her own capabilities. Even if you take only an occasional drink it will be well worth your while to read what Mr. Newton reveals in this brilliant article rooted deep in science which appears in Physical Culture for March.

THE PERSONAL PROBLEM MAGAZINE

Physical Culture has the unique distinction of being the only magazine devoted exclusively to the solution of personal problems of the sort that arise in the every day life of the average man and woman. No matter what your personal problem may be, an early issue of Physical Culture will contain an article telling you how somebody else successfully solved the same problem. By way of illustration, in the March issue a wife tells you anonymously how she successfully solved the problem of the other woman. Sufferers from sinus troubles will be greatly benefited by Dr. Harold Hayes' excellent article explaining how sinus troubles can be conquered without resort to surgery. Expectant mothers will find Daniel W. Josselyn's article "Have a Baby and Keep Your Figure" of particular value. How to Banish Fear by Napoleon Hill, The Fire and Fervor of Youthful Spirits at 70 by Bernarr Macfadden now in his seventieth year, Is the Nation Fit If We Should Go To War, Care of the Skin by Carol Cameron, Baby Needs Vitamin B. All of these and a dozen other similar features give the March Physical Culture the ability to be of vast help to everyone reading it. By all means, buy a copy today at the nearest newsstand!

Physical Culture

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEM MAY BE, AN EARLY ISSUE WILL HELP YOU SOLVE IT.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds

CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Sworn Records Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST- IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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